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THE

WORKS

OF

JOHN MOORE, M.D.

VOL. VII.

THE

WORKS

OF

JOHN MOORE, M.D.

WITH

MEMOIRS

OF

HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS,

BY

ROBERT ANDERSON, M.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOLUME VII.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR STIRLING & SLADE, EDINBURGH; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, & BROWN; LACKINGTON, HARDING, HUGHES, MAVOR, & LAPARD; G. & W. B. WHITTAKER; AND RODWELL & MARTIN, LONDON.

1820.

CONTENTS

OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

LETTER I. 1
II. Italy 5
III. Germany 10
IV. Paris 14
V. Robespierre 22
VI. Atheism 29
VII. Politics 37
VIII. Lisbon 42
IX. Jealousy 47
X. Irish Priest 53
XI. Spanish Bishop 62
XII. Travelling Friar 68
XIII. Biscayon 72
XIV. Hidalgos 76
XV. Vapours 79
XVI. Hospitality 90
XVII. Antiquities 94
XVIII. Uxoriousness 99
XIX. Charitable Construction—Good Nature 105
XX. Superstition—Auto da Fé 110
XXI. Corsica 115
XXII. Reflections 122
XXIII. Refined Love 126
XXIV. Duelling 134
XXV. The Painter 142
XXVII. The French Lady 146
XXVIII. A Mistake 156
XXIX. A Remonstrance 160
XXX. Prejudice 167
XXXI. Arrangements 171
XXXII. Recommendation 173
XXXIII. Sympathy 175
XXXIV. National Prejudice 181

MEMOIRS OF A FRENCH LADY OF QUALITY, ... 183
LETTER XXXV. Maternal Affection 250
XXXVI. Self-Charity 254
XXXVII. Advice 258
XXXVIII. Soothing 260
XXXIX. The Art of Pleasing 263
XL. Candour 265
XLI. Marriage from Compassion 269
XLII. A Protectress 273
XLIII. Lady Mango 275
XLIV. Worldly Wisdom 280
XLV. Widow Demure 285
XLVI. Fawning 293
XLVII. Delicacy 295
XLVIII. Truth's Simplicity 297
XLIX. The Polite Apothecary and Rude Preacher 306
L. Spite 309
LI. A Profound Remark on the Proverbs of Solomon 311
LII. Unfashionable Conduct of a Lady of Quality 313
LIII. Gaiety 316
LIV. Affection 321
LV. Offensive Insinuations 323
LVI. An Italian Lady 328
LVII. Rage—A Wicked Suggestion 334
LVIII. Mistaken Kindness 339
LIX. Sound Judgment 341
LX. Shrewdness 343
LXI. Flattery 347
LXII. The Beggar 348
LXIII. Different Views of the Same Object 353
LXIV. Adventure at a Cottage 356
LXV. Habit—Lord Cardon 361
LXVI. Political Conversation 365
LXVII. Comforts 372
LXVIII. An Hysterical Footman 377
LXIX. Lady Aspic 382
LXX. Ill-nature 389
LXXI. Repulse 396
LXXII. The Last Will 401
LXXIII. The Power of Reason on a candid Mind 405
LXXIV. A Friendly Inquiry 413
LXXV. Self-Admiration 415
LXXVI. Reproof 417
LXXVII. Self-Defence 421
LXXVIII. Recantation 424
LXXIX. A Cautious Proposal 428
LXXX. Prudent Suggestions 432
LXXXI. Fanny Faukener 433

LETTER LXXXII. The Solicitude of Friendship.....436
LXXXIII. Intrusion.....440
LXXXIV. Selfishness—Generosity.....446
LXXXV. Indignation.....450
LXXXVI. Steadiness.....452
LXXXVII. A Good-natured Friend.....458
LXXXVIII. Retaliation.....462
LXXXIX. A Plan of Revenge—Every Thing depends on Luck.....466
XC. Misfortune on Misfortune.....469
XCI. A Prudent Resolution.....475
XCII. Romantic Notions.....480
XCIII. A Discovery.....483
XCIV. Ease.....486
XCV. Precaution.....491
XCVI. Anxiety.....493
XCVII. Friendship.....494
XCVIII. Scandal.....497
XCIX. A Man of Solid Sense.....499
C. Friendly Hints.....501
CI. Good-Will.....504
CII. Pertness—Affectation—Vulgarity.....507
CIII. Compliance.....509
CIV. Obliging Information.....514
CV. Repayment of the Obligation.....516
CVI. Change of Mind.....517
CVII. Fortunate Inference.....518
CVIII. Sentiments of a Man of True Honour.....523
CIX. Sentiments of a Lover.....527
CX. Another Friendly Hint.....531
CXI. Declaration.....533
CXII. Candour.....538
CXIII. Congratulation.....541
CXIV. Welcome Advice.....543
CXV. Unexpected Incident.....545
CXVI. Alarm—Misery.....552
CXVII. Information.....555
Note.....568
CXVIII. Happiness.....ib.

MORDAUNT.

SKETCHES

OF

LIFE, CHARACTERS, AND MANNERS,

IN

VARIOUS COUNTRIES;

INCLUDING THE

MEMOIRS

OF

A FRENCH LADY OF QUALITY.

Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.

MORDAUNT.

LETTER I.

The Honourable JOHN MORDAUNT *to Colonel* SOMMERS.

MY DEAR SOMMERS, *Vevay.*

I FOUND your letter, as I expected, at the post-house at Bern, from whence I proceeded directly to Lausanne. You will not be surprised at my having made a short pilgrimage to this little town. You remember the person with whom I formerly *deviated from the common track* to this place. Poor ———! I could not refuse this tribute to thy memory.

I wandered yesterday among the mountains of this neighbourhood, more interesting to me from the recollections they excited, than even from the sublime beauties they exhibited. It was late before I returned. As I passed the stable I heard Ben singing—

> 'Hearts of oak are our ships,
> 'Hearts of oak are our men,' &c.

I went to bed thinking of Old England, and passed the night so agreeably with certain friends in London, that I was exceedingly vexed, when I awaked this morning, to find myself in Vevay.

If the pleasing company in which I spent the night had not increased my impatience for setting out, I should have been tempted to a longer stay here, on purpose to witness the happiness of a young couple who are to be married within a few days.

The bridegroom is a stout young man, of the Pays de Valais; the bride is niece to the landlord of the inn from whence I now write. In compliment, I suppose, to her husband, she has on this occasion adopted the dress of the Vallaisannes—Do you recollect it? A short tight jacket, with a petticoat of a different colour, a little silk hat, smartly fixed to one side of the head, and ornamented with a bunch of ribbons. This appears rather ridiculous on some of the blowzy shepherdesses of the Alps; but is becoming on a handsome well-shaped woman, which this bride is to a remarkable degree. The landlord invited me to the marriage-entertainment: I declined this *with regret;* not that I had the least wish to invade the right of the bridegroom; for though I should have liked very much to be, for some time at least, actually him, I would not have usurped his place, had it been in my power, convinced as I am that her heart is entirely his. I hate as much to spoil the happiness of others as I love to be happy myself; and greater indications of felicity I never saw than in the countenances of this couple: I do not believe that he would exchange conditions with any king, nor she with any queen, in Europe; though they probably think that kings and queens are happier than all mankind except themselves.

Being now impatient to proceed on my journey, I set out pretty rapidly, but I had not got more than a couple of miles from Vevay when the axletree of my chaise broke, and with much difficulty it was dragged back to the inn, where I must be detained this day, and perhaps all to-morrow, before it can be repaired in such a manner as to stand the rest of my journey.

This very common accident, which every man who travels in a post-chaise may expect, put me so much out of temper that I could not enjoy the company of the happy couple at the inn; I preferred another ramble among the mountains, whose melancholy gloom would better accord with the unsociable humour in which I felt myself. I scrambled half way up the hill, which overhangs this little town: there stands the church in which the body of Lud-

low was deposited. Had Gray written his Elegy in that church-yard, it would probably have been enriched with some stanzas descriptive of the sublime objects within his view; from no spot could he have had a more wonderful prospect—I did not enjoy it long; dark clouds gathered in the sky, and obscured the face of a morning which had arisen in brightness. This new incident, still more common than the former, brought back that ill-humour which the varied scenes in my view had begun to dissipate.—The horizon growing darker and darker, and the rain increasing every moment, I perceived the necessity of returning to the inn—I thought myself the most unlucky fellow on earth—' The axletree to give way at a place where it could not be put to rights in less than two days; and, to crown all, a confounded rain to come on and deprive me of the only resource I had left; how was I to get over to-morrow! I should expire with *ennui* if I remained all day at the inn, and I should be drowned if I went out; for as for the rain ceasing I was in too ill luck to have any hopes of that.'

With such pleasing contemplations I descended the hill pretty rapidly; but before I had got quite to the bottom my foot slipped, and, in the effort I made to recover myself, my ancle received so violent a twist, that for some time I was unable to stand. After sitting on the ground till I was completely drenched with rain, by the assistance of two peasants who happened to pass, I was with difficulty brought to the inn. The pain was so acute, when I put my foot to the ground, that I had not the least doubt but some bone was broken; the surgeon, however, assured me of the contrary, giving me to understand at the same time that it would be absolutely necessary for me to sit on a couch, with my leg in a horizontal position, until the inflammation and swelling are greatly abated; and this could not be expected in less than eight or ten days.

As I had fretted so much at the idea of staying another day till the axletree was mended, you may think that

the surgeon's declaration threw me entirely into despair. On the contrary, I was so glad to hear that no bone was broken, that the idea of being fixed for ten days to a couch gave me no uneasiness. An hour before, I thought myself extremely unfortunate: now I considered myself in high good luck. What had happened to produce this happy change?—I had sprained my ancle, been soaked with rain, and was in acute pain.—What! shall I never be able to bear small misfortunes with equanimity till I am threatened with great ones? Could I not have retained my good humour just as well when my ancle was easy, and in its natural state, as now, when it is swelled, and exceedingly painful?—Certainly I could, if I had pleased.—Well, I am determined to please in future; I am determined to bear small disappointments, and trifling cross accidents, with as much composure of mind as I now find, by experience, I can support misfortunes of greater magnitude. Few people profit from the experience of others; I hope, however, to reap some benefit from my own—I shall be a philosopher at last.

In the midst of these meditations on my couch, I began to feel some symptoms of my old distemper—*ennui*. I called for books—there were none to be had. In this extremity I recollected that you often complain of the brevity of my epistles, and I recollected also that *your* company, my dear Sommers, had always proved an antidote against the distemper above mentioned; and being disabled from any new excursion among the mountains, I resolved to take a long ramble of a different nature, and to carry you with me.

Observe that I do not pretend to write for your amusement, but my own: I have no sweet Juliet to strew my couch with roses, as you had during great part of your long confinement. How I do honour that lovely woman! Had she been married to you before you were wounded, I should not have admired her so much: indeed I do not know which most to admire—you, for postponing the ceremony, after obtaining her long solicited consent, and declaring her free from all engagement to you, when you

regiment was ordered abroad; or she, who was ready to marry and make over her whole fortune to you before you went, and at your return, as I have been assured, declared, 'That she found she had been mistaken in thinking you completely graceful before you received the last wound; for the *halt* which that occasion had rendered you in her eyes the most graceful man in England.

Adieu! my dear colonel—I must pause here a little. Where I shall carry you when I resume the pen is not yet determined. Yours ever most sincerely,

JO. MORDAUNT.

LETTER II.

From the Same to the Same.

Vevay.

I HAVE often wondered, my dear Sommers, that the guardian-angels of man permitted that yawning fiend *Ennui* to crawl into this fair world—for people may abuse the world as they please; but for my part, I find it a very pleasant world: not that I think, with Dr. Pangloss, that this is the best of all possible worlds; but I must acknowledge, that I do think it far better, on the whole, than most of us deserve. Some people are extremely difficult to please in worlds as well as in every thing else. Indeed it often happens, that those who show most discontent have the least cause to do so. It would be difficult to discover, what right such grumbletonians have to a better world: and, in the opinion of many, they run a risk at the first remove of exchanging it for a worse.

Such people are pleased with nothing, from first to last. I am of a disposition, as you know, my friend, to be pleased with a great many things *at first*: the misery is, that few of them please me long, and almost all displease me at last. After enjoyment, they are apt to become flat and unprofitable: I sicken at the continued repetition; I am seized with a malady which I know not how to name—a

kind of sleeping in the blood. Sir John Falstaff would have called it a whereson tingling. Unless it is friendship, my dear Sommers, I do not know a single pleasure of which I have not become tired: and what is very lamentable, the pleasanter a pleasure is, the sooner I am apt to tire of it; and then it becomes a pain, or worse than pain, the source of *ennui*.

> It is the constant revolution, stale
> And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
> That palls and satiates.

But I am very sensible that the fault does not lie in the world, but in myself: for how many worthy citizens of London have I known, who live snug and warm and comfortable, with no greater variety than their counting-house affords through the day; the club, consisting of the same company, and enlivened with the same jokes, every evening; and a country-house, on the road-side for weekly excursions from Saturday till Monday, with the same wife to the end of the chapter.

Whereas all my enjoyments, even those of the highest flavour, soon terminate in insipidity, and I have no resource but in variety.

Sensible, therefore, of this capital fault in my constitution, I am determined to remain for ever a bachelor, in spite of the admonitions of my relations, and some very tempting offers made by my brother; for you cannot imagine how much he in particular is set on my marrying.

But why should I render a woman of worth and sensibility unhappy? For, unless she were both, I should never think of her; and I know enough of myself to be convinced, that, were she an angel, I should repent my marriage in a month.

Has it not been always so with me? What situation have I ever been in, without wishing for a change? When at Eton, you remember how impatient I was to get to Oxford. I got there, and I thought it a paradise; and how very soon after did I find it a purgatory.

London then became the true paradise. How exult-

ingly did I use to drive thither; and you must recollect, that after passing two riotous nights there, when I awakened you one morning at my return, you exclaimed—

> Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
> So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
> Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night.

If I was sick of Oxford even during the time you remained, I leave you to guess how much more so I became after you left it, on obtaining your first commission. There, however, I was under the necessity of remaining a couple of years longer. I should never have been able to make out the last had I not fallen in love with Miss Pourvis, of that city, which renewed my taste for Ovid, and Horace, and Tibullus, and produced a variety of imitations by my muse, in praise of her beauty. What I particularly admired was her hair, which she wore in great splendour and profusion; and I might have continued her poet and admirer longer, had not a female cousin of hers, and her most confidential friend, assured me, that instead of twenty, the age that my mistress acknowledged, she really was within a few months of thirty, and that two thirds of her hair was false; to convince me of which, she contrived to loosen the cushion to which that portion was attached, and to whisk it entirely from her head, as if by accident, in a fit of romping.

The rape of this lock had very nearly cost the malicious cousin dear, for my mistress's nails were as piercing as her eyes; but the incident cured me of my passion. I threw my sonnets to Lydia in the fire, and left the university the week following. After leaving Oxford, I lived above a year with my brother, partly in town, partly in the country. The town was remarkably dull. I don't remember that I ever had so strong a propensity to yawn as during the course of that winter, particularly when I went to a new comedy; for I have no relish for stage-tricks by any actor but Harlequin. I must acknowledge, however, that, during the very dullest part of the season, we were relieved by the laughter excited by one tragedy.

In the country, I became so fond of shooting and hunt-

ing, that, in spite of all my past experience, I thought I never should tire of them. When I began to be convinced of my mistake, I was informed that you had obtained leave of absence, and that you would accompany me to the continent. I can never forget the joy I felt on that information.—The grand tour! Gracious heaven, what happiness did my imagination anticipate! With what impatience rolled we on to Dover! How nauseated we the gross winds that prolonged our passage to Calais! How cursed the tall, lumbering postillions, stumbling bidets, broken roads, and breaking tackle, that retarded our arrival at Paris. We arrived at last—and, for a longer time than usual, the hours danced along more gaily than ever; for it must be confessed, that, before the revolution, Paris was a tolerably amusing place.

In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy,

But when the cup is filled too often, the sparklings on the surface become fewer, and but a poor compensation for the nauseous dregs at the bottom. Besides, we could not always remain in France—it was absolutely necessary that we should proceed to Italy. Away we went. We traversed the Alps in very good spirits: we had efforts to make, difficulties to overcome, and were in expectation of much enjoyment. Our hopes were not a little damped, however,, by the uniformity and etiquette of Turin. I felt my old disease coming fast upon me, which obliged us to quit that place a fortnight sooner than we had previously resolved on; indeed there was no possibility of remaining after I had been detected in the act of yawning in the royal presence.

All the peculiar enjoyments of Italy were still before us; the music, the paintings, the sculpture, the antiquities. I fondly flattered myself that I should find such delight in some, or in all of these, as would entirely cure me of yawning; and I had the satisfaction of knowing, that whatever propensity I might retain for that offensive habit, I could be in no danger of relapsing into it in the presence of a crowned head until we arrived at Naples. As I con-

templated the paintings of the great masters with real admiration, I began to imagine that I was somewhat of a judge of that charming art; but after my return to England, having imprudently avowed a considerable degree of admiration for the works of certain artists of that country also, and what was still more provoking, of some who are still alive, I found that my judgment was held in contempt by connoisseurs: this was increased, no doubt, by my having been seized with my old habit of yawning, on one or two occasions, when some of those gentlemen were expatiating on the subject of painting.

The inimitable specimens of sculpture, of which Italy could at that time boast, afforded me very great delight; though I could not declare as I have heard some do, that 'I never could tire of contemplating them; and that the oftener I visited them, the more pleasure I received.' Such people have greatly the advantage of me: unfortunately, the repetition of my visits diminished my enjoyment very sensibly; and had I continued them much longer, there is reason to fear that I should have betrayed the same symptom of *ennui* in the presence of the Apollo of Belvidere which I had unfortunately exhibited in that of his Sardinian majesty.

I hardly think it possible for any mortal to contemplate the sublime objects of nature, or the beauties of variegated landscape, with more admiration and delight than I have done: yet the Alps, and the Vale of Arno, became, before I left them, Highgate-hill and Turnham-green to me.

I have also received much pleasure from reading masterly and elegant descriptions of picturesque countries; but when repeated too often in the same book, the frowning mountain, the terrific rock, the deep shade of the woods, the bright verdure of the meads, the headlong torrent, the meandering river, the blush of morn, glow of noon, and purple tint of evening, the bright stars, twinkling through luxuriant branches, the pale face of the moon, and all the glory of the great sun itself, become tiresome.

The pleasing enthusiasm inspired by a sight of the remains of antiquity, and that most interesting part of the

scenery of Italy which recals to the memory the works and actions of those poets, philosophers, and heroes, we have always admired, was what lasted the longest: but so unhappily fleeting is every source of enjoyment with me, that even this failed at last; and, before we left Rome, I ascended from the old Forum to the Capitol with as little emotion as I ever walked up Ludgate-hill.

The post is just going to set out from Vevay. I close this packet, therefore, and send it to you; directly after which I shall commence another; for (prepare yourself for a great compliment) what else can I do? Yours,

JO. MORDAUNT.

LETTER III.

From the Same to the Same.

DEAR SOMMERS, *Vevay.*

I CONCLUDED my last with an honest confession, that I wrote because, in my present circumstances, it is my only resource against *ennui*. I will not be honest by halves. My reason for addressing my letters to you is just as selfish. To whom else could I write with that freedom, which alone can make writing agreeable? To what other person could I pour out my thoughts as they occur, without selecting words or arranging phrases? For were I obliged to take that trouble, I well know,—

> That in the midst of hums and haws,
> And fatal intervening pause, *

the foul fiend above mentioned would be ready to take hold of me, and put an end to my scribbling at once.

I was preparing to leave Italy with as much impatience as I had entered it, when the arrival of the comtessina from Madrid presented to my eyes a new object of admiration.

> Urit grata protervitas,
> Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.
> In me tota ruens Venus
> Cyprum deseruit.

* Congreve.

Dazzled by her beauty, I mistook affectation for elegance, coquetry for *naïveté*, and *assumed* passion for real love. So completely was I intoxicated, that I was on the point of binding myself to her for life. To you, my dear Sommers, I owe, and I shall never forget the obligation, that I escaped the snares of that woman, the atrocity of whose mind became afterwards more manifest at Vienna. There I formed the resolution, to which I shall adhere most firmly, *never to marry*. I have been what is called in love twenty times since, and am now sure of myself.

Germany was a new scene—the German armies a fresh object of contemplation. I was eager to be a witness of the wonderful precision to which military manœuvres have been brought in that country.

Soon after I had the misfortune to lose you, the duties of your profession calling you home: I regretted this the more, because, had you remained, I should have profited by your opinion on a subject which you have studied with peculiar attention.

Having formed an acquaintance, however, with officers in the service of most of the sovereign princes in Germany, I had opportunities of examining, pretty minutely, the grand military machine, supposed to be brought to such perfection in that country.

The great end and object of every government ought to be the happiness of the governed. We conceive the diffusion of happiness to be the grand purpose even of creation. When the avowed object is the promotion of general happiness in every government and institution, individual happiness ought to have a proper weight. I question much if this is the case in the system of military discipline, particularly in Germany.

The exhibition at a review is brilliant to the eye; but an investigation of the springs on which its movements depend is most afflicting to the heart. The number of blows to which a recruit in the German service is subjected is not to be counted; and the various severities he must endure, before he can be brought to hold himself as erect as a pike, to wheel to the right and left with the a-

gility of a harlequin, to bear restraint with the patience of a bramin, and to toss his firelock with the dexterity of a juggler, are inconceivable.

'Poor fellows,' said I one day to an officer with whom I conversed, 'how unhappy is their condition.'

'No,' said the officer, 'you are mistaken; it is not unhappy.'

'No!' exclaimed I.

'Not at all,' answered he; 'by no manner of means.'

'Why, how many blows of a cane may an officer order the corporal to give a soldier for a fault in the exercise?'

'Six,' said he; 'he must not exceed six for one blunder.'

'But a man may make several blunders in one field-day,' said I.

'If he were to make twenty,' replied the officer, 'he would receive only six blows for each.'

'How often are the soldiers upon duty?' said I.

They are very seldom off duty,' answered he; 'but they mount guard only twice or thrice a week in the time of peace.'

'How do they employ the rest of their time?'

'O, they are never at a loss for the employment of their time; they have their firelock to furbish, their accoutrements to clean, and they must appear at the roll-calling night and morning. These different employments fill up most of their spare time, and prevent them from spending their pay in gluttony and debauchery.'

'They must repine sadly at so much constraint?'

'Quite the contrary,' replied he; 'they must never repine: they would be punished if they attempted to repine—besides, they know that their condition is never to be altered, which saves them from repining.'

'Why this is as great a slavery as that of the negroes in our colonies, in my opinion!' exclaimed I.

'So it is in mine,' said the officer.

'I thought you had denied that the soldiers were in slavery?' resumed I.

'Never,' answered he; 'I never could deny what is

manifest. I denied that they were unhappy, indeed, which is a very different thing.'

Notwithstanding the distinction made by this officer between slavery and unhappiness, I hope our countrymen, my dear Sommers, will always consider them as synonymous.

When we consider the object obtained by all this caning and revolting severity, it seems most surprising that it should be continued: all that it produces is a greater degree of quickness in the manual exercise than would take place without it. Soldiers are punished an hundred times on account of some involuntary slip of their fingers for once, on account of disobedience to officers, or neglect of any essential article of duty. That soldiers should be taught to handle their arms with dexterity, to wheel, to march, and preserve order in their ranks; and, above all, that they should be obedient and attentive, is absolutely necessary; but that they should perform certain motions half a second sooner or later is of no importance. That all the essential parts of military discipline are to be obtained without German severity is proved by the armies of other nations; by the respectable appearance at present made by the militia and fencible regiments of Great Britain; and would, I am persuaded, be rendered still more manifest, if volunteer corps were permitted to arm, which probably will be thought necessary, in case the French reject every fair offer of peace, and continue to threaten invasion. The permission of such corps would, in my opinion, have the very best effects; it would quiet every apprehension respecting public liberty; for what government would put arms in the hands of those it meant to enslave? It would put an end to all dread of invasion; for, on the almost incredible supposition that 50,000 French should elude the vigilance of the British navy, and land in England, what could they do against three or four hundred thousand armed Britons? If it can be supposed that the French could be victorious over such a force, it must at the same time be acknowledged that they deserve the island.

It is very probable, my dear colonel, that, as a military man, you may despise my ideas respecting discipline, and be surprised that I should have written a line on the subject: be pleased however to recollect, that in your late letters, while you complain of the brevity of mine, you add, that you excuse me from communicating news, and desire that I may choose what subject I please, and send you my sentiments just as they occur. What struck me most while I was in Germany, and what perhaps is the most distinguishing feature in the national character, is the military discipline; and therefore I could not help saying something on that subject; though I was so much shocked with some parts of it, that, after a tour into Hungary, I returned to Paris at the beginning of August 1792, and was witness to scenes of such dreadful atrocity as might have made the most humane mind regret the want of German discipline in its utmost severity. Of these I shall say something in my next. Adieu!

JO. MORDAUNT.

LETTER IV.

The Same to the Same.

Vevay.

You have often hinted a desire of some detail of the occurrences at Paris while I was there last; I as often determined to indulge you, according to the terms of your request, *as soon as I should have leisure*, which however I was convinced would never happen till we should meet. Now I have leisure with a vengeance: indeed I have hardly any thing else but leisure, and can do nothing else but write. The subject, however, is not agreeable; yet, as you have chosen it, you shall have what recollections may chance to flow from my pen.

I am entirely of the opinion you express in the last letter I received from you, that, 'the massacre of the Protestants in the year 1572 was not more infamous than that of the prisoners in 1792.' Both proceeded from the

premeditated wickedness of a few, and not the blind fury of the multitude, as the planners of the latter pretended. It may with as much justice be asserted, that the inhabitants of Paris rose and murdered their fellow-citizens in the night of St. Barthelemi, without the knowledge of Catharine and Charles, as that they slaughtered the prisoners in September without the instigation of Robespierre, Danton, and Marat. The pretence for the one was religion, for the other liberty: the spirit of religion certainly prompted the one transaction just as much as that of liberty, did the other. Nothing can be a stronger proof of the intrinsic value of real religion and true liberty, than that both have been cherished in all ages, by the worthiest part of mankind, in spite of all the dreadful crimes for which they have both been made pretexts.

I happened to be in the Rue St. Honoré when the head of the princess Lamballe was carried to the Palais Royal—I shall never forget the countenance of the wretch who carried the pike. Some of our countrymen dined with the duke of Orleans that very day: one of them told me the same evening that he stood with him at the window when it passed; the duke said, 'C'est la tête de madame de Lamballe—Je la reconnois par sa chevelure.'

All present were shocked at this horrid procession: Madame Buffon turned quite pale, and seemed to be occupied with melancholy reflections as long as the company staid. It has often been asserted that the duke contrived the murder of the princess from avaricious motives.

From the idea I formed of his character during my short acquaintance, and from the account I have received from some who were in the habit of intimacy with him, I believe this is without foundation. His mind was more frivolous than atrocious: though incapable of elevation or any great virtuous exertion, it seemed also incapable of plotting a deed of such enormous wickedness. He gamed more from habit than avarice: and notwithstanding that the alterations made in the Palais Royal were generally imputed to his insatiable covetousness, I have been

assured, by those who had opportunities of knowing the truth, that he was with difficulty led into that measure by the importunity of those who had expectations of gain by it. The crimes, as well as the follies of his life, proceeded from the suggestion or impulse of others, rather than his own natural disposition.

His education had been entirely neglected. What knowledge he possessed was caught in conversation; yet such was his natural quickness, that he often displayed an acuteness of observation, and a pleasantry in recounting, that approached to wit. On this account he was told by his flatterers, that he resembled in character his ancestor the Regent, who, with all his profligacy, was indisputably a man of wit.

In like manner all the kings of France who have shown great fondness for women have been compared to Henry IV; and all their ministers, of whatever character, to the duke of Sully, and were never told that they had lost the resemblance until they lost the royal favour.

Though the duke of Orleans talked with plausibility, he had no fixed opinions; so that, after supporting a particular argument one day, it was not unusual to hear him speak next day in the opposite sense with equal plausibility. He never had the least taste for reading of any kind; the most amusing or interesting narrative could not allure him to take that trouble. Though he passed his life in debauchery, he had not patience to peruse even those licentious books where such scenes are described. An intimate companion of his assured me, that happening to make mention of the *Liaisons Dangereuses* it appeared that the duke never had read it, though written by his favourite La Clos, and descriptive of scenes highly to his fancy.

He was as devoid of ambition as of a taste for letters, but was seduced into political intrigue by the ambition of Mirabeau and La Clos; and falling afterwards into the government of men of more atrocious characters, he was driven to measures of cruelty by terror. The shocking vote he gave in the convention was not prompted by re-

venge, or a wish to take away the king's life, but merely to save his own; which, however, it did not save; for he was afterwards dragged to the guillotine by the very monsters who had forced him to vote for the death of the king.

What may be thought the most singular part of his story is, that he died with a degree of firmness far superior to what he had ever displayed in the course of his life. Those who conducted him to execution made the cart stop before the gate of his own palace, the scene of his former magnificence and pleasure. This was done, no doubt, from a refinement in cruelty, that his anguish might be rendered more acute by the recollection of what he was going to be deprived of for ever. He did not affect to turn his eyes away, but looked up to it without any symptom of sorrow or emotion; he seemed no way affected by the shouts and insults of the most brutal of all mobs; he retained the same air of indifference the whole way to the place of execution, and submitted to the executioner without a complaint or a sigh.

The duke of Orleans well deserved his fate, on account of his crimes against his sovereign and his country, but not from the men who had driven him to those crimes, and whose power was in a great measure the purchase of his money. The justice which was that day executed on him was, in those who brought him to the scaffold, the height of injustice and villany.

From the moment I seized the pen, my dear Sommers, I determined to allow my fancy to range where it pleased without method or controul.

When I began this letter I thought no more of the duke of Orleans than of Sardanapalus. You may think I have dwelt too long on a character so worthless: though worthless, however, there are traits of striking peculiarity in it. Whatever relates to human nature, and tends to developé character, is interesting to me: besides, when a man of great ambition, wickedness, and strength of mind, perpetrates crimes of the deepest dye to attain his objects,

it is no more than what might be expected; but it may lead to more useful reflections, to shew that men of frivolous characters, devoid of ambition or any great stimulus to evil, may be gradually led, from want of thought and easiness of temper, from one step to another, until they arrive at the summit of wickedness. I think I have heard some persons express surprise and horror at the guilt of the duke of Orleans, whose character essentially resembled his, and who, in similar situations, would have acted as he did in all respects, except in the firmness with which he met death: that indeed forms such a contrast with the rest of his *own* character as is not easy to account for.

His fate might however have been foreseen from the time that the name of Egalité was imposed upon him. Egalité was the cry of the populace when I was at Paris; and dreadful were the effects which that misconceived term had on the minds of the multitude. In vain did Vergniaud, by far the most eloquent man in the national assembly, explain its true import, and warn them of the horrid consequence of taking it in the sense in which Marat wished it to be understood; 'Un tyran de l'antiquité,' exclaimed Vergniaud, 'avait un lit de fer, sur lequel il faisait étendre ses victimes, mutilant celles qui étaient plus grandes que le lit, disloquant celles qui l'étaient moiens pour leur faire atteindre le niveau. Ce tyran aimait l'égalité, et voilà celle des tyrans qui nous dechirent par leur fureurs.

'L'égalité pour l'homme social n'est que celle des droits: elle n'est pas plus celle de fortunes, que celle des tailles, celle des forces, de l'esprit, de l'activité, de l'industrie, et du travail.' *

* A tyrant of antiquity ordered men to be laid upon a bed of iron; stretching those who were shorter to the full length of the bed, and amputating the legs of those who were too tall; so that all were brought to equality, and thrust into the bed. This tyrant was fond of equality: and such is the equality which the tyrants who now torture us with their mad decrees would subject us to.

There can be no other kind of equality for men in society but that of rights; there can no more be an equality of fortune, than there is of stature, of strength, of understanding, of activity or industry.

Though neither Robespierre himself, nor the most outrageous mountaineer of his faction, ever publicly disputed this kind of explanation; yet what the lower orders of society meant, when they roared for equality, certainly was that they should be put on a footing with the rich, not that the poorest should be put on a level with them.

At the commencement of the revolution, when men of candour in every country of Europe wished well to it, because they thought it would confine the power of the monarch within just limits, and might favour the cause of rational freedom all over the world, certain individuals, of the highest orders in France, gave proofs of their disinterestedness by the sacrifices they made with a view to the general good, which those of the middle or inferior orders, with all their patriotic declamations, could not do.—By the middle order I do not mean the Robespierres, the Marats, the Dantons, the La Croix, the Couthons, or any of that horrid gang, who seem to have been solely prompted by the spirits of ambition, rapacity, and vengeance; but I do mean the party of the Gironde, which is generally allowed to have been the most enlightened, the most moderate, and the best intentioned: few of them had any sacrifice in the article of fortune to make; they had little or nothing to lose by the revolution, except their lives indeed, which most of their leaders lost accordingly.

Almost the only thing that pleased me during my residence at Paris at that period was the eloquence of Vergniaud, which made so deep an impression on my memory, that I remember many passages of his speeches: in one particularly, in answer to a destructive motion of Robespierre, he made the following observation, which the subsequent events of the revolution have often recalled to my remembrance.—'Vous vaincrez vos ennemis—je le crois; mais la nation fatiguée des dissensions, mais la France, épuisée par les efforts faits pour vaincre ses ennemis exterieurs, dechirée par les factions, sera encore épuisée par les hommes, par l'argent qu'il aura fallu tirer de son sein et craignez qu'elle ne ressemble à ces antiques monumens

qu'on retrouve en Egypte. L'étranger, qui les aperçoit, s'étonne de leur grandeur; s'il y pénètre, qu'y trouve-t-il?—des cendres inanimées, et le silence des tombeaux.' *

Robespierre hastened to fulfil this prophecy: at his instigation, a deputation from two of the sections of Paris brought to the bar of the convention a petition for a decree of accusation against twenty-two members, of which number Vergniaud was one. In his speech on that occasion he makes the following lively and prophetic observation.—' Il est permis de craindre que la révolution, comme Saturne, dévorant successivement tous ses enfans, n'engendre enfin le despotisme avec les calamités qui l'accompagnent.' †

This last remark of Vergniaud brings to my recollection a curious sally of Tom Travers, who, knowing my intention of returning by Paris, came and met me, though he never liked the French, and particularly abhored their proceedings at that time.

We happened to dine in company with two of our countrymen, and several of the deputies to the convention: one of the latter, who was a physician, told a story, with a little variation, which I had often heard before, of a French student of medicine, who had lodged in the same house in London with a man in a fever. This poor man was continually teased by the nurse to drink, though he nauseated the insipid liquids that were presented to him. At last, when she was more importunate than usual, he whispered in her ear—' For God's sake, bring me a salt herring, and I will drink as much as you please!'

The woman indulged him in his request: he devoured

* You say, you will conquer your enemies; I am convinced you will—but France, exhausted by her efforts to conquer external enemies, torn by internal factions, and drained at once of men and money, must be brought to ruin; and may be compared to those ancient monuments to be seen in Egypt. The stranger, beholding them at a distance, is astonished at their grandeur; but if he enters them, what does he find?—inanimated ashes, and the silence of the tomb.

† There is reason to dread that the revolution, having, like Saturn, devoured its own children, will at last produce despotism and the calamities that accompany it.

the herring, drank plentifully, underwent a copious perspiration, and recovered.

The French student inserted this aphorism in his journal.—

A salt herring cures an Englishman in a fever!

On his return to France, he prescribed the same remedy to the first patient in a fever to whom he was called.

The patient died: on which the student inserted in his journal the following caveat.—

N. B. Though a salt herring cures an Englishman, it kills a Frenchman!

Sometime after, the prediction of Vergniaud being mentioned, the deputy who had told the story said, 'he hoped it would prove false, and that the French revolution would prove as beneficial to France as the revolution in the year 1688 had done to England.

'J'en doute,'* said Travers, abruptly, and in a pretty loud voice.

'Et purquoi donc, monsieur?'† said the deputy.

'Parceque,' answered Travers, 'une révolution resemble un peu a un hareng sallé, qui s'accorde mieux avec notre constitution qu' avec la votre: aussi y-a-t-il une grande différence entre un Anglais et un Français.'‡

'Une très-grande différence, assurément!'§ rejoined the Frenchman.

Travers, who did not relish the ironical air with which the deputy said this, exclaimed, in an angry tone,—'Qu'-entendezvous dire par la, monsieur?'‖

The Frenchman, thinking he had as much reason to be angry as Travers, replied in the same tone,—

'J'entends dire, qu'il y a, Comme vous le dites vous même, une grande, et très-grande différence!'¶

* I doubt it.

† Wherefore do you doubt it?

‡ Because a revolution is a little like a salt herring, which agrees better with our constitution than with yours: and besides, there is a great difference between an Englishman and a Frenchman.

§ A very great difference indeed!

‖ What do you mean to say by that, sir?

¶ I mean to say, what you yourself have already said, that there is a great—ay, and a very great difference, between them.

Seeing them likely to quarrel, I interfered, saying,—'Ne vous échauffez donc pas tant, messieurs; où, si vous voulez absolument avoir un querelle, que ce soit pour un autre raison que celle d'être l'un et l'autre du même avis.'*

This put the two disputants in better humour; and it was evident enough, that the whole company, French, as well as English, were fully satisfied that it should be received as an indisputable truth, that there is a great difference between Englishmen and Frenchmen.

This is the only time in which I ever found so many individuals of those two nations of the same way of thinking. Adieu!

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER V.

From the Same to the Same.

Vevay.

WHATEVER difference there may be between the British natural character and the French, I am convinced there is not a greater than between France as it now is, and as it formerly was.

Instead of that gay metropolis, the ingenuity, the taste, and even the absurdities of whose inhabitants afforded instruction, entertainment, and laughter, to the rest of Europe, Paris seems now to be the abode of terror and cruelty, from whence the neighbouring nations are menaced with devastation and ruin!

Who could have imagined, that a nation so fond of amusement and pleasantry would have been the abode of so much misery?

It were to be wished, that France could, with truth, say to the rest of Europe what Scarron, the husband of Madame Maintenon, said to his relations, weeping round his death-bed.—'I shall never make you weep so much as I have made you laugh.'

* Don't be so violent; or, if you are determined to quarrel, let it be on some other account than because you are both of one opinion.

That France herself has as much reason to weep as any other country is no great consolation.

The choice of members for the national convention gives no favourable idea of so very popular an election. What share of learning, eloquence, taste and humanity existed in that assembly almost exclusively belonged to the party which went under the name of the Gironde. This party seemed to have the lead for some time in the convention; but they were soon overset by the furious faction of the Mountain, supported by the Jacobin clubs and the ruffians of the suburbs.

At the time when the twenty-one members of the Gironde were executed, the whole nation of France were under the absolute dominion of the Jacobin society of Paris; for the national convention durst not then disobey the mandates of the *conseil général de la commune;* which, on its part, was equally obedient to the decrees, however furious, of that society, which had been abandoned by all who possessed any share of moderation; and was composed entirely of ignorant, brutal enthusiasts, prompted by a few wicked and ambitious men.

Nothing could be more absurd than the accusation brought against the Girondists; namely, that they conspired to restore the monarchy; and their having opposed the execution of the king was urged as a clear proof of the accusation.

They were also accused of federalism: the import of which their judges themselves did not understand. When one of them was asked what it meant, he said 'He was no grammarian, but that it *sounded* like a very heinous crime.'

The crimes, which might with justice have been stated against Brissot and the Girondists, were, their having overthrown the constitution which they had sworn to support, and their having calumniated the king, in order to render monarchy odious to the nation, and to pave the way to a republican form of government.

That measure, however, was precipitated on them sooner than they expected, by Coelot d'Herbois, who was no

of their party; and who afterwards became one of their greatest enemies. What could be a greater proof of the levity of the national convention than their decreeing a republican form of government, on the first day of their meeting, at the motion of a man unknown before to the public, except as a very indifferent actor.

To give France the name of a republic is soon done: to communicate to Frenchmen the character suitable to republicans will be found more difficult. One great objection stated by them against monarchy is, that the sovereign may be an infant, and of course kept under tutelage; but they have found, by sad experience, that their *peuple souveraign* is always an infant, and requires to be always under tutelage. They have also found, that converting the monarchy into a republic, though it for a short time pleased the vanity, never relieved the misery of the people of France itself, yet it has proved a fruitful source of misery to other nations.

The French revolution is a convulsive disorder, which some people imagined might have been useful to France, by removing other complaints to which her constitution was liable; but being of a contagious nature, there was danger of its infecting nations who stood in no need of so violent a remedy: it might therefore have been prudent to have formed a line of circumvallation around France, like what is drawn around towns infected with the plague, and so have cut off all intercourse with the people of that country, leaving them to find a remedy for their own disorders as they best could, and never to have opened the communication until the convulsions were cured, and the danger of infection at an end.

If however the French broke over the line by force, as many assert, or if other nations interfered with the sole view of curing the disorders of France, as they themselves declared, the interference must be acknowledged to have been necessary in the first case, and most generous in the second.

Whether leaving the French entirely to themselves would have precluded any of the calamities of Europe can

never be perfectly determined; but the civil war, which it is probable foreign interference prevented, could not have surpassed in horors those which have occurred in the progress of the revolution—horrors which have disgraced the cause of liberty all over Europe, and diminished the aversion to arbitrary power, even in England.—When two calamities threaten, terror of the most savage and most impending is apt to disperse all thought of the other.

It is indeed as surprising, that the dreadful executions, which began with the murder of the king, and continued for fifteen months, should have been quietly beheld, in a metropolis like Paris, as that they should ever have been decreed.

If, to account for this, it is alleged, that the spirit of loyalty was at that period much cooled in the breasts of the Parisians, it must also be granted that the spirit of republicanism seems to have been in the same state some months after, when twenty-one members of the Gironde party were beheld, with equal coolness, carried to execution through the streets of that capital, with whose inhabitants they had lately been so popular. But what is still more astonishing, (for those inhabitants may have been persuaded, in the first instance, that their mild and merciful king was a tyrant; and, in the second, that the Girondists were traitors);—but what, I say, is still more astonishing, and revolts the heart of man, is, that the Parisians should, with equal passiveness, have beheld *women* treated in the same barbarous manner; that, unmoved by all the sufferings of the unfortunate queen, they could bear to see her dragged, with every mark of indignity, to the scaffold; and that, contrary to the dictates of common sense as well as common humanity, and without the shadow of political interest, they could bear to see the pious, inoffensive, unassuming princess Elisabeth, dragged to the same scaffold.

There is something inexplicable, as well as atrocious, in the character of this Robespierre: he does not seem to have been actuated by the same motives which are generally supposed to have influenced other monsters of cruelty.

The usual incentives to deeds of that nature with tyrants, or men possessed of unlimited power, are, the fear of being deprived of it, avarice, bigotry, revenge, and sometimes a diabolical kind of enjoyment in beholding torture. The common motives to deeds of cruelty in men in private life are, jealousy, revenge, covetousness, and ambition: but Robespierre was not avaricious, was not a bigot, had no injuries to avenge, was never present at an execution, was never in love—yet he extended the most horrid acts of cruelty to thousands, who stood not in the way of his ambition, and continued them after his ambition was satisfied, and his power quietly submitted to. Wicked politicians often use religion as a cover for crimes, without any sentiment of religion in their heart: this man evinced a contempt for religion, and directed his cruelty peculiarly against those who showed a reverence for Christianity. Enthusiasts are capable of criminal actions, without any sentiment of wickedness in their heart; though Robespierre was thought an enthusiast, this could not be said of him. Could any human creature, without the most wicked of hearts, during the fifteen dreadful months his power lasted, exercise more acts of cruelty than any tyrant, ancient or modern, ever exercised in the same space of time. By his order, or with his approbation, many thousands of men, women, and even children, of all ranks, were confined in loathsome prisons, treated with the most shocking barbarity, until they were, in troops of fifty in a day, dragged to execution. Many thousands of inoffensive peasants, who did not understand what the word revolution meant, were drowned in the Loire; numbers of the inhabitants of Lyons driven into inclosures, to be torn in pieces by grape-shot; and many of his own most intimate acquaintance, not only those who were of a different party, and opposed his horrid cruelty, but those who had long aided and supported him in his plans of bloodshed and devastation, he sent, on the first appearance of disapprobation of his measures, without remorse, to the guillotine: and what seems as singular and unaccountable as all that has been enumerated is, that a

spirited people, excited by enthusiasm for liberty, should, while their enthusiasm was at the height, have quietly submitted, for fifteen months, to the tyranny of an obscure, canting, capricious madman, though exercised with more wanton cruelty than had been ever displayed by the most despotic of their monarchs.

You may again accuse me of dwelling on a man of a wicked character: but, remember, you requested me to write of the French revolution, in passing over that ground, without seeking characters of *such dislike*, as Falstaff says of Worcester's rebellion—*They lay in the way, and I find them.*

But, after all, I must confess that every species of singularity of character is attractive to me; and what character was ever so horribly singular as that of Robespierre?

He seems to have relied so entirely on the efficacy of terror, for confirming his despotism and securing his power, that he was at little pains to suppress certain literary productions, which, by creating a strong sympathy in favour of the oppressed, tend to rouse indignation against the oppressor; perhaps he fell a sacrifice, at last, to this security.

Poetry is a very powerful instrument of this nature. Even popular songs, with but a very small portion of poetical merit, have been known to produce an important effect. Many songs in honour of certain victims of Robespierre's cruelty, and elegies lamenting their fate, were circulated in Paris during his bloody reign.

A poetry of a different kind, and more congenial with the spirit of the French revolution, has lately been introduced into France from Germany. Several German plays have been translated, and were acted to crowded audiences, about this time, at Paris: they are a kind of tragi-comedies, in which men in desperate situations, and of daring and wicked characters, are introduced speaking appropriate language. The hero declaims virtuously, and acts criminally: their drift is to show that murder, robbery, and other crimes, which in the vulgar opinion are committed by consummate villains only, may be committed by

the most benevolent, generous, and heroic people on earth. It appeared, from the applause, that this moral was relished by many of the audience. It must indeed have been peculiarly flattering to those patriots who cleared the prisons in September 1792.

Some of the German ballads have also been translated: they are generally founded on nursery-tales of apparitions, animated skeletons, raw heads, and bloody bones. I have heard of one poetical romance that is very much admired: it records the adventures of a demon of the feminine gender, who, about three hundred years ago, was permitted to try her fortune in the capital of Bohemia, and to assume any shape she pleased.

As the seduction of men was her object, she chose the form of a beautiful woman; and, according to the ballad, she was very successful. It was no unusual stratagem of hers to tempt men to commit crimes, for which they were imprisoned; and then, conveying herself through the keyhole, to tempt them to mortgage their soul to Satan, in order to obtain their liberty; which they no sooner did, than the roof of the prison rising to infernal music, the deluded miscreant was conveyed several leagues through the air, and then dashed against some desert rock, or dropped into the sea, and never more heard of.

In this romance there is a pathetic account of a rendezvous which she gave to one young man; and, at the instant in which he imagined that she was yielding to his embraces, she was metamorphosed into a skeleton, and he found a parcel of naked bones in his arms.

The author of the ballad declares, that to describe the surprise and disappointment of this young man is beyond his ability; but that all, to whom the same adventure has happened, will have a just idea of them.

He then proceeds to record, that this demon might have extended her seductions to a greater number than she did had it not been for a sulphureous smell, which she could not entirely divest herself of, and which she found it difficult to overcome, even for a short time, by all the perfumes and essences she used. On this account, how-

ever much she pleased at first sight, none could endure a lasting attachment to her; until a young Scottish nobleman, in passing through Prague on his way to Vienna, was so fascinated with her beauty, and so little annoyed with her smell, that he intended to have taken her into keeping, had not his valet, an old Highlander, who had travelled with his father, and was endowed with the second sight, assured his lordship, that, in spite of her beauty, his mistress was a devil.

This blasted her reputation so effectually, that she was obliged to fly from Prague, and was never heard of since till the publication of the ballad in question. I am, my dear Sommers, very sincerely, &c.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER VI.

The Same to the Same.

Vevay.

In my last I was led by the German ballads and romances from the tyranny of Robespierre and the numberless executions he ordered, many of which were as contrary to prudence or policy as to humanity. On what principle, then, are we to account for them?

Is it possible to conceive that many of the executions were ordered from no other view than to gratify the taste which the mob of all nations have for scenes of that kind? It must be remembered, that those who always influenced in the Jacobin society, and often controlled in the general counsel of the commune, some who were even created judges in their horrid tribunals, were literally mob, and had the same taste with their brethren. This taste for executions and bloody spectacles of all kinds increases by being gratified, as is confirmed by common observation, and was proved in the instance of the populace of ancient Rome, to whom the sanguinary scenes of the amphitheatre, from an occasional gratification, became almost a necessary of life; and who preferred the sight of gladiators, mang-

ling each other, to every amusement, except that of beholding captive kings and queens led in chains through the streets of Rome.

The French republicans, who affect to imitate the Romans in so many things, will be proud, no doubt, to imitate them also in this, when their power shall be equal to their ambition.

To check the towering ambition of France is the evident interest of all the nations of Europe, and that of Great Britain as much as any. All disputes regarding the necessity of commencing the war are at present idle and superfluous: the plain interest of every honest well-meaning individual in Great Britain is cordially to join, to the utmost of his capacity, against the ambition and rapacity of the French republic. The wild speculations, the intemperate decrees and madness of whose government have already done a great deal, and will probably do still more, in counteracting the effect of their victories.

Their cruelty to the king and royal family shocked the hearts of all humane republicans, and roused a spirit of loyalty, which for some years preceding the French revolution seemed rather benumbed all over Europe. Their attacks on religion of every denomination gave universal disgust. Infidels seemed to have become Christians, that they might not be thought to favour the loathsome writings of Chaumet, or the excesses of his ruffian admirers. The democratic bias, which had been gaining ground, was by the tyrannical and rapacious conduct of the French, checked in all the countries of Europe, particularly in Great Britain. The very chimney-sweepers in London have become aristocrats, from hatred to their brethren the blackguards and sans-culottes of Paris. The French nation have indeed shewn themselves so disorderly and ferocious when they had any degree of liberty, and so polite and submissive under tyranny, that we are almost tempted to believe that there is somewhat in the very essence of the French which renders a despotic government necessary for them, whether the form be monarchical or republican. There are animals of so wild a nature as not to be

kept from mischief by any other means than chains, muzzles, and iron cages. However tame and caressing they may appear when under controul, they will tear the very hand they used to lick the instant they are unmuzzled and free.

Lewis XI and Lewis XIV governed France in the most despotic manner: they oppressed their subjects in various ways, and squeezed much greater sums from them by taxation than any of their predecessors had ever done; yet both were submissively obeyed during their long reigns, and died quietly in their beds: the one being the first to whom the title of Most Christian King was given, and the other the only monarch of France on whom his subjects bestowed that of Great.—Whereas the reigns of some of the wisest and most moderate of their princes were disturbed by insurrections, and some of the easiest-tempered and most amiable were assassinated.

When France was converted into a republic, the only party which possessed any degree of humanity, and seemed desirous of governing with moderation, was insulted, abused, and, in a short time, saw its leaders dragged to the scaffold; nothing like public tranquillity appeared in France till Robespierre established the awful tranquillity of despotism. Since which time, those who have had the direction have at different periods acted as if they had been bribed by the kings of Europe to raise a general horror against republics, not only by their cruelty and rapacity, but by an absurd and abominable zeal for the diffusion of atheism.

You must have heard of those ridiculous fêtes appointed by the French government, particularly those entitled Fêtes de la Raison, where the goddess of Reason was represented by a prostitute; but perhaps you never heard of what I am assured is true, that, at one of those Fêtes de la Raison, a man mounted the pulpit in the church of St. Roche, and pronounced a discourse in favour of atheism; and, to put the matter out of all doubt, he poured forth many shocking expressions regarding the Deity, defying him to prove his existence by instantly striking the blas-

phemer with thunder: and because the mercy of the Supreme Being was superior to this wretch's impiety, he pronounced this wise inference.—'If there were a God, my friends, as mankind from the beginning of the world have foolishly believed, you must be sensible that, after what you have heard, I should have been blasted to ashes by his thunder; but as I remain alive, and in good health, it is demonstrated that there is no such being: so you may all dismiss your fears, and be as happy as atheism, which is the only comfortable religion, can make you.'

Though it would have been fortunate for mankind if they had always left it to the Almighty to avenge his own cause, yet there is something so horrid in the conduct of this fellow, that one cannot help wishing that the audience had dragged him from the pulpit. He would in all probability have been torn in pieces in any other part of the world; and his being allowed to withdraw, without any insult, is a stronger instance of the terror by which the natural impulse of the audience was checked than all I have mentioned.

The endeavours of government to efface religious impressions appears to me as impolitic as wicked. Religion not only gives weight to testimony on oath in courts of justice, but it is a great support to obedience to government: if it has little weight with certain individuals, it operates on the mass.

Toleration to all religions seems as equitable as the belief in one is natural and necessary: notwithstanding the variety of worships, they all admit a Supreme Being, who, sooner or later, punishes and rewards men according to their conduct in life. There is a strong presumption against the innocence of any person's life who *wishes* to disbelieve in this doctrine.

Since this revolution there seems to be an increase of every kind of wickedness, except hypocrisy. Whether the exception is an advantage may admit of doubt. I remember being in company with a lady who was very much painted. When she withdrew, a gentleman observed, 'that it was a pity she painted.'

'I am of a different opinion,' said Travers.

'To me,' rejoined the gentleman, 'she seemed frightful with her paint.'

'So she did to me,' said Travers; 'but not quite so frightful as she does without it.'

One of the most avowed apostles of atheism in the convention was a kind of madman, who assumed the name of Anacharsis. It was the mode at one time for the most violent jacobins to adopt the names of some ancient worthies, to whose characters they affected to have some resemblance. During my last visit to Paris, the name of my shoemaker was Brutus, and I had two Gracchi among my other tradesmen. No man could have less resemblance to the Scythian philosopher, the disciple of Solon, than the modern Anacharsis.

The first was a man of moderation, of austere manners, one who wished to introduce the religion of Greece into his native country; the second was a hot-headed profligate, who wished to banish all religion out of the world. He was a Prussian by birth, his real name was Clootz. I first saw him at the house of Robert the Traiteur, in the Palais Royal, where he frequently dined, and sometimes harangued the company on the subjects of government and divinity. He declared, that 'his hatred to tyranny or monarchical government, two terms which, in his opinion, were synonymous, had made him leave Prussia, and establish himself in Holland; that from the beginning of the French revolution he had conceived hopes that it would end in a republic that in those hopes he had left Holland, and come to Paris to assist in the great work of oversetting the new French constitution and founding a republic on its ruins. The republican form of government,' he asserted, 'was the only one that could secure mankind complete freedom, internal tranquillity, and external peace.' When he was put in mind of the frequent dissensions and wars among the different states of Greece, he answered, that 'they were entirely owing to their being *small* republics; but that if all had been united into

one they would have no dissensions and fewer wars.' When he was desired to recollect that the Roman republic was *greater* than that which all the united states of Greece could have formed, and yet that the Roman republic was almost constantly at war with its neighbours, the force of the observation did not disconcert him in the least: he said that 'the reason was obvious; namely, that, previous to the destruction of Carthage, the Roman republic was too small, and under the necessity of conquest, to acquire sufficient strength; and that, after the destruction of Carthage, the Romans had no neighbours except kings, which it is the interest and duty of all republicans to destroy; and he was happy to think that the *Great Nation* would find some pretext or other to make war on them, until the whole race were extirpated, their kingdoms revolutionized, united as departments of France, and forming one universal indivisible republic;—then,' added he, 'and not sooner, the world will enjoy perfect freedom, internal tranquillity, and external peace.'

From this specimen you may form a notion of Anacharsis Clootz's ideas on government: they were equally profound on divinity.

I overheard a very curious dialogue between him and a plain sensible looking man, who drank coffee at the same table with him one day after dinner at Robert's.

This man happened to say that something, I don't remember what, 'was as certain as that God had made the world.'

'Pshaw!' said Anacharsis snappishly, 'he did not make the world.'

'No!' cried the man, staring with surprise; 'Who made it, then?'

'Why nobody. It never was made,' answered Clootz.

'How came it here, then?' said the other.

'How came it here—Why it has been here from all eternity.'

'I should never have guessed it to be so old,' rejoined the man: 'but still you have not informed me how it exists.'

'By chance,' said Clootz.

'By chance!' exclaimed the other.

'Yes, unquestionably, by mere chance,' added Clootz. 'You have no notion of the power of chance.'

'The power of chance!' repeated the other.—'Chance is blind.'

'Blindness does not diminish power,' cried Clootz, with an air of triumph; 'for even, according to your bible, Samson was able to pull down a house, and smother three thousand Philistines after he was stone-blind.'

'Sneering is one thing, Mr. Clootz, and reasoning is another.'

'Then let us reason,' resumed Anacharsis.—'I speak for the power of chance.—Were a thousand dice put into a box, and thrown out often enough, there can be no doubt but six thousand would be thrown at last; nay, if a hundred thousand were to be rattled, and thrown without ceasing, six hundred thousand would appear in process of time at one throw. Why, therefore, may not this world, such as we find it, have been cast up by the mere rattling of atoms?'

'I should humbly conceive,' replied the other, 'that it rather was the production of an Almighty intelligent Maker.'

'Your Maker explains nothing,' said Clootz; 'it is only shoving in a superfluous tortoise to support an elephant.'

'Now I perceive the drift of your reasoning,' rejoined the other: 'but although I cannot explain what is above human comprehension, Citizen Clootz, yet, as there is no necessity in the nature of things that this world and all the creatures in it should have existed at all, it seems clear to me that they must exist by the will of a Superior Being; and I am fully convinced that order, uniformity, and exquisite adaptness, must be the work of intelligence and wisdom as well as power.

'Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.'

'What do you think of that maxim of Horace?' said Clootz.

'I think it a very good one as he applied it,' replied the other: 'but I am convinced that Horace, though a heathen, would not have brought it into such an argument as the present.'

'Perhaps not; for, as you say, he was an *ignorant* heathen, and believed in Gods.'

'Had he lived at present he would have confined his faith to one; for, independent of the Christian religion, all the improvements that have been made in science since his time lead us to acknowledge a first intelligent Creator and Governor of the Universe.'

'They lead me to no such thing,' said Clootz. 'I adhere to chance, and acknowledge no other God. What do you say to that?'

'I say,' replied the other, 'that were I to utter such an impious expression, I should be afraid of going to hell.'

'There again!' cried Clootz. 'Why there is no such place.'

'How can you be sure of that?'

'Because the thing is impossible,' answered Clootz.

'Did you not assert, a little ago, that this world was made by chance?'

'I assert so still!' exclaimed Clootz.

'Then how can you be sure that such a place as hell is not made by chance also?' rejoined his opponent.

This unexpected question seemed to disconcert the philosopher, which the other observing, he added with a very serious year.—

'Citizen Clootz, I would not have you to trust entirely to such reasoning, which is wicked as well as inconsistent: and permit me to add a piece of advice, which it greatly imports you to follow—Renounce impiety, that in case there should, by chance or otherwise, be any such place as hell prepared for blasphemers, you may not be sent to it.'

Having pronounced this in a solemn manner, the man rose and walked out of the room. Anacharsis remained silent till he was gone; and then endeavouring to recover himself, he looked at me, and said,—

'By his insolence and his preaching I take that fellow to be both an aristocrat and a priest—Don't you think so?'

'As for his insolence,' I answered, 'it entirely escaped me; so I can say nothing about it. But whether he be a priest or not, I must acknowledge that I have heard worse sermons.'

'I have a great mind to denounce him as a suspected person,' said Clootz, 'and have him taken up.'

'You had much better take the advice he gave you,' said I.

Those who overheard us expressed the same opinion, on which Clootz declared he had no intention to accuse him.

I hope he did follow the counsel which this man gave him; for the wretched Anacharsis had the misfortune a short time after to fall under the displeasure of Robespierre, who ordered him to the guillotine.

The impiety, whether real or affected, that prevails at present in France, is more disgusting to me than superstition: though I like neither, I wish to believe in religion by my reason, not by renouncing my reason. Yours,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER VII.

The Same to the Same.

Vevay.

I do not know what effect this ramble has had on you, Sommers, but it has been of service to me: it has hitherto kept the demon of tedium from me. Though the sky was so dismal while I was writing my two last letters, that I was obliged to use candle-light at mid-day, yet I still scribbled on about the French revolution: the weather seemed to sympathize with my subject. Last night there was no sleeping for thunder.

From your London thunder no idea is to be formed of the loudness of the peals and perseverance of the reverberation of thunder in the Alps. It is

'——— As if this frame
Of heaven were falling, and the elements,
In mutiny, had from her axle torn
The stedfast earth.'

You remember the young man from the Pays-de-Vallais, that was betrothed to the pretty girl of this inn: they were married yesterday. My landlord has just informed me, that all this nocturnal uproar and insurrection of the elements was unnoticed by them: they were surprised to hear their acquaintance talking so much about it this morning.

I gave a small collation to the young couple, and a few of their relations, in my room: they sat round my couch. The contemplation of happiness is extremely pleasant—I passed a most agreeable day. What good-humoured contented people those Swiss are!—I hope their governors will have the wisdom to keep the French contagion from them. The peasants themselves seem endowed

'With hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.'

I never was in a happier company: all the men seemed to enjoy the happiness of the bridegroom, all the women that of the bride. 'I hope,' said I to my landlord, 'that your niece and her husband will be as fond of each other a year hence.'

'Don't fear, sir,' replied he; 'for he is one of the best-humoured young fellows in the world, and his wife is as virtuous as she is handsome: besides, I am as fond of my wife now as I was the day I married her, and so is she of me—are you not, Janeton?'

'That I am, my good friend; and well I may,' cried Janeton, holding forth her hand to her husband, who pulled her, *nothing loath*, towards him, and embraced her in the most affectionate manner.

This is a phenomenon which I do not comprehend. The loving couple have been married twenty years! I hope your Juliet and you, my dear Sommers, will always think it natural, and easy to be accounted for. I shall now resume my travels.

After having become so soon tired of Germany and

Italy, you will be surprised that I should have remained so long in such a country as France was at that period. The truth is, that the extraordinary nature of the incidents that were daily occurring excited my curiosity, in spite of the pain they often communicated; and when I determined at last to leave the country, I found a great deal of difficulty in accomplishing my purpose. I succeeded at last, however; and I acknowledge that I never felt myself more comfortable than at my arrival at Dover.

Nothing contributes so much to give an Englishman a renewed relish for his native land as passing a few years in other countries. Yet, with more cause to relish life than any other people, the English are much belied if they do not enjoy it less. This has been imputed to the climate: but that will not explain the matter; for do you not recollect that we used to meet our countrymen, in every province of France and Italy, fretting and frowning, with all the luxuries of life at their command, while the peasants of the one country were dancing and singing in rags, and those of the other stretched on the ground, satisfied with the luxuries of sunshine and chesnuts.

Of what avail is their boasted philosophy to the English, if they are behind other nations in the great science of happiness? It is pretty generally allowed, even among ourselves, that we do not make the most of life; that is, that we do not enjoy it with all the satisfaction that other nations do. Many of us tire of life before it is half over; and a greater proportion abridge its duration voluntarily than of any other country. Besides this *permanent* gloom, certain malignant particles, either arising from the soil, or transmitted, like the pestilence, from another country, seem, at particular periods, to infect the minds of our countrymen with the spirit of dissension, and impair the happiness that might be expected from the excellence of their constitution, and other advantages which they enjoy over every other people.

This was peculiarly the case soon after I last arrived in England. As the French revolution, at its commencement, seemed only to aim at a limitation of the power of

the sovereign, without overturning the monarchy, it was beheld with complacency by many of the friends of the British constitution, all of whom must be the friends of liberty.

But when this revolution came to be defiled by bloodshed, and supported by the most shocking acts of rapacity and oppression, a horror arose in Great Britain against all who had any hand in bringing about what had produced such dreadful consequences: the same horror took place where your regiment was, and in different degrees was felt, no doubt, all over Europe. But measures regarding France were adopted in England, the political expediency of which was not viewed in the same light by all the nation. The same difference of opinion arose on subjects regarding the British government itself. Certain alterations, relating to elections of members of parliament, had been thought necessary very lately by some, who now declared them dangerous, on account of the particular circumstances of the times. I soon found the minds of many of my friends alienated from and exasperated against each other on those questions: they reciprocally accused one another of designs, which, I am convinced, none of them harboured. Could I have given credit to their mutual accusations, I should have thought their reciprocal hatred well founded; for those who could endeavour to establish a power superior to law, in other words, *arbitary power*, in England, are traitors as well as those who could abet the designs of France: though of the two, perhaps, the last is the most criminal; because some people may be absurd enough to think an arbitrary government expedient in the present times. But no man of common sense can believe that the French wish well to Great Britain, or that they would not be as zealous to effect its ruin under a republican form of government as under that which it at present enjoys.

The political conduct of some men is entirely guided by what they consider as their interest, though contrary to their real opinion of right and wrong: but the *real* opinions of the majority are gradually modelled by consi-

derations of interest; so that, in political matters, they come at last to think *that* conduct the best which is the most convenient. The adherents of opposite parties, on former occasions, in Great Britain, may have acted on such principles; but at present, independent of every sentiment of patriotism, and prompted merely by the suggestions of common sense and self-interest, one would imagine that the cordial union of all parties cannot be doubted against an enemy who threatens the immediate pillage and permanent debasement of the country. The zealots of one party however insinuated, that the measures of the administration evidently tended to national slavery and bankruptcy; and those of the other asserted, that the principles of their antagonists would immediately introduce anarchy and all the atrocities of the French revolution. Many of both parties made these declarations from conviction: but the loudest clamours, and most malignant personal accusations, came from mercenary hirelings, and men whose political opinions depended entirely on their relation or connexion with some leading person of the one party or the other.

The violence which took place, both in public and private debates, on political subjects, never went higher than at this period. In some, however, this violence was in *manner* only, and without personal animosity. One distinguished member of the upper house, by the impetuosity of his manner of speaking in parliament, and by some unguarded expressions, gave great offence, and made his real character entirely misunderstood; for those who are thoroughly acquainted with him know, that his natural disposition is as friendly and benevolent as his mind is penetrating and acute; and that his heart is so devoid of rancour or ill-will, that he would not neglect any opportunity of doing a service to the fiercest of his political opponents.

Tired and disgusted with the scandals and calumnies which were daily spread, I determined to withdraw for some time from the country. The first I could have endured: all who mingle much in general society are fami-

liarised to scandal: it gives a relish to conversation, more to many people's taste than even wit; and it is infinitely more at such people's command. Besides, scandal only circulates the faults it suspects, or has heard mentioned by others. Calumny is more wicked; it imputes crimes which it knows to be false.

Pretending, therefore, to adopt the fears of my brother, and some other of my relations, respecting a cough I had at that time, I agreed to go to Lisbon. As soon as Travers heard of my resolution, he fell a-coughing directly, and feed the physician, who attends his uncle, to prescribe a voyage to Lisbon as the sole means of curing it. The uncle became so impatient for Tom's departure, that I was under the necessity of embarking with him a week sooner than I intended. Adieu!

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER VIII.

From the Same to the Same.

Vevey.

We had a delightful passage to Lisbon; Travers lost his cough as soon as we got aboard the packet, and mine left me a little after our arrival at that city.

What remains of the old town gives no favourable idea of what it was before the earthquake in 1755. The streets being narrow, winding, and nasty. In planning the new town, care has been taken to preclude many of the inconveniences of the old: the last-mentioned seems to have been less attended to than the others; but the newly-built houses are larger, the streets wider, and more regular than those of the old; and in various places they lead into squares, of which the old town was destitute. The most extensive and most magnificent square is *that*, one of whose sides is formed by the Palace of Inquisition: it would be thought the most agreeable, if the mind were capable of any agreeable idea while in contemplation of that building.

By raising the ground where it was too low, and flattening it where too high, the rapid ascents and descent of the streets, so fatiguing in the old town, are diminished in the new.

Some of the most disgusting customs that are the source of the nastiness with which the streets of Lisbon are covered still continue. Boots may protect the feet of the street-walker from the filth of the streets; but it is necessary to be in a close carriage to have the head equally secure from that which is thrown from the windows.

The lanes and narrow streets are never cleaned; in consequence of which some are almost entirely choked up: the other streets would be left to the same fate, were it not absolutely necessary to clean them previous to the ceremony of processions.

Several of the new streets, though planned, are not entirely built; many vacancies are still to be seen.

The houses in general, previous to the earthquake 1755, had the melancholy appearance of prisons, with small windows, very often without glass, from which those within could see the passengers in the street, but could not be seen by them: on this account they were called *zelosias*, or jealousies, their peculiar structure being supposed to have originated from the jealousy of husbands. Indeed they are in some respects emblematic of that passion, as it formerly manifested itself among the Spaniards and Portuguese, and still appears among the Turks, who seem to have no regard to what the inclinations of their women are, provided they can, by walls, and locks, and eunuchs, secure their persons to themselves.

So the contrivers of those zelosias seem to have had no objection to their wives contemplating the passengers in the street, provided no passenger in the street could obtain a single peep at them. Yet, surely, a man of but a moderate share of refinement or delicacy could have little enjoyment in a woman whom he holds by constraint only, and whose heart he knows to be with another.

The houses, since the year 1755, and particularly those

lately built, have large and convenient windows, and are in general four or five storeys in height.

I expressed surprise to one person that they should have ventured to raise houses to such a height in a town so lately overthrown by an earthquake.

'It is because it has been so lately overthrown,' he replied, 'that we venture: for as other capitals in Europe deserve an earthquake as much as Lisbon, and none of them have been alarmed with more than the first symptoms hitherto, it is reasonable to believe that they will all have their turn, according to their deserts; and, of course, it will be a long time before it comes round to Lisbon again.'

There are no agreeable public walks belonging to Lisbon, though no spot in Europe unites so many requisites for forming an extensive and delightful walk as the banks of the Tagus near that city. A scheme for this purpose, I am told, was once in agitation, but it was dropped on account of the strange indifference of the inhabitants for so desirable an object.

In the days of jealousy the women were not permitted to go to public walks, which, of course, were not much frequented by the men; and now, when there is less jealousy, and the constraint is in a great measure removed, the habit of keeping within doors continues with both sexes.

The Portuguese women are extremely indolent: their staying so much at home does not proceed from attention to their domestic concerns; their chief employment and common amusement is sitting at the window, beholding the passengers, who are now permitted to behold *them* also.

There is a great number of domestics in the usual establishment of a family in tolerable circumstances at Lisbon: those domestics are poorly paid, tawdrily clothed, scantily fed, and as insolent as their masters. When a Portuguese lady goes abroad, if she can at all afford it, she uses a carriage; those who go to mass a-foot are generally attended by three or four female servants.

That the Portuguese should entertain a superfluity of servants is the more surprising, because a great number of spies are employed by the intendant of police at Lisbon, and because there is reason to fear that some of those very servants are engaged for that infamous purpose. Were it the object of a government to vitiate the national character and depress the national spirit, it could not use a more effectual means than by encouraging and rewarding domestic spies; the infallible consequence of which is, to tear asunder all the bonds of mutual confidence among men, to spread distrust, hatred, and terror, into every breast, to make them tremble at the sight of the most subaltern agent in office, to render men unhappy, and to deprive them of every claim to be otherwise.

In spite of many natural advantages, it is certain that, by the debasing influence of despotism and the most abject superstition, Portugal has degenerated into one of the weakest kingdoms in Europe. The common people seem to be more oppressed and miserable than in any other country I am acquainted with: their misery is apparent in their dejected looks, and in their meagre bodies, covered with rags and nastiness. Those willing to work are not paid for their labour sufficient to maintain them; many of them are kept from starving by soup, chiefly consisting of the washings of the plates of convents, after the monks have dined.—Is it surprising that they thieve, rob, and sometimes assassinate?

The influence of the monks (for I am told that the secular clergy are in less estimation) is greater in Portugal than in any Roman Catholic country in Europe. I am assured that there are not a great many families in Lisbon of which some monk or other has not the chief direction.

Religious processions form the grand and most interesting amusement of the inhabitants of Lisbon; and few things can convey a stronger presumption of the insipidity of their usual style of life than their finding any amusement in those dreary spectacles, which consist of a multitude of men of all conditions, dressed in robes of different colours, with a white stick in each of their hands,

slowly following the statue of some saint, with bands of music at intervals, and the whole closed by the monks, of whom the foregoing saint is the patron.

Yet to those ceremonies the inhabitants of Lisbon flock in crowds, and behold them with admiration. The ladies in particular spend several days, previous to such solemnities, in preparing their richest attire; and on the morning of the happy day, having exhausted all the arts of the toilet to draw forth their charms, they place themselves at the windows and balconies by which the procession is to pass, perhaps several hours before it does pass, and there exhibit, no doubt, a much more brilliant and agreeable spectacle than they behold.

On the festival of St. Anthony of Padua, his statue is carried in procession, superbly dressed in robes of silk, embroidered with gold, and studded with diamonds and precious stones, borrowed from the most opulent families in Lisbon. As those jewels are supposed, after having touched the statue of the saint, to acquire the power of preserving the person who wears them from various diseases, it is not surprising that their proprietors should be exceeding willing to lend them. But how it can be thought that St. Anthony, who was of all mankind the most humble, who turned his eyes from the vanities of this world, and who, to the most sumptuous robes, preferred the coarse habit of a Franciscan, should have so greatly altered his taste in dress since he went to heaven, as to choose that of a coquette, is a little unaccountable.

What should induce the ladies to assist so patiently at those processions has in some degree been explained. The assiduous attendance of the men with their cloaks and white sticks must be imputed entirely to superstitious motives. A notion prevails, that by following some of those processions, in that manner, during seven successive years, a man secures himself from the hazard of dying in a state of reprobation.

After what I have written, you will not be surprised that I did not find the climate so effectual a remedy for my old complaint of *ennui* as for my cough.

There is little variety at Lisbon; one week is like the whole year, and the whole year like the first week. I do not believe the Portuguese themselves could support such uniformity were it not for their religious ceremonies.

Religion seems to be as necessary to mankind as water; the purest of both is the most salutary; yet, in that state, neither please the vulgar palate. In all ages mankind have been fond of adulterating both with foreign ingredients: those ingredients are often of an intoxicating quality, which perverts their beneficial nature, heats men's brains, renders them quarrelsome, sometimes furious, and makes what was intended as a blessing operate as a curse. Adieu! my dear Sommers.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER IX.

From the Same to the Same.

Vevay.

The capital of Portugal differs from London in many respects; in none more than in the inhabitants of the former seeming to be all of the same way of thinking on the two grand sources of dispute among mankind—religion and politics. You may be sure I speak only of the natives: Englishmen dispute every where, except, perhaps, at court. The same friendly professions, and the same apparent unanimity, exist at this court as at our own: whether there is the same sincerity, I cannot, on so short an acquaintance, ascertain.

The same short acquaintance precludes me from a thorough knowledge of the national character. What qualities are likely to predominate among a people, whose native energy is controlled by despotism, and depressed by superstition?—Dissimulation, fraud, jealousy!

There is no mixing with the natives, unless it be at the entertainments given by the men in power, or by some of the diplomatic body: at the former the company is generally too numerous to admit of conversation, and too

well pleased with the entertainment to differ in opinion from the entertainer.

Whatever falls from the tongue of monsieur le duc, or le marquis, though the most common-place of all observations—what, to use an expression of Dr. Johnson, *has been echoed by plebeian mouths*,—yet is sure of being heard with tokens of admiration and applause.

At the house of one rich individual, entertainments of a more agreeable nature were sometimes to be found. This person had travelled, and had married a foreign lady of great beauty, and a very amiable character. The husband was at once vain of his wife, and jealous: for the first he had great reason, for the second none at all. The conflict between those discordant passions kept the unhappy man in continual agitation: the one prompted him to give frequent entertainments, the other made him suspect every man who entered his house.

His lady had, on various occasions, satisfied him that his suspicions were entirely without foundation: but it was not always in her power to effect this before he had rendered himself ridiculous by betraying them to public observation.

The lady was so much amused with the natural manner and humorous remarks of Travers, that she took particular pleasure in his conversation. The husband became jealous. This silly disposition of the man had prompted several people, who otherwise would not have dreamt of such an attempt, to try to involve him in the misfortune he so much dreaded. He furnished Travers with an additional motive, by not only manifesting his jealousy of him in particular, but also by doing it in a rude manner. Travers determined to take his revenge by the means of the lady. I endeavoured to turn Tom from this project; being convinced, from the whole of her behaviour, that she was a woman of sense as well as of virtue; and, of course, that he would be repulsed as soon as he made the attempt.

I am no great believer in the seduction of married women. I greatly suspect that many, who *are said to* have

been seduced, have first thrown out some lure, some invitation, to the seducer; or, on his making the first advance, have met him part of the way.

The moment a man mentions his love to a *married* woman, she cannot but see his drift; after which, if she permits him to continue or renew the subject, what construction can be made, but that it is agreeable to her?

The same holds, when a *married* man talks love to an unmarried woman—if she is not a child or an idiot, she must know that he cannot mean honourable love; she must know what he really means: and she who allows herself to be led, though by a circuitous path, to the point she has in her eye, cannot be said to be seduced; unless it is thought that a woman may be seduced without being deceived.

I have known some men renowned for gallantry, and considered as powerful seducers, who, while they imagined they were triumphantly *seducing*, found themselves miserably *seduced*.

Flattery and eloquence are not the only arms of seduction: a woman, by her manner, by looks, and a thousand silent manœuvres, can express her inclination as well as by words. When those are directed by a lady to any particular man, before he speaks of love, *she* must be considered as the aggressor: without such encouragement, a man of discernment will not address her on the subject.

In what language can a man mention his passion to a woman whom he cannot marry. Let him vary the expression as much as he pleases, she must know that what he solicits would infallibly lower her in the estimation of the world, and probably render her unhappy for life.

How then could he make a proposal of this nature to any woman who had not, in some part of her conduct, betrayed a predisposition to grant it? Fools and coxcombs may do it every day; but no man of sense, though devoid of principle, will risk it to a woman whose uniform conduct announces her to be virtuous.

You will observe, my friend, that I do not comprehend,

the unmarried in the argument; because an unmarried woman may be induced to listen to a specious villain, in the same situation, who addresses her on an honourable pretence: nor do I include children, even although they be married; for in this class women of twenty years of age, whose understandings are only equal to those of ten, may be fairly comprehended.

In the present instance, however, Travers was not misled, as many are, by self-conceit; but he was convinced that the husband's unreasonable jealousy would provoke the lady to a degree that would overpower every other consideration.

She knew that her husband had behaved with unpoliteness to Travers, and that Travers had borne it with great temper and moderation. On meeting him, therefore, at the house of one of her friends, while the mistress of the house was otherwise engaged, she made an apology to him for her husband's behaviour, adding, that he 'was now sensible that he had been in the wrong.'

'He has been so often in the wrong, *in that way*, madam,' said Travers, 'that it is high time that you should put him in the right.'

He then insinuated, pretty distinctly, that he would be extremely happy to go halves with her in this act of justice.

The lady was a good deal confounded at the hint.

Travers attempted to demonstrate how richly her husband deserved this kind of treatment at her hands.

'In matters of this kind,' said she, with a severe air, 'I do not consider simply what another deserves, but also what is becoming for myself; for which reason, I must now inform you, that I never expect to see you again at my husband's house.'

'Nay, my dear madam,' resumed Travers with coolness, 'in the hint I threw out I had an eye to your benefit as well as my own, and in my opinion nothing can be more equitable: but if *you* have scruples, there is an end; for, in all transactions, I am clear for making every allowance for tender consciences.'

So saying, he made a very obsequious bow to the lady, and joined the rest of the company with such a careless air, that nobody suspected that there had been any thing singular in the dialogue, especially as the lady herself could not help smiling when he left her.

Though she had removed all her husband's suspicions of Travers, she could not prevent new ones arising. The brain of this unfortunate husband was a loom in which jealousy was continually weaving ideal webs of cuckoldom.

——— Break one cobweb thro',
He spins the slight, self-*teasing* web anew.*

When Travers informed me of the *éclaircissement* he had had with the lady, he observed that it would be difficult to decide whether the husband or wife was the greatest original; she, in continuing faithful to such a husband, or he in being jealous of such a wife. 'Or, indeed,' added he, 'in tormenting himself so much about the matter, although his suspicions were better founded. The man has lived in other countries,' continued Travers, 'besides Portugal and Spain. Is it not astonishing, that a residence of several years in France, his having visited most of the courts of Europe, has not familiarized his mind to an accident to which the worthiest of mankind are exposed, and of which, during his travels, he must have known so many instances: besides, he might know that it is a misfortune that is most likely to befall those who live in the greatest dread of it, and who take the greatest pains to prevent it. For my part, I do not find fault with the lady for not relishing me, because tastes are not to be disputed; but if her husband continues to tease, and treat her in a manner she so little deserves, I hope she will at last have the spirit to make him what, if common justice had been done, he would have been long ago.'

'Do you not perceive, my dear Travers,' said I, 'that what you call justice cannot be executed on this man, without destroying his wife's peace of mind.'

* Pope.

'If so,' replied he, 'I am glad I was not the executioner of justice—though I think it is pity, that a man who so richly deserves it cannot be dubbed a cuckold without disturbing his wife's peace of mind; and I must regret my ill-fortune in meeting with a woman of so peculiar a way of thinking.'

All endeavours to satisfy caprice are vain. Though the husband had expressed discontent at Travers's visits, he no sooner remarked that he abstained from making them, than he told his wife, it would have a strange appearance to the world if Mr. Travers did not come to his house as formerly, that it might afford calumny a colour for insinuating that he himself was jealous: he, therefore, desired she would press Mr. Travers to come to their house as usual.

Though the lady had never given the least hint to her husband of what had passed between her and Travers, yet she positively refused this; telling her husband, that as the gentleman had staid away on account of his behaviour, it was his business to invite him, if he wished him to return.

The husband invited Travers accordingly, and in my presence.

Travers thanked him; but said, at the same time, 'that he would not avail himself of the permission, because one great object of his visits, he now found, could not be accomplished.'

'I am sorry for that,' said the husband.

'So am I,' rejoined Travers.

'Pray, what is it?' said the husband.

'It is not worth mentioning,' replied Travers.

'I should do all in my power to promote your views, if I only knew what they were,' said the husband.

'You have done that already; but all will not do,' replied Travers, and then walked away.

'He is a strange kind of a man, this friend of yours,' said the husband, after Travers was gone.

'He was thought a little singular,' replied I, 'even in England.'

Soon after this we made arrangements for our journey to Spain, of which I shall give you some account in my next. Meanwhile, I am, &c.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER X.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevey.

I REMEMBER you made heavy complaints, my dear colonel, of the brevity of my letters from Portugal and Spain; and as I referred you to Travers for a more particular account of these countries, you wrote to me, after his return to England, that I might just as well have referred you to a courier who had passed through them once: that the sum of what you learnt from Travers was that 'the Portuguese were the most zealous and most vindictive Christians he had ever known; that they professed the forgiveness of injuries, and assassinated their enemies: that the men in Spain were proud and lazy; that the women were not so reserved as the men, danced the fandango with great spirit, and would be more attractive if they would forego the use of garlic.' I must assure you, my friend, that Travers's account is not so defective as you seem to imagine. I do not know that I can make any essential addition. It would be ridiculous in one, who did little more than pass through those countries, to attempt a very circumstantial description of their manners; but, in compliance with your request, so earnestly made, particularly in your last letter, you shall have my *recollections.*

When every thing was prepared for our journey to Spain, I hired a boat for Aldea Gallega, where we landed in about three hours. I immediately made an agreement with a muleteer, for the transportation of ourselves and baggage to Badajòs, the frontier town of Spain; but I neglected to have the terms put in writing and signed. I found the ill consequences of this omission when we arrived

at Estremos; for he there insisted on having the whole money advanced immediately, declaring, at the same time, that I had bargained to give him double the sum for which I had in reality agreed.

Though I detest all kind of wrangling with innkeepers, postmasters, and postillions, a d submit, as patiently as most people, to their extortions on a journey, yet I was so provoked with the impudence of this fellow that I determined to complain to a magistrate.

It required all my influence with Travers to prevent him from making a good cause a bad one, by threshing the muleteer. I persuaded him, at last, to leave the settling of the business to me, while he amused himself by sauntering through the town; which, by the way, is a very pretty one.

I was conducted to the house of a judge: he happened to be in the middle of his afternoon's sleep. I do not know that I could have prevailed on any of his family to have awakened him, had I desired it; but all my impatience to obtain justice, and have the rascally muleteer punished, was not sufficient to make me venture on a measure which might have ruined the best cause, not in Portugal only, but in any country in Christendom. I therefore begged that his worship might not be disturbed. —I will not assert that I waited *patiently*, for he took a monstrous long nap; but I certainly waited until he awoke.

I had reason to flatter myself, from the length of his repose, that I should find him in very good humour, and disposed to do justice at least. When I entered the room, where he sat upon a bench, he did not rise, nor seem to take any notice of me. 'This judge,' thought I, 'is a man of little ceremony; but men of plain manners are often more equitable than those who are over polite. I was confirmed in my favourable opinion of him, when I saw him stretch out his hand towards me. As I imagined he wished to shake hands with me, I held forth mine to him: he evaded laying hold of it, and in a surly accent said—'I want your agreement with the muleteer.'

'I have no written agreement,' said I.

'Why then came you here? Send the muleteer to me, and come yourself afterwards.'

I had not time to make any observation on this abrupt decision, for the judge instantly rose and withdrew.

Insolence, I believe, raises stronger indignation than even injustice. If this fellow had behaved with civility, and decided in favour of the muleteer, I should not have been half so much provoked as I was at the insolence of his manner.—How comes this? For no better reason, I am afraid, than because pride is less wounded by the one than the other. For the same reason a continual observance of little attentions makes more friends than real services. Real services relieve our wants, attentions flatter our pride: our wants are removed, our pride remains.

When I returned to the inn, I found two men standing by my baggage; on my asking their business, they told me that they had been placed there to prevent any of it from being removed. I thanked them for their care, and was at the same time going to take up a small box, in which some letters and other papers were; but one of them interposed, saying, 'that no part of the baggage must be touched, either by me or any other person, till my dispute with the muleteer was decided.'

In the meantime the muleteer having, as I afterwards understood, borrowed some money from the innkeeper, set off for the house of the judge. I received an order soon after to attend his worship also.

A good deal astonished at those proceedings, and having small hopes that the judge would be more inclined to do me justice after the representation of the muleteer than he was before, I wished to tell my story to some disinterested and respectable inhabitant of the town.

I stepped to a servant who stood at the door of a house of a genteeler appearance than ordinary; and being informed that the master was within, I desired to speak to him. When I was admitted, after pushing his wife and daughters out of the room into an inner one, he asked what was my business?

'I am an Englishman, sir,' said I, 'and finding myself in danger of being grossly imposed on by the muleteer whom I hired at Aldea Gallega, I have taken the liberty to call on ——'

'You must apply elsewhere,' said he interrupting me; 'I am no justice of the peace.'

'The master of this house ought to be a gentleman,' said I, 'which I am certain the justice whom I applied to is not. In England, sir, if you, or any stranger, were to claim the protection of a gentleman against imposition, you would be sure of obtaining redress.'

'I have no intention of ever going to England,' replied he, and immediately went into the inner room, shutting the door after him.

In the whole course of my life I never had a greater desire for any thing than I had to serve this fellow as Travers would have served the muleteer: if he had not disappeared so expeditiously, a disagreeable scene would assuredly have taken place.

On returning to the street I met a clergyman. Men are never so ready to think of the next world, and to apply to those who are supposed to have an interest in it, as when they meet with injustice in this;—there was besides an expression of good sense and benignity in this man's countenance, which induced me ot accost him.

When he heard my story, he said, 'That after the marquis de Pombal had banished the Jesuits for meddling in temporal affairs, the clergy were commanded to leave entirely to the justices, who were appointed and paid by the queen, the settling of every dispute of this nature.' While he was speaking to me, a stout friar, with an expression of countenance very different from that of the ecclesiastic with whom I conversed, happened to pass.—'Do you know,' said he, in a loud and surly tone, 'that you are talking with an English heretic?'

'That is his misfortune,' replied the other. 'It would be strange for one of our cloth to refuse to speak with a man because he is unfortunate.'

The friar having no answer to make walked on frowning.

'I hope, resumed the other, in a low voice, and looking after him, 'the English heretic is a better man than the catholic friar.'

He then told me, that he was the vicar of the parish, and would be glad to be of service to me; 'but,' added he, 'the government is now as jealous of men of my cloth interfering in matters of the nature you complain of as ever the inquisition was of laymen meddling in affairs of religion.—Indeed, sir,' continued he, 'honesty is not considered, in this country, as essentially connected with religion. To infuse the spirit of benevolence, and prevail on men to regulate their actions by strict integrity, is a more difficult task than to persuade them to the performance of certain ceremonies, by which they compensate for a failure in moral duties. The vulgar mind cannot imagine that the Deity is not better pleased with pompous processions in honour of himself than simple fair dealing of men with each other: the speediest way of convincing the multitude is by inflaming their passions. It is generally fruitless, and sometimes not very safe, to endeavour to persuade them that the ceremonies of religion are of little benefit without probity. The very judge of whom you complain is a constant attendant at mass, and repeats his prayers with much apparent piety; yet I am of opinion that a small bribe will dispose him more to do you justice than all the religion he possesses.'

'You lay more stress on a man's moral conduct, father, than on his religious sentiments,' said I.

'I lay more stress on a man's moral conduct than on his religious *professions*,' replied he. 'Yet still religion is of more importance than morality, because in genuine religion morality is included; whereas in morality religion is not included, though absolutely necessary for men's happiness. I am convinced, therefore, that it would be of infinite importance to the moralists to have more religion; and I believe also it would be good for many professors of religion to have more morality.'

The frank and friendly behaviour of this priest pleased me greatly.

'I have a great notion, father,' said I, 'that you are not a native of this country.'

He threw his eyes on the ground, and sighed.

'Indeed, sir,' replied he, 'I am not. I was born in Ireland. I came hither very early in life. You must know, that in that country it was a crime formerly, in the eye of the law, for a catholic parent to educate his offspring in the catholic religion, though he might think that his children's salvation depended on it. You probably think this opinion false, sir; but you must admit that it was a dreadful hardship on those who believed it to be true: the punishment for infringing it was imprisonment and confiscation of property. My father however ventured to send me to a catholic school at Lisbon: this, in spite of the pains taken to conceal it, was discovered by the rector of the parish, who was also a magistrate, and whose living, a very considerable one, was derived from the tithes of my father's estate, and from his catholic tenants. This man caused my father to be apprehended, and thrown into prison, for having sent his son into a popish school abroad.

'The rector had formerly attempted to persuade a catholic relation of my father's to become a protestant; but he had failed—the man asserting that he was fully convinced of the truth of his own faith. After my father's imprisonment, however, he began to see things in a different light, and listened with more complacency to the arguments of the rector, who in a short time persuaded him of the errors of popery, and had the honour of converting him entirely to the protestant religion. The new convert immediately filed a bill of discovery against my father's estate, and, as his nearest protestant relation, got possession of it. My poor father died in prison, and I continued in this country.'

I observed, in answer to him, that many of the laws of which he complained were no longer enforced.—'You are too well informed, father,' continued I, 'not to know that persecution has been oftener and more severely exercised *against* protestants than by them. The horrid

practice, I hope, is near an end on both sides; and the time at no great distance, when your countrymen, of both persuasions, will be equally sensible that it is their common interest to unite against a foreign enemy, who, with a contempt for both religions, has no other view than to seize their property and enslave their country. As soon as your catholic countrymen have shown that this is their way of thinking, I dare say they will be put, in all respects, on a footing with those of the established religion.'

'Heaven grant it!' replied the priest; 'for I have seen enough of the world to be convinced that there are good men and bad men in all religions; that men ought not to be punished on account of their opinions, because opinion does not depend on will, and because conscientious and intrepid people only are the sufferers by such persecution, those of a different character being sure to pretend a change of opinion from interest, or through fear. Of this I have seen so many examples in this country, and have heard of so many in the country I originally came from, that I am fully convinced that persecution can neither make converts in religion nor in loyalty, though it daily makes hypocrites in both. I have heard, though I can hardly give credit to it, that it has been proposed in Ireland, that no Roman catholic should be allowed to speak to a protestant with his hat on. This device for making converts is certainly preferable to persecution, and may be considered by some as being every whit as ingenious as it is new; yet, after all, it will appear a little preposterous to allure men to a religion which recommends humility by addressing their vanity.

'These sentiments, sir, plain and obvious as you may think them, I am cautious of declaring in this place; but, in spite of the original injustice which obliges me to reside here, my heart warms and opens as often as I meet with a countryman; and I never have had reason to repent of the confidence I placed in any of them.'

While I was expressing the sense I had of the kind and frank behaviour of this worthy Irishman, he inter-

rupted me, saying,—'Now, my dear sir, I believe I can be of service to you. I am acquainted with that officer,' continued he, 'whom you see coming up the street: he is a Frenchman by birth, has a command at Elvas, and has it in his power to do you speedy justice; and I am sure he will have it in his inclination, for he is a man of honour.'

The vicar introduced me to the officer, and told him my story. He returned with me to the inn, and sent an order for the judge to attend him there, which he instantly obeyed, with an air very different from that with which he had a little before received me in his own house; all his insolence was converted into obsequiousness. The officer told him, in pretty sharp terms, that he must be conscious that the muleteer's demands were more than double what was reasonable, and exceeded the usual price in a still greater proportion. The judge acknowledged this, made a very humble apology for having paid too much attention to the representations of the muleteer, and directly ordered him to prison for having deceived him. The officer then invited Travers and me to a seat in his carriage to Elvas, which lay on our way to the frontier of Spain. Of this we accepted, after having interceded for the muleteer, who thought himself very fortunate to be quit for two hours imprisonment, and the full price for which I had bargained.

Leaving our baggage to the servants, who were to travel with the mules, we proceeded in the officer's carriage to Elvas.—'Though you are conscious,' said he, 'that there has been no oppression or injustice exercised in the present instance, but, on the contrary, that fraud has been prevented, the summary and arbitary manner in which this matter has been decided naturally surprise Englishmen, who are accustomed to regular and tedious legal processes. Such formal proceedings would not do here. The Portuguese, instead of employing an advocate to plead his cause, endeavours to bribe the judge, or whets his stiletto, and waylays the witnesses. I remember that, thirty years ago, when I first came into this service, a

process was begun against a man for theft: the judge appointed a future day for examining several witnesses, who, it was asserted, would prove the man's guilt: before that day arrived *all* the witnesses were assassinated.

'The generality of the people have no distinct idea of justice; they do not consider the equity of a sentence, but how to preclude it, or how to be revenged on those who, by their testimony or judgment, have subjected them to it.

'When the upper ranks of the nation have any litigation, their chief endeavour is to gain the judge, which is usually accomplished by out-bribing their opponent; or, if they cannot do that, their next care is to apply to some person of influence at court, who, they imagine, can controul the judge. This they call *empengho*, or protection; and he who is so fortunately connected, that he can bring an irresistible power of this *empengho* into action as often as he has a cause depending, would be thought a fool if he omitted to do so.'

I observed to the officer, 'that, with all the inconveniences of delay and expense attending lawsuits in England, our method of administrating justice was preferable to that of the Portuguese.'

To this the officer readily assented; but Travers, who is the most reluctant assenter I was ever acquainted with, said, 'that there was not so essential a difference as appeared at first sight; because those who are obliged to put up with injustice, on account of not being rich enough to fee lawyers, and bear the expense of a lawsuit, are as much injured as those who suffer in the same manner on account of the judge being bribed, or because their antagonist has more interest at court.'

We were treated in the most hospitable style by our conductor, on our arrival at Elvas, which is a pretty little town, containing about two thousand inhabitants. The citadel was completed by the count de la Lippe, when he commanded in Portugal.

The present commander showed us every thing worthy of observation in the place.

Nothing could be more engaging than the manners of this gentleman, who to the frankness of the military character joined the vivacity of the French, tempered by age and reflection. The officious politeness of young Frenchmen is often teasing to Englishmen, who are apt to think that it is merely displayed to show themselves off, without any desire of obliging; but the attentions of this officer seemed to proceed from a good disposition and a love of hospitality.

We proceeded next day to Badajòs, which is the frontier town of Spain. Yours very cordially,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XI.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

THOUGH I conveyed you in my last from Lisbon to the frontiers of Spain, yet you see, my friend, that I am still at Vevay. I regret this the more, because the happy new-married couple at the inn have left us. They crossed the lake to the native country of the bridegroom a few days ago: my landlord and all his family have been in low spirits ever since. Nothing is more infectious. While the young couple remained I was kept in good-humour with the sight of their happiness: now every body else I see has an air of dejection. I became so impatient to be gone, that, in spite of the remonstrances of the surgeon, I determined to try how my ancle, which had become a little easier, would bear the motion of my carriage.

I was carried down stairs, placed in it, and driven a couple of miles on the smoothest part of the road. The consequence of this wise experiment was, that I could hardly sleep a wink last night with pain; and though that is now abated, I find the swelling of my ancle and my ill-humour mightily increased. The hope of being able speedily to pursue my journey had hitherto acted as a palliative to the sharpness of my impatience. When people

are in ill-humour they are apt to quarrel with their best friends.—'They talk of Hope,' cried I, 'as the greatest blessing bestowed on man; I have found Hope the greatest of all deceivers.'

In soliloquies like this, and in fretting like a child, I have passed part of this morning: I at last reflected on the inutility of fretting, as, whether I keep my temper or lose it, still I must remain here till I am able to go away.

The strongest of all arguments for a man's bearing the evils of life with good-humour is, they must be endured, whether his humour is good or bad—

> Æquam momento rebus in arduis
> Servare mentem. ——

This to be sure is an excellent advice; and well would it be for men if they were wise enough to follow it.

> Connais-tu quelque Dieu qui fasse un tel prodige?

Mahomet's answer to Zopire is,—

> —— La nécessité,
> Ton intérêt.

Recollecting this answer, and convinced of its truth, I wish to apply it to my present circumstances, and have been endeavouring to summon back my philosophy, which this new disappointment banished so abruptly from my couch.

My couch! Yes, here I lie, to be sure, on a very good couch. Many a man in this world would be glad of such another, and would require nothing better than to be allowed leisure to repose upon it. The love of repose keeps many people in a bustle all their lives,—*Otium Divos rogat*, &c. &c. &c. Such people are active because they love repose: I wish to be active because I hate it; or I hate to lie, because, being obliged to it, I cannot repose.—Would to heaven our plump friend at Oxford were in my place! He never loved to put any part of his body in action, except his organs of digestion. Milton's Satan says, '*Evil be thou my good;*' and I find, by experience, that *action* of body or mind is my *repose*. I cannot form an idea of that torpid state of tranquillity in which some people pass their lives, with so very little movement of either

the one or the other. Fatigue of body never gave me *ennui*; long rest sometimes has; and *ennui* is, of all things, the most fatiguing. How is it to be kept off? Exercise and books are the best antidotes.—I am deprived of both—Is there no other remedy? Yes, your own reflections. A man of few ideas, I have heard, goes to crowded assemblies to elude the tedium of himself; whereas a man of a cultivated mind avoids the tedium of crowded assemblies, to enjoy his own reflections.

I fear, my dear Somers, that, after all, I must class myself, though I cannot bear that any other should, among the men of few ideas; for I certainly would prefer a crowded assembly to my present solitude.

Though I never was passionately fond of solitude, yet I could pass a day or two by myself formerly as well as many of my neighbours. But the duration of my solitude on this occasion, I dread, will have an effect on me, similar to what Travers says his being obliged to read too much at school had on him.—'He has ever since had an aversion for opening a book.'

I remember being present when his tutor at Oxford assured him, 'that our most refined pleasure, and the most permanent happiness of life, proceeded from our ideas;' and told him, at the same time, 'that they were not innate.' 'I am sorry for it,' said Tom; 'for if they had, we should not be put to the trouble of reading for them.'

Where Travers finds his I never could discover. He has not a vast many, to be sure; but what he has are at least uncommon; and I cannot express to you how much I would give to have the honest fellow with me at present. But I will not indulge in vain wishes; that would be the most likely means to bring back fretfulness, and drive away that small portion of philosophy which I have been able to acquire, and which tells me, that, in my present forlorn condition, confined to the same place, almost to the same posture, without that variety of objects which might give new impressions and generate new ideas, without books, or the company of any one whose conversation could interest me, my best chance for amusement, either

for you or myself, is in the resources of memory.—And so, after this long digression, which you may think superfluous, but which I found absolutely necessary for putting me in proper frame, I now resume in tolerable temper.

Having forced you to be my companion in this journey, the least you can expect is, that I should be good humoured, if I fail to be entertaining.

You will remember that we had just arrived at Badajos, which is a town on the frontiers of Spain, containing about five or six thousand inhabitants. It is a place of no trade; but it has the honour of being the residence of a bishop.

As I had a letter of introduction from the commandant at Elvas to his lordship, I proposed to Travers that we shold wait on him together. He said, 'he never had waited on a bishop in his life; but that, when he found himself inclined to cultivate the acquaintance of any of that order, he should certainly begin with those of his own country.'

I was obliged, therefore, to pay my visit alone, while Travers took a solitary lounge through the town.

When I arrived at the gate of the episcopal palace, which stood open, I asked the porter whether his lordship was at home? The man seemed surprised at the question. 'At home!' said he—'Where would you have him to be?' This question was as unexpected by me as mine could be by him. I made no answer, and he resumed: 'Why, sir, he will not begin the visitation of his diocess this month to come; of course, you may be assured he is at home:—pray walk up stairs, if you have business with him.'

I did as I was desired; and, in the antichamber, found two young clergymen in their gowns. Addressing myself to one of them, I desired to know if any of his lordship's servants were at hand, to carry a letter to him from me. I was told that they themselves always attended for such purposes. One of them took the letter, and returned directly, saying 'the bishop wished to see me.'

He was still reading the letter when I entered the room. He immediately came to the door, and received me with a frank affability, which at once pleased and surprised me; placing me in an arm-chair at his right hand, and questioning me, in a friendly manner, respecting my journey. In the meantime the dinner-bell rung, and in a few minutes the room was crowded with a variety of ecclesiastics in their canonicals.

I rose to take my leave. The bishop told me that I must not think of going till I had dined; adding, with a smile, 'Perhaps the dinner of a Spanish bishop will not prove so palatable to you as I could wish; but I'll be better prepared to-morrow, when I shall expect the pleasure of another visit from you: for I understand that there is a French cook in town, who lived a long time in England: he shall dress some dishes in the English taste for you. Meantime you shall partake of what we have:'—so saying, he led me to the dining room, and seated me at table next himself.

There were sixteen persons at table, all clergymen: the dinner was abundant; but, to my taste, horribly ill-dressed, from the prevalence of onions, garlic, and oil. The whole conversation was confined to the bishop and myself: all the rest of the company observing the most profound silence. Eating is said to be a serious business with the clergy of England; I assure you it is more so with those of Spain, though much sooner over, if the Spanish ecclesiastics in general follow the example of those I saw at the bishop's table. The greater part, particularly the juniors, had given over eating a considerable time before the bishop himself; who, without eating much, seemed rather to protract his dinner, and very frequently pressed me to a glass of wine, in which a few of the rest of the company joined: most of them drank water only.

I imputed this to a different reason at the time; but I now understand, that the bishop protracted his dinner, and invited me to drink wine, merely in complaisance to what he considered as my taste as an Englishman: for

the time of dinner in Spain, even among people of the highest rank, seldom exceeds half-an-hour, or three-quarters at most; after which the company rise from table, and go into another room to drink coffee. As for wine, the Spaniards of all ranks use it in very great moderation; and I understand the bishops, at their dioceses, live pretty much in the same manner.

After dinner the bishop invited me into another room: we were followed by the dignified clergy only. We remained there, conversing, some time; during which I was asked a variety of questions. If an idea of the importance of Great Britain was to be formed from the information that those gentlemen have thought it worth their while to acquire of it, its consequence would dwindle wonderfully: most of them, indeed, seemed as ignorant of the nature of our government, laws, and customs, as of the interior provinces of China. The bishop seemed by far the best instructed among them. On my expressing surprise at the extent of his knowledge, he said he owed it to a British subject, of whom he spoke with great affection, who had been his schoolfellow, and his companion at college.

One of the pages entered to inform him that his sister was arrived to pay him a visit. After making an apology to me, he withdrew to what was called the receiving-parlour. In a few minutes I had a message to go to him. I was then conducted to a room contiguous to the outward gate; for no woman is known to be admitted into the interior of a bishop's palace in Spain. He introduced me to his sister, who is a very lively engaging woman, a little past the middle age. She was accompanied by her daughter, who never uttered a syllable—Spanish young ladies seldom do in the presence of their mother. Iced water, sweet-meats, and chocolate, were served; and, after two hours stay, the lady and her daughter withdrew.

The bishop then led me through the different apartments of the palace.

While we were thus employed, a relation of the bishop, a colonel in the army, joined us. I was presented to him

as an English gentleman, in whom his friend, the commandant of Elvas, was interested. After showing me what is most remarkable in the palace, the bishop said that he had ordered an apartment for me, which he hoped I would make use of during my stay at Badajos; directing two servants, at the same time, to go to the inn for my luggage. I thanked him for this very obliging offer; but declined it in the best manner I could. He said—'You shall do as you please as to that article; but I must absolutely insist on your dining here to-morrow. To this I agreed. He then told me that the duties of his office would occupy him the rest of the day, and he left me with the officer. Your always,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XII.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevey.

The gentleman with whom the bishop left me seemed to be about fifty years of age; he had travelled, and ingrafted some share of French vivacity on the formal manners of his native country. 'I suppose you thought,' said he, 'that if you had accepted of an apartment in the palace, you would have been obliged to hear long prayers, and go early to bed?—No such thing. His lordship's clergy, indeed, are expected to be all in the palace every night before ten; but as for strangers, who are invited to lodge in the palace, they may enter at any hour.'

He then told me, that he had met the bishop's sister, who had commissioned him to bring me to pass the evening at her house. As I wished to see as much of the manners of the country as I could, I accepted of this invitation with pleasure.

When we came within a few yards of the house, we heard the music of the guitar, with the rattling of castanets and dancing.

They generally begin by dancing country-dances, and

finish with the fandango, which is performed in a most indecent manner by the common people, but in a style less reprehensible by the higher ranks. This information I had from the colonel. He introduced me into a large room, where nine or ten couples were dancing the fandango, every couple having a pair of castanets in each hand, which they rattled with great dexterity, and in exact time. The movements of this dance are more lively than graceful; and the dance, upon the whole, is such as a modest English woman would not choose to excel in. Some of the females whom I saw performing on this occasion were of an age which might have made them decline it, independent of any other consideration. Nothing can form a greater contrast than that between the serious and solemn manners of the Spaniards in general and this popular dance. I own it surprised me exceedingly to see, at the house of a woman of character, the sister of a bishop, an exhibition by ladies in respectable situations of life, which would certainly be thought reprehensible by an English bishop even in opera-dancers.

Swift says, 'that a nice man is a man of nasty ideas.' But delicacy on a different subject cannot be imputed to impure ideas; if it were, the inhabitants of Spain would be considered as less susceptible of them than those of the cold climate of Great Britain.

From this hall the colonel conducted me into a room where there were three or four card-parties, at so many different tables. The conversation here was carried on in single words, mostly monosyllables, entirely relative to the games. At one table the game seemed to be a kind of lottery, at the others ombre. The spectators kept a profound silence.—The colonel, observing that I shewed no inclination to remain long in the number, led me into a great saloon, in which between twenty and thirty persons of both sexes were assembled.

The lady of the house came directly, and welcomed me in the most obliging manner; saying, 'she hoped I would make her house my own as often as I found her

brother's too dull for me.' In Spain a visit is always supposed to be made to the lady of the house.

Forgetting that the bishop had told me that he was to employ the remainder of the evening in the duties of his office, I asked if his lordship was in the assembly? 'Holy Virgin!' exclaimed she; 'How can you suppose such a thing? If a Spaniard had asked such a question, I should think him mad.—Do your bishops in England go to assemblies?'

I begged that she would excuse the ignorance of a foreigner; adding, 'that I had been drawn into the blunder by two persons dressed like clergymen, who I saw in the room.'

'Ah! these,' said she, 'are two Carmelite friars, of my husband's acquaintance, who are travelling through the country; one of them is my husband's relation; the other frequently passes this way to various parts of Spain; he sometimes goes also into Portugal;—he is a very great traveller.'

This friar joined us a little after. She introduced me to him, saying, 'that, as were both travellers, we might naturally wish to have some conversation together.' When the lady left us, the friar said, 'he feared that I had found the roads but indifferent in Portugal?' I answered, 'that I had found them better in some other countries.'

'I understand,' said he, 'that you have been in Germany?' I told him 'I had.'

'The metropolis of that country is very large?' added he.

Though I was not certain what town he meant, I answered—'Very large.'

'And pray sir,' continued he, 'are the roads from England to Germany tolerably good?'

This question from so great a traveller surprised me a little; however, I answered very gravely—

'Sometimes they are smooth, and at other times exceedingly rough.'

'Aye,' said he, 'it is the same in Spain—It depends a good deal on the weather and the season of the year, I should suppose?'

I assured him, 'that his conjecture was perfectly well founded;' and having a curiosity to ask a question or two, in my turn, of so enlightened a person—'Pray, father,' said I, 'are there any good booksellers in this town? I have occasion, at present, for some book of geography?'

'I really cannot tell,' replied he; 'for although I was once a great reader, I have not now the least occasion for books.'

I expressed a great curiosity to know how one, who had been so great a student, could all at once find no occasion for books.

'Why,' replied he, 'I am *jubiliated* in my order.'

I told him I did not understand the import of that phrase.

'I am exempted,' said he, 'from all the duties in my order, and of course have no need of books.' So saying, he got up hastily, and crossed to the other side of the room.

The colonel joined me: he was acquainted with all the company, and conversed with many of them; but to the best of my recollection, I have given you already the most instructive part of the conversation I heard that evening.

When supper was announced, part of the company withdrew. The dancers came into the supper-room capering, rattling their castanets, and seated themselves at the table. The supper was soon over; and each lady was conducted by a gentleman, who was furnished with a lantern to light her home.

Though I had sent word to Travers that I was kept to dine at the palace, yet I expected to find him in ill-humour on account of my staying so long. I was agreeably disappointed on my return to the inn.

He told me, that, in spite of a bad dinner, and but indifferent wine, he had been better entertained than he had ever been at the Portuguese nobleman's house at Lisbon. He also had been amused with the fandango. While he was contemplating two or three couple who were dan-

cing it, in a kind of open court at the inn, he had been accosted by an old Frenchman, a still greater traveller than the Carmelite friar; and, according to my friend's account, a mighty obliging person. He was a native of Marseilles: his father had been a tumbler, his mother a dancer on the tight rope; and he himself had been bred to both professions, which he had practised with applause at Paris, London, and Madrid. He had been particularly admired at the latter; on which account he had remained longer in that capital than in the other two; but finding his joints begin to stiffen, and unable to support his former fame, he had retired to Badajòs, where he could repose on his laurels at little expense.

With all the ease natural to his country, he had addressed Travers in his native language; saying,—'That as milord seemed to have a partiality for that dance, he believed he could procure him the pleasure of having it performed in a far superior style than could be expected from any of the *canaille* he was then looking at.'

Travers had accepted his offer: the man had been as good as his word:—and so much was our friend pleased with the amusement this fellow had procured him, and the account he gave of his adventures in the various countries he had resided in, that he determined to hear the sequel of his story the following day, and made not the smallest objection to my dining a second time with the bishop.

Here I must bid you adieu.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XIII.

From the Same in Continuation.

My new acquaintance the colonel called at the inn, and we went together to the episcopal palace. Both the dinner and the company were very different from what they had been the preceding day. The French cook had per-

formed his part well—the dinner was splendid. The company consisted of military men as well as of ecclesiastics. The conversation was no longer confined to the bishop and me; each took a share, and cheerfulness prevailed, though the bottle did not go round. His lordship asked nobody to drink except myself: he drank water, and his example, in this article, was followed by most of the company. The Spaniards are very abstinent both in eating and drinking. The sole reason of his inviting me so frequently to drink was his having heard that the English are addicted to the bottle. He left the rest of the company to do as they pleased; there was abundance of wine on the table.

Though we continued a great deal longer at table than the former day, yet, in England or in France, this would have been considered as a curtailed repast.

When we withdrew into another apartment the conversation was carried on by different groups, and in some with a good deal of vivacity. My friend the colonel introduced me to one gentleman, who, he said, was a native of Biscay. While we were talking together, another of the company, who I afterwards understood was a Castilian, joined us: this gentleman's features expressed shrewdness, with an ironical cast.

'It is natural,' said he, addressing himself to the Biscayan and me, 'that the natives of the lands of liberty should associate.'

Seeing the latter bow, as if it had been a compliment, I did the same, though I did not well comprehend how a Spaniard could be called a native of the land of liberty.

'He means that as a joke against the peculiar fondness which my countrymen,' said the Biscayan, 'have ever shown for liberty; but I receive it as a panegyric, because I know it to be a truth.'

'I should imagine,' said I, 'that the king of Biscay and the king of Castile would be inclined to render the inhabitants of each equally happy?'

I immediately perceived, by the flushing of the Biscayan's countenance, that my observation displeased him;

while an arch smile played in the features of the Castilian.

'King of Biscay!' said the former, with a tone of indignation; 'let me inform you, sir, that Biscay never had a king, and I hope never will. The Biscayans love and respect the king of Castile, of Leon, and Arragon, &c. &c. &c. as much as the inhabitants of any of his kingdoms; but he is not *king*, he is only segnior of Biscaia.'

'I should not think that the name could make any very essential difference?' said I.

'We Biscayans are a free people,' said he.

'So are we English,' added I.

'But we are governed by our own laws,' said the Biscayan.'

'So you might be,' resumed I, 'although you had styled the segnior of Biscay king.

My Biscayan seemed astonished at this assertion.

The Castilian observing this,—'Why, my good friend,' said he, 'you not only seem, in imitation of the ancients, to annex no idea but that of tyrant to the word king, but also to imagine that none but kings can be tyrants; yet I can assure you that I have known sovereigns, under the names of margraves, landgraves, and dukes, exercise as much tyranny over their subjects as any king in Christendom.'

'And we all know a nation,' added I, 'over which, under the name of republic, the most insulting and cruel despotism has been exercised that ever the world knew. The name of a government, therefore, may be changed, and the essence remain the same, or even be rendered more intolerable than it was before. My countrymen, somewhat more than a century ago, did the reverse of this; they made essential alterations in their government, though they found it highly convenient to allow the name, and most of the forms, to remain as they were: and I do most ardently hope that they will always adhere to the same wise conduct.'

'As for us,' resumed the Biscayan, 'we have not found it necessary to alter either the name or nature of our go-

vernment. The king of Spain is segnior of Biscay, and the Biscayans are governed by their own laws: we contribute to the exigencies of the empire by assessments, imposed at the general convention of the states, by representatives sent from the different cities and districts. We have no customhouse nor excise-officers.'

'No, nor bishops,' said the Castilian, turning his eye archly towards the bishop, who had just joined us.

The bishop heard this with a good-natured smile, without interfering in the argument.

'But we might have them, if we pleased,' replied the Biscayan.—'Our attachment to our religion is undoubted; and we are satisfied that our clergy should be subjected, in spiritual matters, to the nearest bishop resident in Castile, who exercises the spiritual authority of a diocesan over them with as much propriety as a bishop established in Biscay itself could do.'

'The women of your country have a particular aversion to revenue-officers, as I have heard,' said the Castilian, 'and treated some who were sent, a few years ago, among them, with a cargo of stamps, with uncommon severity.' *

'Whether the story to which you allude be true or false,' replied the Biscayan; 'or whether the persons who insulted the revenue-officers at Bilboa were really women, or men in women's clothes, I cannot tell: but I am not displeased that it should be believed, because it may prevent projectors from advising his majesty to attempt levying taxes in Biscay contrary to the laws and constitution of that province.—The segnior of Biscay,' added he, 'is naturally just, and I dare say, will never have it in his inclination to overturn our rights.'

'That the king of Spain and segnior of Biscay,' said I, 'will never have such a thing in his inclination, ought not to be disputed; nevertheless, it will be wise in your

* The Castilian here alludes to certain revenue-officers, sent by order of the court into Biscay, and said to have been attacked by the women of Bilboa, and to have undergone an operation seldom performed in the western world, though common in the east.

countrymen to take care that it shall never be in his power.'

Here the bishop, thinking, perhaps, that the conversation had extended far enough into politics, stood up; the company did the same, and soon after began to retire.

My friend the colonel having hinted that he had some business with the bishop, which would detain him a little after the company were entirely gone, the Biscayan said 'he would be glad to accompany me, if I were inclined to take a walk through the town.'

I accepted his offer, and we directly withdrew.

This walk, my dear Sommers, I shall repeat with you, if you please, to-morrow morning; but at present I find myself rather inclined to sleep. Good night.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XIV.

From the Same to the Same.

THE streets of Badajòs are narrow, filthy, and generally silent—no sign of industry of any kind. I observed, however, some men with cloaks around their shoulders, each of whom stood before a separate door, and seemed to have no other object but to gaze at the passengers.

'Pray what class of men are those?' said I to the Biscayan; 'they seem too idle to be tradesmen.'

'You conjecture right,' replied he;—'they would be highly affronted if they imagined you could suspect them of exercising any kind of trade.'

'They are men of independent fortune, then,' said I.

'Almost their only property,' said he, 'is the wretched house they inhabit, which, being transmitted from father to son, is inalienable, and constitutes what in this country is called an Hidalgo, or Hijo-de-Algo, (the son of somebody): they would consider it as a degradation to follow any mechanical employment.'

'How are they prevented from starving?'

'Why they are not prevented from what you would call starving in England,' replied he:—'but I will tell you how they prolong their life.—Observe that man going from his own door, with something under his cloak; you will see him stop at the private door of that magnificent building, which is a convent, and one of the richest establishments in this province: he carries under his cloak a vessel, into which he receives an allotted portion of broth, with vegetables and meat of different kinds, which he carries back for the support of his family; and the same is regularly done by a number of these Hidalgos every day. Those who are thus served at the private door of the convent are called the bashful or gentlemen beggars. As for the others, I do not well know how to denominate them—they cannot be called the poorer sort, and still less the meaner; for nothing can be meaner than what I have related of these Hidalgos: but, as the others are not Hidalgos, we may distinguish them by the appellation of 'the sons of *nobody*:'—all of that class then receive alms at the *public* gate.'

'It seems surprising,' said I, 'that men who are ashamed to work for their bread should not be ashamed to beg for it; for you may call him as bashful as you please, but the man struts to the convent with as stately a step as if he were the proprietor of the whole building.'

'As for his strut,' rejoined the Biscayan, 'that belongs to him as an Hidalgo. With regard to men's being less ashamed to beg than to work, I must inform you that begging has been considered as an honourable employment ever since the mendicant friars were established in Spain.'

'Since the Spaniards are so prone to follow the example of friars,' said I, 'it is a pity that some societies of *working* friars are not established.'

'Whether it proceeds from the difficulty of finding materials for such an establishment,' replied the Biscayan, smiling, 'or from some other cause, nothing of that kind has been founded hitherto: but the other establishment has gained to such a degree, that you will find men of high rank, in various parts of this country, begging from door

to door, for the benefit of one convent or another. It is thought a most meritorious occupation. Had you been at Badajòs a week ago, you would have seen the Confraternity of Charity, as it is called, into which none but noblemen and gentlemen of fortune are admitted, begging all over the town to defray certain expenses for the benefit of a criminal who was executed that morning.'

'Suppose,' said I; for we may suppose any thing, however improbable, 'that a set of *industrious* working friars were really to appear, do you imagine that the nobility would be as ready to follow their example as they have shown themselves to imitate the *indolent* begging fraternity?'

'That is a question,' replied he, 'that it is needless to answer, because the case you suppose will assuredly never occur; but on this you may rely, that no such idleness nor beggary is seen in Biscay. My countrymen are industrious, because they are free and allowed to reap and enjoy the fruits of their labour.

'You must not imagine that in every part of Spain the same lazy beggarly disposition is attached to the inhabitants that you have seen here. In Catalonia, for example, the people are in general industrious: that province is well cultivated: not only the plains, but even the mountains, to the very tops of which the inhabitants carry baskets of earth for that purpose. As the Catalonians do not enjoy the same privileges with the inhabitants of Biscay, their industry cannot be imputed to the same cause. But there are no more convents in Catalonia than what seem necessary for the aid of the parochial clergy in the offices of religion. If there were the same establishments for the feeding of beggarly Hidalgos, and a lazy peasantry, that you see here, there would in all probability be as little industry.'

The Biscayan and I stopped to contemplate the cathedral as we passed. One would imagine that the description of a church was mighty amusing, from the number to be found in different tours.—Do you wish to have a specimen?

'The cathedral is a large building, probably pretty ancient, as the architecture is evidently in the Gothic style; the spire considerably higher than the summit of the highest houses, though not so high as the spire of Strasburg. The external ornaments of the front must have cost a great deal of labour as well as money; and had their admirers, no doubt, when they were in their prime; but now they are rather in their decay: for, as Ovid very truly observes—

'Tempus edax rerum, tuque invidiosa vetustas,
Omnia destruitis.'——

I dare swear you think this specimen sufficient.

The Biscayan and I afterwards took a pretty long walk into the country. Do you insist on a description of the country around Badajòs? I can assure you that it has as strong a resemblance to many other countries you have seen, or of which you have read descriptions, as the foregoing cathedral has to other cathedrals. For example,—'the mountains, in general, are lofty, and the valleys low: the meadows, particularly after rain, are verdant; not indeed so green as those of England, but still they must be allowed to be of a greenish colour: and most of the rivulets, to the best of my remembrance, flow with a kind of murmuring sound, and in a serpentine direction. The country would produce more, if it were better cultivated; and it would, in all human probability, be better cultivated, if the inhabitants were more industrious.' Farewell, my dear colonel.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XV.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

After having, with expressions of gratitude, taken leave of the worthy bishop, and my other acquaintances at Badajòs, Travers and I proceeded on our journey. That same day we met with a species of hospitality still more

unexpected, and far more extraordinary than what we had received from his lordship.

Before we could arrive at the inn where we intended to sleep we were overtaken by the most violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, I ever witnessed. During an interval of the former, seeing Travers more annoyed than any of the company, I said,—'This is the greatest *bore*, Tom, that you ever experienced.'

'Forgive me,' replied he, 'I was once obliged to you for experiencing a greater.'

'Where?—When?' exclaimed I.

'At Poplar-bank,' answered he: 'when, after promising to return directly, you left me a long summer evening with your eternal aunt, Lady Barbara Voluble.'

'Nay,' rejoined I, bursting into laughter, 'do not attempt to make my poor aunt pass for the greatest of all possible bores, as long as your uncle, Mr. Plaintive, is in existence.'

The muleteer was surprised, and, I fancy, thought it sinful that we should laugh in the midst of such a storm. He shook his head, and was heard to mutter—'*Los Ingleses avian de reir aun en purgatorio.*' *

But I believe you do not know this uncle of Travers's. I must make you a little acquainted with him, before we proceed a foot farther.

Samson Plaintive, Esq. is a man of about forty-seven years of age, above six feet in height, and of a very robust constitution; but, unfortunately for him, he had been left heir to a considerable estate.

His father died when little Samson was only five years old, leaving him entirely to the care of his mother, a woman exceedingly whimsical about her own health. This good lady was likewise so anxious about that of her son, that, partly from affection to him, and partly from hatred to Travers's mother, who was the next heir, she often brought the child to the brink of the grave, through solicitude to keep him out of it. Yet, in spite of the pains

* I believe those English would laugh, even in purgatory.

she took to preserve him from the *cold air*, in spite of the clothes with which she loaded him when he went abroad, and in spite of all the drugs she obliged him to swallow, such was the natural strength of his constitution, that he was, in all appearance, a very stout healthy man at the age of twenty-three, when he lost his mother. I say in appearance, because he asserted at that time, as he has done ever since, that his constitution was remarkably delicate, and wonderfully susceptible of all manner of diseases.

Mr. Plaintive's mind was not so vigorous as his body: though the latter had withstood all the efforts of his mother, the former became their victim. He gradually was infected with all her whims; and at last his chief, indeed his only care, was that of his health; and, according to his own account, no man ever bestowed his care to less purpose; for he always declared himself to be in bad health; and nothing provoked him so much as hinting that he was in good health, or likely ever to be so.

As he kept much within doors, he was obliged sometimes to have recourse to books as an amusement, and took some delight in reading history and romance. Yet the narrative of no battle, however obstinate, or no adventure, however surprising, delighted him so much as that of some severe distemper, in which the symptoms were faithfully delineated, and the sufferings of the patient forcibly recorded.

Mr. Plaintive was continually consulting practitioners in physic of every denomination, though he never admitted that any of them had done him any permanent service. Those of the profession, who advised him to give over swallowing drugs, and to look for a cure in exercise, amusement, and temperance, he dismissed as theorists and men unacquainted with the *common practice* of medicine.

Mr. Plaintive was fond of telling long stories: he was generally the hero of his own tale: and being of the opinion of those who think that great men shine most in adversi-

ty, his hero was always as miserable as he could make him. His heroism being of a passive nature, however, and his sufferings always in the superlative degree, which admits of little variation of phraseology, the incidents of the narrative were seldom entertaining.

That any person who has lived to the age of manhood in this world, and had opportunities of observing how completely mankind are occupied with themselves, and how little with others, should imagine that the history of his complaints, real or imaginary, could interest his whole set of acquaintance, would seem impossible, if we did not meet every day with people, who, by their fondness of repeating such histories, seem to be of that opinion. Those who are continually occupied about themselves are generally the most intolerable to others; and in thinking that an account of their state of health can greatly interest their acquaintance, they must believe all their acquaintance of opposite characters to themselves, as they must be conscious that they never bestow a thought on any body's health but their own.

Indeed nothing else, whether of a public or private nature, can much interest them; a victory, a massacre, the dethronement or murder of kings or queens—in short, the greatest calamity that can happen to any individual, or to any number of individuals, interest such people little, in comparison with a fit of the toothach, or a pain in their own little finger.

As Mr. Plaintive's favourite theme of discourse was always tiresome, and often disgusting, he found it difficult to obtain steady listeners, except in such as had some personal interest in being so. This consideration first suggested to him the thought of marrying. An agreeable-looking young woman, of no fortune, but of an accommodating disposition, struck his fancy, and he paid his addresses to her.

The young lady was not mightily captivated with her lover: but her relations assured her, that she was a most fortunate woman; that such a husband was a far more valuable prize than the highest in the state-lottery; that, to

secure her own happiness, all she would have to do was, to listen to her husband's narratives with a patient ear, and a sympathising countenance.

As Mr. Plaintive was a very stout-looking man, she thought that his complaints could not be many: she therefore yielded to the entreaties of her relations, and accepted his hand.

But it happened, unluckily, that Mrs. Plaintive, from her childhood, which with her lasted longer than the usual period, had been noted for an incessant propensity to prattle: this disposition, fortified by habit, she retained to the day of her marriage. From that time, in compliance with the injunctions of her relations, and to secure her own happiness, she allowed her husband to engross the discourse, which generally consisted of a history of his complaints.

Though she thought that she had some reason to complain as well as her husband, yet she had the resolution to hold her tongue.

But it was soon evident that the character of a listener, in which she had never before appeared, but in which she made strong efforts to shine, did not agree with her constitution: this was obvious to all the world, except to Mr. Plaintive. He was so occupied with his own feelings, that he paid no attention to those of his wife; but engrossed the conversation every day so unmercifully, with his own doleful narratives, that she hardly ever could find an opportunity of throwing in a single sentence; and the poor woman died of the shock occasioned by this unnatural retention, within a few months after her marriage.

The same unfeeling disposition, which had proved fatal to his wife, hindered Mr. Plaintive from suffering severely on account of her death. He seemed to be much annoyed, however, by the lamentations of some of her relations; and he had a great dislike to wearing black: those two circumstances made him swear, that no consideration should prompt him to marry a second time, that he might never more be subjected to the same inconveniences.

As Travers was his uncle's natural heir, all his friends had now better hopes than ever of his succeeding to his fortune; an expectation which, I do in my conscience believe, occupied the mind of Travers less than it did ours.

We all advised him to pay more attention than ever to his uncle: and I prevailed on him, sometime after, to renounce a jaunt to North Wales, and to pass the month he had destined for it with his uncle, then at his house in the country.

Though no man ever had less sympathy to bestow, none was ever more fond of receiving it than Mr. Plaintive. His complaints, no doubt, were often imaginary; but it is equally certain that he seldom imagined them to be so bad as he wished his friends to think them: this appeared by his habitual exaggerations, in the answer he turned to all messages respecting his health. He sometimes announced that he was indisposed, when even he himself knew that nothing ailed him, merely to have the pleasure of receiving sympathising inquiries concerning his health; and if he observed from the window any acquaintance coming to call on him, he has been known to throw himself under the cover on the bed, and declare to his visitor that he was unable to move across the room.

At other times, when he really was in bed, and had not been heard to make any uncommon complaint that morning, if he heard the foot of a friend, who was to be admitted to his bed-side, he would groan so loud, that the visitor heard him before he entered the chamber.

In this, as in almost every thing else, Mr. Plaintive differs from his nephew, who, of all things, can least endure any lamentation or expression of compassion, whatever illness or unlucky accident may happen to him.

It is wonderful in what different and opposite manners the paltry quality of affectation appears. There are men who affect an infinitely greater indifference about every thing that regards their health, than in reality they feel. In their indifference, however, they are pretty sure of having more people to sympathise with them than in the other. But my friend Travers belongs to neither of those

classes of men. I never was acquainted with any of the human race more completely free than he is from every kind of affectation.

When he lived with his uncle in the country, he usually went out on horeback every morning, several hours before Mr. Plaintive rose, and returned in time to breakfast with him.

As he began to ascend a hill on his return one morning, he saw two horses, without a driver, dragging a post-chaise down the hill, at full gallop.

Several people, before Travers on the road, flew to the right and left, as the horses approached, thinking it a service of too much danger to attempt stopping them. A man and woman were in the chaise; the latter screaming, and extending her arms from the window. Travers dismounted, ordering his servant to do the same, and to hold the horse in a line with his, across the road, so as to stop the chaise. The declivity was considerable; yet this appearance, in some degree, checked the horses.

Travers had the address to catch the reins, which trailed on the ground, and at last to stop the horses entirely; but, in the midst of his efforts, he was overset, and he received a severe bruise on the temple, of which, however, he himself made light. The postillion, who had been all this time running after the chaise, soon joined them. Something belonging to it had gone wrong at the top of the hill; he had dismounted to put it right, which while he was doing the horses had taken fright, and galloped down the hill.

The gentleman and lady came out of the chaise to express their acknowledgments to Mr. Travers for the important service he had rendered them: he said, once or twice, it was not worth mentioning, and would have staid to hand the lady into the chaise; but on her persisting in expressions of gratitude, he mounted his horse, and rode to his uncle's, without saying a word.

At his arrival, he was told that Mr. Plaintive had passed a bad night, and had sent for a physician.—Travers found him at breakfast notwithstanding.—Mr. Plaintive

immediately began to give a very circumstantial account of his sufferings through the night; but on observing a considerable swelling on his nephew's temple, he could not help expressing some surprise, and asking how it came.

'It is a mere nothing,' said Travers, 'not worth minding; a little warm vinegar will carry it away in a day or two.'

Mr. Plaintive resumed his own story, which he continued till the physician arrived.

Mr. Plaintive having heard that this physician, who was newly created a knight or baronet, I don't know which, had been called to see a patient in his neighbourhood, seized the opportunity of consulting him before his return to the capital. As soon as he was seated, he repeated to him the same dismal tale that he had just told to his nephew; and when he had done—

'How do you find my pulse, doctor?'

'Upon my word, much better than could have been expected after what you have told me.'

'How does my tongue appear?' said he to the doctor.

'Very clean, indeed!'

In short, to every question which the patient put, the doctor, who was a man of veracity, gave an answer that indicated perfect health.

'Alas!' said Mr. Plaintive, in a whining voice, 'what renders my cure so hopeless is, that there is no symptom to lay hold of and prescribe for.'

'I acknowledge,' replied the doctor, 'I should be much at a loss.'

'Though my whole system is deranged, yet all the particular parts are in good order; are they not, doctor?'

'They really seem so.'

'What a pity it is, doctor, that I never have had the gout; that is a disease, I understand, which removes others that have resisted every method of cure.'

'A fit of the gout certainly does sometimes remove other complaints,' the physician answered.

'Cannot you, then, give me a fit directly?' said Mr. Plaintive.

'Indeed I cannot,' answered the physician.

'Yours seems to be a very unfortunate profession, doctor,' said Travers: 'for although you deal entirely in diseases, yet you are neither certain of removing them from those who have them, nor of giving them to those who have them not.'

'What you observe is very true,' replied the physician, smiling and turning to Travers, whom he had not before attended to;—'but, my good sir,' continued he, 'what is the matter with your face?'

'Nothing, nothing at all,' said Travers.

'It is a good deal swelled,' rejoined the doctor.

'My face has a habit of swelling.'

'A habit of swelling!'

'Yes,' rejoined Travers, a little peevishly. 'But pray say no more about it.'

Mr. Plaintive, thinking his nephew treated the doctor with too little ceremony, said, 'I ask pardon, Tom, for not presenting Sir ——, ——— to you.'

The two gentlemen having bowed to each other—

'A good many of your profession have had the honour of knighthood conferred on them of late,' said Travers.

'A great many, sir,' answered the physician, with a smile.—'By-and-bye,' continued he, 'I suppose no man will presume to practise medicine without it.'

'As in the days of chivalry,' rejoined Travers, 'when no man could lawfully kill on the highway till he was dubbed a knight.'

This sally set the physician, who was one of the best-natured men in the world, into a fit of laughter, and interested him more than ever in the swelling of Travers's face—

'I am really concerned, sir, for that swelling,' said he.

'It is not worth your while,' replied Travers.

'I fear it may become troublesome,' said the doctor.

'It would not be in the least troublesome, if you would let it alone,' said Travers.

'Do you not feel yourself at all the worse for it?'

'No; I feel myself rather the better for it,' replied Travers, angrily, and going directly out of the room.

'This seems to be a very singular gentleman,' said the physician.

'You never met with a man so whimsical, I suppose,' replied Mr. Plaintive.

'Forgive me,' rejoined the physician, slyly—'I think I have.—But you really ought to advise him to send for a surgeon, and lose some blood; for, besides his temple, which is much swelled and inflamed, his leg is hurt, for he halted a little as he walked out the room.'

'But what do you intend to prescribe, doctor, for my own complaints? You must be sensible that there is no time to be lost,' said Mr. Plaintive.

'True, sir,' replied the doctor (seeing that he could not be satisfied otherwise)—'I shall order you some restorative draughts: but I must assure you, at the same time, that their good effect will be greatly assisted by your riding on horseback three or four hours every day before dinner.'

'You mean when the weather is fine,' said Mr. Plaintive.

'I mean in all weathers,' answered the physician.

Travers having returned to his uncle after the physician was gone—

'It seems very extraordinary, Tom,' said Mr. Plaintive, 'that the doctor should have paid more attention to the bruise on your face than to all my complaints, though he must be sensible that internal diseases are far more dangerous than external.'

'Horace accounts for that,' replied Travers.—

'Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.'

'Poh!' said Mr. Plaintive, 'Horace was no physician.'

'He occasionally gives some tolerable good rules for preserving health, however,' replied Travers; 'particularly in the second satire in the second book.'

When Mr. Plaintive afterwards looked into that satire, he was not a little displeased with his nephew, both on

account of his quotation and the reference; because he found in the first an insinuation that his complaints were imaginary, and in the second an opinion that they would be more effectually removed by exercise and temperance, both of which he hated, than by drugs, in which he delighted.

While he still remained in this sour temper of mind, which it was not in the nature of Travers, from any consideration of interest, to endeavour to sweeten, an accident occurred which produced a breach between them.

After Travers had nearly recovered of his bruise, he went out pretty early with the harriers; and finding better sport than usual, he did not return till the time of dinner, when he found some company at table with his uncle.

After making a very hearty dinner, Mr. Plaintive began the history of his own case, in which he was more circumstantial that day than usual, for the benefit of a stranger, who listened with a sympathising face of attention. But in the most pathetic part of the story Travers unfortunately fell asleep, and, more unfortunately still, began to snore so loud, that one of the company burst into laughter, which infected others, and at last caught the sympathising stranger himself.

You will please to observe, colonel, that this fit of merriment broke forth at the very instant when Plaintive had arrived at the climax of woe; when he flattered himself that he had melted the most obdurate heart in the company, and was in possession of their full sympathy.—You will not be surprised, therefore, that he was too much shocked to resume his narrative—he was struck dumb with indignation, which the company perceiving, soon withdrew. As the last of them was going out of the room, Travers awoke, and, rubbing his eyes, asked, 'What was the matter?' To this question he received from Mr. Plaintive so rude an answer, that he immediately rose, and calling for his servant, ordered his carriage, and drove to an inn within two miles of his uncle's house, went to bed directly, slept very sound, and set out next morning

for London: since which time the uncle and nephew have never met. I have endeavoured since to prevail on Travers to make advances, and use some means to regain his uncle's friendship, but hitherto without success. He says nothing would do except acknowledging that he had given him just cause of offence, and patiently listening to the long catalogue of his complaints, as often as they met, which he thought too dear a purchase for the estate.

However indifferent he may appear on the subject, I cannot bear the thought of the honest fellow's sustaining so great a loss; and therefore I persist in my endeavours to bring about a reconciliation, in which I find more difficulty from the uncle, than the nephew: and this is not surprising; for mankind more easily forgive those who tire them than those to whom they are tiresome.

Now, my friend, if you should be displeased at being so long detained by Mr. Plaintive, when, perhaps, you languished for the end of our journey, I can only plead that the offence was unpremeditated; for when I began this letter I had as little idea of being stopped by that gentleman as you had: he came on me as unexpectedly as the singular instance of hospitality I promised to give you an account of, but which I must defer till the next opportunity. Adieu!

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XVI.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay,

You will remember that our muleteer was a good deal surprised, and a little angry, at seeing Travers and me laughing in the middle of the storm. He moved on rather sullkily; but before we could arrive at the inn, where we intended to pass the night, we perceived a lone house in the midst of underwood, at the foot of a mountain, and at a considerable distance from the high road. The muleteer declared that it was impossible for his cattle to pro-

ceed to the inn during such a storm, and that the best thing we could do was to take shelter, for the night, in that house.

As I had been told that all those frontiers were inhabited by gangs of smugglers, who are the most desperate fellows in Spain, and sometimes act as robbers, I was not very fond of the proposal. I mentioned this to Travers, who, shrugging his shouldiers, said, 'he would do as I pleased; but that it was better to be robbed than drowned.' Meanwhile a stout fellow, well mounted, rode by us towards the house: he had a gun on each side, slung in the manner in which a dragoon carries his carabine, and the man had under him a well-filled package of considerable bulk.

The muleteer asked him whether he might be permitted to shelter his mules from the storm.

'Do you think that my house is inhabited by Moors?' said the man.

The muleteer drove directly up to the house, unharnessed his mules, put them into the stable, which seemed to be the first room of the mansion; for through it we passed to the kitchen, where we found three men and two women, with a blind musician, sitting by the fire, strumming a guitar, which he accompanied by occasional stanzas through his nose. The company were so attentive to the music, that they took little notice of Travers and me, till the person we had seen on the road, and whom we found to be the master of the house, came in.—'Why do you stand apart, like intruders?' said he, in a loud and rather surly tone: 'I invited you to my house, which you ought therefore to consider as your own.'

We bowed, and approached nearer to the fire. In a short time supper was laid upon a long table in the same room. The landlord made Travers sit on one side of him, and me on the other: he pressed us to every dish on the table. The principal one consisted of pieces of mutton and kid, stewed with abundance of hog's lard, and strongly seasoned with garlic: there was also a large dish of sallad, swimming in rancid oil, called a *gazpacho*. All the

company eat voraciously of both, except Travers and me. Neither our own appetite, though keen, nor the landlord's invitation, could overcome the repugnance excited by the flavour and appearance of those two dishes. To make amends, however, we eat abundantly of the bread, which was very good, and of oranges, of which abundance are to be found in every cottage. We would have drank more of the wine had it not been extremely strong and fiery.—Our landlord mistook the reason of our giving a preference to the bread, and frequently assured us that we were just as welcome to the highest seasoned dish on the table as to that. The supper being ended, the company wrapped themselves in their great cloaks, and laid themselves on the ground, except one man, who preferred the table, and another, who chose the stone bench next the fire.

I happened to say something to the muleteer concerning our baggage; this was overheard by the landlord.—'Seguior,' said he, bluntly, 'you are in my house: it is my business that all your things be properly taken care of.'

He then desired Travers and me to follow him, which we did, into a room where there was a bed.—'This is the only bed in the house,' said he: 'as you are strangers, it is for you—*Buenas noches*;' so saying, he left the room.

'If this man, after all, should prove a knave, I shall be much surprised,' said I; 'so much has he the manners of an honest man.'

'It is the business of knaves to make others believe that they are honest,' rejoined Travers.

'This man has succeeded with me,' said I.

'Do you think he has succeeded with himself?' said Travers.

'I am persuaded he has,' answered I.

'Then depend upon it he *is* an honest man,' added Travers; 'for though a man may deceive the rest of the world in that point, yet, were he as cunning as the devil, he cannot deceive himself.'

'Right, Tom,' rejoined I, struck with his observation:

'and thus a knave can never be secure, even in this life; for, in spite of all his circumspection to keep his wickedness concealed, there is always one person in the world acquainted with it; and it is wisely ordered, that when nobody else could, that single witness very often betrays him, and brings him to shame.'

I happened to step out of our bed-chamber after this, and was highly pleased to find the storm entirely abated; but a good deal surprised, at the same time, that every person seemed fast asleep, though all the doors of the house, even that to the fields, were open.

When I returned, however, I thought proper to shut that out of our bed-chamber, and then lay down in my clothes beside Travers, who was already stretched on the bed.

We were awaked early in the morning by the muleteer, who informed us that every thing was ready. After breakfasting on bread and wine, I went in search of our landlord, whom I found already mounted and accoutred, as he had been the day before, with his two guns.—I asked him what was to pay.

He looked displeased, and said, 'his house was not an inn.'

I thanked him for his hospitality;—'but still,' said I, 'you will be so good as to give this to the maid who dressed our supper, and the man who assisted the muleteer, neither of whom I can find.'

'I pay them their wages,' said he, refusing the money, and directly riding off.

While I amuse myself, and endeavour to amuse you, my friend, with what I can recollect of the most striking occurrences of this journey, I do not pretend to give you a view of the general manners or character of the Spaniards: were I in other respects qualified for that, the short stay I made in the country would render me inadequate to such a task. The impression left on my mind, however, by what I observed during this journey, is, that the Spaniards are of an honest, hospitable, and generous nature, and capable of making as respectable a figure as any

people in Europe, if ever their minds should be freed from that absurd and debasing superstition, which chills their energy, and tends to check every species of improvement—more than all the other circumstances to which their poverty and degeneracy have been imputed. This, however, is conjecture; but what you may rely on as fact is, that a Spanish bishop, and a Spanish smuggler, treated two English travellers as has been mentioned.

To-morrow, if you please, we shall proceed on our journey. In the meanwhile I remain, yours, &c.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER VIII.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

THE second day after we left the house of the smuggler we arrived at Merida: it is a difficult matter to travel above six and thirty or forty miles a day in this country. Merida, formerly a Roman colony of great opulence, (as many fragments of triumphal arches, and other pieces of exquisite architecture, indicate), is now the residence of idleness, poverty, and filth.

We should not have staid longer than was absolutely necessary in this wretched town, if I had not had a letter from the commandant of Elvas to an Irish officer in the Spanish service, who, having married a lady of some fortune in the neighbourhood of Merida, found it expedient to reside there at that time.

After the civilities we had received from the commandant, we thought it proper that we should wait on his correspondent, and deliver the letter into his own hands.

We found him a lively intelligent man: he immediately invited us to sleep at his house. On my hinting our determination to proceed on our journey next morning,—'I do not expect, gentlemen,' said he, 'that any thing I can offer will prevail on you to make a long abode in such a place as this; but I shall be mortified, indeed, if you

will not do me the pleasure of giving my house the preference to the inn while you do stay.'

He afterwards persuaded us to agree to remain all the following day, part of which we employed in viewing the Roman antiquities; and found our new acquaintance not only to be an hospitable landlord, but also an instructive Cicerone. The fortune necessary for acting the first of these characters are not more rare, in this decayed town, than the knowledge requisite for the second.

After we had viewed what was thought most worthy of inspection, as we walked by the side of the river which separates part of the suburbs from the town, observing that the river was choked up at both banks, so as to confine the current within a few yards at the centre, I said, 'May not many remains of Roman sculpture, and fragments of architecture, lie buried beneath the rubbish on each side of this river?'

'It is highly probable,' replied the officer; 'and a countryman of mine, a Roman catholic clergyman, was so much of that opinion, that, as he passed this way, on his return to London from Madrid, some years ago, after as accurate an examination as he could conveniently make, he wrote to the minister of Spain, recommending it strongly that his excellency should take measures for having the rubbish cleared away, as there were many reasons for believing that the labour would be well repaid by the antiquities which would be dug up. The minister accordingly ordered an engineer to Merida for that very purpose. But no sooner was his design known, than certain monks began to murmur against it: they said, 'it was paying that respect to fragments of Pagan temples and statutes which was due to the relics of Christian saints only: that some men, particularly the whole childish race of virtuosos, were so depraved, as to admire specimens of ancient sculpture more than any portion of the real bones of a martyr: that if this scheme was adopted, who could answer that some heathen deity would not be dug up, of more exquisite workmanship than any of those which excited so much profane adoration already: that by the

piety, as well as the wisdom of their ancestors, those idols were buried under ground, where, experience had now proved, they did no harm; but there was no knowing what mischief they might do if they were raised again: that mention was made in the bible of no resurrection but that of the quick and the dead: that statues were neither the one nor the other, and therefore not entitled to the same privilege: that it was safest, and most prudent, to leave things as they are; because change or innovation, on the pretext of reformation, was often productive of irreparable evil, as the church had already experienced.'

These considerations greatly alarmed the good citizens of Merida, and seemed so rational to the king's confessor, a Franciscan friar, that he prevailed on his majesty to recall the engineer, and the river was allowed to remain choked, as you see it, to the great consolation of the inhabitants.

We had an opportunity of observing another instance of the piety of these people, as we returned from the river.

It was a holiday: the whole town seemed in motion. At the corner of almost every street there was a group of both sexes, dancing to the music of a guitar.

I have observed, indeed, that at all times and in every town and village of Spain through which I have passed, people of all ages and conditions assemble round the musician, at the first sound of this instrument.

The agility of some of the male-dancers seemed surprising, because they were often mere clowns, whose dress was ill adapted to that exercise: but what was more attractive was the wonderful flexibilty of movement, as well as intelligence of look, with which many of the women humoured the music.

In the streets of Merida we particularly remarked one group of both sexes, who were performing the fandango, and other dances, with more energy than the rest, and with a degree of vivacity and a wantonness of gesture that seemed more suitable to Bacchantes, or the worshipers of the heathen god of the gardens, than to Christians. In

the midst of these exertions, however, the great bell of the principal church tolled: it was the Ave-Maria, or Angelus hour; and in an instant all the dancers were on their knees. Those eyes, which the moment before flashed wantonness, were devoutly fixed on the ground; and, instead of the guitar, nothing was heard but an universal mutter of prayer.

'You see, gentlemen,' said the officer, 'that the enthusiasm of mirth is not at such a distance from devotion, in this warm climate, as it is supposed to be in your cold island, particularly by the inhabitants of the coldest part of it.'

'I have a great notion, however,' said I, 'that those people were more earnest in the first than the second.'

'I believe them to be in earnest in both,' rejoined the officer.

'I dare swear,' said Travers, 'they prefer the music of the guitar to that of the bell; but they believe, that if they omitted their prayers at the sound of the bell, they would be struck with some disease, which would put it out of their power to dance to the sound of the guitar.'

'There is no knowing people's motives,' replied this candid Irishman: 'secret hopes and wishes, which we would not like to be known, are apt to intermingle with the devotion of the best of us.

'Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque susurros,
Tollere de templis, et aperto vivere voto.' *

'But the sudden transition which you have just beheld has, I am persuaded, taken place at the same hour all over Spain. I myself have seen the actors, on the same occasion, stop the performance, and kneel on the stage: the same occurs at court. Whoever is present at the sound of the Ave-Maria bell kneels immediately, the king himself giving the example.'

'The Spanish monarchs have long been distinguished for piety,' said I.

'The Spanish nation has long been distinguished for

* Persius.

religious zeal,' replied the officer. 'Whatever difference of character there may be in the inhabitants of the different provinces in other respects, they resemble each other in the article of devotion. You have observed, no doubt, that they kneel in the middle of the street, in all weathers, when the host passes. The late king, Charles III, never met it without coming out of his carriage, and putting the priest into it, he himself following on foot, with all his attendants, to the house of the sick person to whom it was carrying. He at the same time sent orders for his own physician to attend the sick person, from that time till his recovery or death. This accounts for what might otherwise surprise you, gentlemen, namely, that the courtiers in Spain have not only a greater show of devotion than the nobility in other countries, but even more than the lower ranks of their own country.'

As we approached the officer's house, after leaving the group of dancers, I remarked a Corinthian pillar of exquisite sculpture, which formed part of the wall of one of the parish-churches.

On my expressing surprise at this arrangement, the Irishman said, 'there is nothing done in *this* enlightened country without a valid reason, as you shall be convinced directly.' On which, bowing to a priest who was passing, he said, 'Those gentlemen, who are strangers, have just asked a question, father, which I cannot resolve, but probably you can,—namely, how that column, which is not only of marble, but also *seems* to be of a different species of architecture from the rest of the building, came to make part of the church?'

'That column,' replied the priest, 'is a piece of *Moorish* antiquity: it was raised by those infidels for the horrid purpose of tying the Christians to it, when they were put to death in torture; and, since the expulsion of the infidels, it was thought proper to build it into the wall of the church, and so secure it, as a proof and memorial of the cruelties exercised by the Moors on the Christians.'

The Irishman, with a very serious and obsequious air, thanked the priest for the information. He, on his part,

walked away, apparently satisfied with this opportunity of displaying his knowledge as an antiquarian.

'It must be allowed,' said I, 'that this is a most convincing testimonial of the cruelties exercised by the Moors on the Christians, and a very ingenious method of keeping up the people's hatred against their old enemies.'

'It answers both purposes almost as well,' rejoined the Hibernian, sarcastically, 'as the London column, raised to commemorate the burning of the city, and to accuse the Roman catholics.'

'If both columns are on a footing in other respects, said Travers, 'this of Merida has the advantage of being the cheapest.' Farewell!

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XVIII.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

I MENTIONED in my last, that our hospitable and most agreeable landlord had prevailed on us, at our first meeting, to consent to remain a day longer at Merida than we intended: the evening of that day we passed with great jollity; and, before we parted, he found no difficulty in making us agree that we should remain at Merida the two following days also. There is a species of humour peculiar to the Irish nation, which to me is highly entertaining: to this was joined, in our host, the knowledge of a man of education, the ease of a man acquainted with the world, the frankness of the military character, and that love for his native country which is always amiable, and which glows with augmented warmth in the breast of those who have been long out of it.

It is said, that the history of those times, in which it would have been the most happy to have lived, is the least entertaining to read; for which reason I shall say nothing of those two other days that we passed with this gentle-

man. For a different reason I omit any account of our journey from Merida to Madrid; for, although our happiness during that jaunt was by no means uniform, yet the incidents that interrupted it, however severely felt by us when they occurred, are not of so pathetic a nature as to affect you much at this distance of time. I shall not, therefore, insist on the miserable manner in which we were bit by the fleas at the inns, nor on our disappointment when we were told that the two fowls we expected for supper had been stolen by a gipsy girl, in the instant that the cook-maid went to take a peep at a Valencian tumbler, who exhibited feats of activity before the door. I omit all such occurrences, as common and trivial. I disdain by such '*vulgar springs to move*'—'*Paulo majora canamus*'—I carry you at once to the *court* of Madrid.

Spain, no doubt, was, at one time, the nation of most importance in Europe, not only in point of riches, but likewise of military fame: to this may, in some degree, be imputed that stately reserve and pride which belongs to the national character; and, as in many other instances, remain after the cause which produced them no longer exists.

The common people, in most countries, admire their own sovereign, whether he be emperor, king, landgrave, margrave, or bishop, as the most powerful in the world. In Spain it was a common opinion, not only that their monarch was the greatest prince, but also that the court of Spain was the most magnificent in Europe. '*Solo Madrid es corte*,' is a common saying. Those who are of that opinion, after being a little acquainted with the court of Madrid, must think magnificence the dullest and most melancholy thing in the world. If a court life in other countries of Europe is considered as rather an insipid business, that of the court of Spain must be thought superlatively so.

This is not to be accounted for by the national character: the Spaniards, though serious, are not deficient in ingenuity; the nation which has so high a relish for Don Quixote, must be fond of wit, humour, and gaiety.—How

comes it then, that the court of Spain has, to the usual tedium attending on courts, joined, for so long a period, all the gloom that belongs to convents?

This has proceeded, I imagine, from the singular circumstances of the Spanish monarchs having, through a succession of reigns, been distinguished, in a most remarkable manner, for superstition and zeal, which, in some shape or other, has proved unfortunate for mankind in general, and peculiarly pernicious to Spain. Some of them also had a horror against every appearance of gallantry.

What but blind superstition could induce the emperor Charles V to resign his hereditary dominions to his son Philip at the age of fifty-six? an event which Europe had much cause to lament, because the son had all the ambition of the father, and was more cruel and unrelenting.

What but superstitious zeal could prompt Philip II to the cruelties exercised in the Low Countries by his general Alva? and in Spain by his favourite court the Inquisition? for which, so far was he from feeling remorse, that on his death-bed he declared, that though he was conscious of having committed many crimes, yet he derived consolation from the reflection of the number of heretics that had been slaughtered by his orders, and the number that he had beheld with his own eyes burnt at the various *auto-da-fés* which had been exhibited during his reign.

It is impossible to imagine there could be much happiness or gaiety in the court of a monarch whose favourite spectacle was an *auto-da-fé*.

What but the most absurd and impolitic zeal could have induced Philip III to expel the Moors, by which Spain lost above a million of its most industrious inhabitants? In other respects he seems to have been a humane prince, diametrically opposite to the cruel disposition of his father.

The revolt of Portugal, and its final separation from the Spanish monarchy, must, independent of other circumstances, have thrown a gloom over the court of Philip IV.

As the mind of his son, Charles II, seems to have been occupied, during his whole reign, in fixing on a successor, and making his testament, there was no great chance that the gloom of the father's court would be dispersed by gaiety in that of a prince whose thoughts were engrossed by such subjects.

The choice he made at last produced the horrors of a civil war, and for some time banished the court from Madrid. But when Philip V was firmly placed on the throne, and peace restored, he being the native of a country distinguished for ease and vivacity, it was natural to imagine that Spanish formality would have given place to French gallantry at his court: yet, as if there were something in the atmosphere of that place that banishes every appearance of mirth, and inspires gravity, he was no sooner settled in the palace of Madrid, and had paid a few visits to the monastery of the Escurial, than he became reserved and melancholy.

The character of the founder of this famous convent, as well as the martyrdom of the saint, contributes to excite gloomy ideas. The happy thought of giving the edifice the form of the instrument of the saint's torture, is worthy of the genius of Philip II, whom the monks dignify with the title of their *holy founder*: and lest so bright a thought should escape the observation of strangers who visit the building, the elegant form of a gridiron is repeated on the walls, doors, altars, windows, and robes of the priests: so that every surrounding object conspires to impress on the mind of the spectator recollections of tyranny, superstition, and torture.

Philip V, however, was neither tyrannical nor cruel, though as superstitious and reserved as any of his predecessors.

The kings of Spain have, for many years, been patterns of conjugal fidelity; and what is fully as remarkable, none of them have been able to surpass, in that virtue, the prince who was called to their throne from the court of Versailles.

So far from thinking of any other bedfellow, that mo-

narch seems not to have wished for any other minister, friend, or companion, than his wife.

He not only passed every night with her, but every day also,—sick or well he never quitted her: and when affairs of state or etiquette required that others should be present, he always showed marks of impatience till he could be alone again with the queen. There never was such a miracle of constancy. One would have thought that so continued a *tête-à-tête* would have cooled the fiercest flame on record, and that Antony himself, had he been so confined with Cleopatra, would have *given the world* to get rid of her.

It is not probable that Philip would ever have thought of another woman if his first queen had lived: his sorrow, on account of her death, however, did not prevent his marrying again.

A wife seems to have been almost a necessary of life for this prince: he was not, however, difficult with respect to the choice—*that* he left entirely to others. All he seems to have stipulated was, that she should be a woman; and from the moment the ceremony of marriage was performed, that woman became his inseparable companion and prime-minister, as well as his wife. His second wife engrossed his attention, and every moment of his time, as much as his first had done; and, if she had died before him, there is every reason to believe that a third wife would have enjoyed all the influence of the former two. Nothing surprised this uxorious prince so much in the character of his countrymen, and particularly in that of his grandfather Lewis XIV of France, as that they should have so little taste for their own wives, and so much for those of other men.

As Philip stood in need of no other amusement than what his queen afforded, there were seldom any entertainments given in the palace; and the court of Philip V, notwithstanding his being a Frenchman, was as *sombre* as that of his Spanish predecessors. It is not surprising that others should have tired of it, since it became insupportable to the monarch himself, though of all man-

kind he seems to have been the least susceptible of ennui. —The fatigue of royalty was too oppressive for him; he abdicated the crown in favour of his son Lewis, and retired to the palace of St. Ildefonso, in hopes of enjoying an uninterrupted *tête-à-tête* with his wife during the remainder of his life. He was deprived of this felicity a few months after he had begun to enjoy it, by the death of his son Lewis, and he was obliged to resume the crown, which, at his own death, descended to his son Ferdinand VI.

It is recorded of Philip V, that, in his will, he ordered 100,000 masses to be said for the repose of his soul; but, that nothing might be wasted, there was a saving clause, that in case a smaller number should prove sufficient to conduct him to heaven, the surplus should be performed for the benefit of the souls of the poor of the parish in which he should die.

This memorable instance of piety, economy, and regard for the poor, may serve as an useful hint to those princes who bestow as little attention on the salvation of their own souls as on the wants of the poor.

I have been led into this disquisition by being struck with the peculiar characters of such a series of princes, which certainly, independent of the stately reserve and formality of Spanish manners, renders the court and capital of Spain less amusing to strangers than those of any other European kingdom.

During the reign of Ferdinand, however, the gloom of the Spanish court was occasionally dispersed, or rendered more supportable, by music; an art for which that prince had a decided taste, and of whose aid no man stood in more need: for, besides a delicate constitution and melancholy taint, Ferdinand inherited the uxorious disposition of his father.

If he was governed by his queen, as is generally supposed, it is a proof of the ability of that princess, who was of the royal family of Portugal; for in the reign of Ferdinand the government adopted more wise regulations, and the nation enjoyed more happiness and prosperity,

than during the same period of most of the preceding reigns: but he was so deeply affected with the loss of his queen, in the year 1759, that he renounced all business, avoided all company, neglected all care of his health, shut himself up in a chamber, and gave loose to sorrow, till he expired the following year, without leaving any posterity. He was succeeded by his brother, Don Carlos, king of Naples. I shall say a little of him in my next. Adieu!

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XIX.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

CHARLES III not having the same taste for music which his predecessor had displayed, and which gave rise to the distinguished favour of Farinelli, the court was deprived of the only entertainment in which the bulk of the courtiers could share.

The predominant taste of Charles III was shooting, and sometimes what is called a general deer-hunting. For the first the Spanish nobility have no great passion; and the enjoyment of the second is confined to the royal family. It is conducted in the following manner.—A great number of peasants being ordered to form a circle, embracing a considerable extent of ground in which herds of deer abound, by the people advancing the circle gradually becomes more narrow, and the deer are driven into a defile, where his majesty and his attendants are waiting in ambush; and, as the terrified animals run past, he has the glory of killing or wounding them till he is tired.

'Is this hunting?' said I to an English gentleman, who gave me the account.—He answered, parodying the lines of Pope,

——'It is, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the *slaughter* of some hundred deer.'

Charles IV, the present king, is of an athletic make,

fond of exercise, temperate, as much attached to his queen as the most constant of his predecessors ever were to theirs, and as little given to jealousy as any man that ever existed.

Her majesty, who is a princess of Parma, has honoured several individuals with her distinguished patronage; and the men she has delighted to honour have generally become the king's ministers; for he has the highest opinion of her judgment in men, as well as of her conjugal fidelity. To be distinguished by the queen's favour was likely, of itself, to rouse slander and create envy; but when to that all the power of the state was added, you may imagine what increased activity and vigour must have been given to both: insinuations to her majesty's disadvantage were conveyed in notes laid on the king's plate under his napkin, thrown into his coach, transmitted to him, or brought to his notice, by every means which envy could prompt and malevolent ingenuity contrive, but all without producing the effect intended: he remains fully satisfied that his consort is as faithful to him as he is to her.

How happy would it be for many wretched husbands were they of the disposition of this monarch! for as horns are plants of ideal growth, those who repose on the virtue of their wives, happen what may, will never feel the pangs of their sprouting.

This well-disposed monarch not only shuts his ears against the queen's calumniators, but he is averse from believing in the infidelity of married people in general; he considers adultery as one of the greatest of crimes, and a belief of its frequency one of the most dangerous opinions that can prevail in this age of dangerous opinions; because it tends to shake the reverence of children to their parents, and the loyalty of subjects to their sovereign, by suggesting that even the blood-royal may have been adulterated by plebeian mixture; an idea which cannot fail to diminish the veneration due to it. The well-disposed prince cannot believe that a crime pregnant with such mischief ever prevailed; or, if it ever did, it must have been in the ages of heathen darkness, and among the

lowest vulgar. The notion that it prevails now, he thinks, can only be entertained by men speculating in their closets, and drawing inferences from the customs of the ancients, but totally unacquainted with the manners of modern times.

A thousand peculiarities respecting this prince mark him as a good-natured man: subject to sudden fits of anger, he is quickly pacified, and impatient to make reparation to his attendants for whatever he has said or done, during his passion, that was too violent or disobliging. When any of them falls sick, or meets with a disagreeable accident, he shews a degree of compassion and sympathy that is not common in princes.

The person who gave me this account, and on whose veracity I have the fullest reliance, said he was witness to the king's shedding tears when one of his life-guards broke his leg by a fall from his horse as he rode by his majesty's coach.

He is said to be very little acquainted with business, though he regularly sits in council, with the queen at his side: and though his ministers are supposed to be selected by the queen, she is so observant of decorum, that she expresses no opinion in words while sitting in council; but they generally understand by her looks what she approves or disapproves, and they act accordingly. When the Prince of Peace possessed her favour, she usually sent for him to the king's apartment after the breaking-up of the council, informed him of what had been resolved, gave directions respecting the execution, and then looked at the king, who confirmed what she said by a nod.

Her countenance is more distinguished for penetration than for either beauty or good-nature: yet she contrives to throw off its usual sourness when strangers are presented, and receives them with a smile and the appearance of graciousness.

There is nothing mighty amusing, you see, in all this pantomime, which is only varied by melancholy card-parties, or conversation-parties, still more melancholy, composed of the attendants in rotation.

Though the minister of each different department transacts business with the king, yet they were little more than clerks under the Prince of Peace, who, in all respects, except a few forms, was supreme minister.

His name originally was Don Manuel Godoi, the son of an Hidalgo of Badego, in Estremadura, of an ancient family, in very narrow circumstances: he was educated as people in his situation usually are in the provinces of Spain; and when he arrived at the proper age, entered as a private soldier in the company of life-guards, where he served for several years, until he had the good fortune to be distinguished by royal penetration, and raised to supreme favour. He is a man of address, and rather of genteel manners: he has endeavoured to repair the deficiencies of his education by study. He was disposed to encourage science, and give protection to men of letters. He always showed a partiality for the English, and a desire to prevent a rupture between Spain and Great Britain.

The grandees seem to be a race apart in this country; they engross the highest offices of the palace, and are employed in attendance on the king's person, though very seldom in the affairs of government. It is said that their education and talents are generally of a nature to prevent this from being a loss to the public. Their persons, as well as minds, are thought more diminutive than the usual human size in their country. Those who assert this impute it to their intermarrying constantly with each other, and to some other physical causes. The higher Spanish nobility seldom eat at each others houses, though they reside the whole year at Madrid; hardly any of them live at their seats in the provinces, or ever go at all to the country, except those whose offices oblige them to accompany the royal family, when they visit the different country palaces, at stated periods of the year.

Considering the natural beauty and fertility of many provinces of Spain, it seems surprising that the Spaniards in general should prefer a town to a country life: it seems also singular, that, notwithstanding the severity and variableness of the climate, the inhabitants of no country have

shown a greater fondness for rural life, or greater admiration of rural beauty, than those of Great Britain. This may, perhaps, appear less surprising in the inhabitants of the south than in those of the north of this island; yet I have been assured that the Scotch are as fond of a country life as the English. And what poets, of any nation, have described rural objects more successfully, or with a fonder enthusiasm, than Thomson, Burns, and Beattie?

Few of the nobility of Spain display any taste for the pursuits of literature. In this they are probably influenced by the example of the royal family in all its branches, who have sufficiently shown that literature of any kind is not requisite in sovereign princes, of which the present king of Naples is a most striking instance. It is hardly credible, though I have heard it often asserted, that his royal consort was the first who succeeded in teaching his Neapolitan majesty to read: but nothing is more certain than that, whoever taught him, it is an accomplishment he seldom makes use of.

What is also singular is, that notwithstanding that princes of the house of Bourbon have so long sat on the throne of Spain, yet the nobility of this country are less acquainted with the French language than the nobles of any other European nation: they differ from the great of other nations likewise, in being as superstitious as the vulgar.

This account, which I received from a person of integrity and penetration, was given as subject to many exceptions, and does not include those *foreigners* on whom the Spanish monarchs have, at various periods, conferred the rank of grandees of Spain, several of whom were men of eminent merit, who had performed distinguished services to that nation.

The style of living of the grandees of Spain is not calculated to excite envy in the breasts of those who have a taste for the real enjoyments of life; it is expensive, without being elegant; and their expense consists chiefly in an useless number of carriages, mules, and domestics.

I do not know whether the opinions and example of the

present king have banished jealousy from the capital of Spain; but, certainly, there is as little appearance of it in Madrid as in any town in Europe. It were to be wished that the tranquillity which husbands now seem to enjoy on that head was derived, like that of his majesty, from a consciousness of their own chastity: but the very reverse of this is true, if I can rely on the account of some, who, by a long residence in that city, and an extensive acquaintance with the inhabitants, may be supposed to have acquired a more accurate knowledge of their manners than the king had any opportunity of doing.

Though far less gay, the manners of the inhabitants of Madrid were, when I was there, much on a level, in point of profligacy, with those of the Parisians before the revolution: since that period, undoubtedly, the latter have, in that article, surpassed all rivalship.

This alteration in the manners of the Spaniards, in the midst of the evil that it has produced, seems to have had one good effect; namely, that there is hardly any such thing as assassination on account of jealousy; and the profession of a bravo has fallen into total decay. Farewell!

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XX.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

THE characters and manners of the inhabitants of different provinces vary more from each other in Spain than in other countries of Europe; owing, probably, to the Spanish provinces having formerly been distinct kingdoms: this accounts also for the hatred which they reciprocally have for each other, which, in some, I am told, is as violent as ever it could have been even when they were in a state of war.

The inhabitants of Estremadura, Andalusia, and Murcia, are thought more lively than the rest of their coun-

trymen. The natives of the southern provinces are the most industrious; those of Castile and Arragon lazy, proud, vindictive, amorous, and despising trade and industry.

I believe I already remarked, that the general and assimilating feature of the mass of the people arises from their abject superstition,—that child of deceit, begot on ignorance. The world is fertile in error; yet falsehood can flourish only for a time, because doomed to perish as soon as discovered; whereas *truth*, when discovered, *is immortal*. Reason and experience are the discoverers of truth; therefore none should be precluded from the exercise of their reasoning faculties; nor is any subject so sacred, that it ought not to be examined into. Those who have applied their talents to the investigation of truth have in general been virtuous men; but this is not always the case: some, who by study and natural penetration, have seen through the masks which deceive others, have sometimes, from motives of ambition and interest, become the propagators of falsehood; and, lest other men should make the same discovery which they have made themselves, they forbid the exercise of reason on certain subjects.

The complicated systesm of fraud and oppression, by which the vast majority of the inhabitants of this country are kept in slavery and ignorance, was formed by degrees, and contrived by abler heads than those who now carry it on; many of whom are as ignorant and superstitious as the populace they are employed to deceive. The bulk of the clergy of Spain, secular and regular, may be included among those agents: they are certainly sunk in ignorance and superstition, far beneath the clergy of any other country of Europe; and, on that very account, carry on the plan more successfully; for as Terence well observed, 'men act better who, being deceived themselves, perform *ex animo omnia, ut fert natura*, than those who are preinstructed, and perform *de industria*.'

I have heard that French principles, at one time, began to gain ground in the metropolis, and some of the

sea-port towns of Spain. If that ever was the case, the late enormities of the French, with the rapacious conduct of their government, must have cured the Spaniards, as well as the natives of every other country in Europe, of any disposition of that kind. The directory, now, may renounce the hope of making proselytes through love, and, like Mahomet, rely upon the power of the sword and terror only for spreading their system.

They have effected what I once thought impossible, by displaying to the world something more odious and dreadful than even a despotic monarchy; and the measures of their government, at various periods of the revolution, as well as those now pursued, are as inconsistent with the professions at the beginning as the conduct of the first propagators of Christianity was from that of the court of Inquisition.

This leads me to say a few words on that court, now greatly abridged in power; and on that account only, perhaps, less cruel than formerly.

Heretofore the kings of Spain themselves seem, on some occasions, to have been subservient to the power of that tremendous tribunal, and the mere executioners of its vengeance. Now it is dwindled into an engine in the hands of the king.

The dreadful ceremony called *Auto-da-Fé*, now held in as much abhorrence by most of the catholics as by protestants, was always attended by Philip II, and he exacted the same punctuality from his grandees and nobles of both sexes. This was, assuredly, the greatest victory that superstition ever gained over humanity; or the greatest proof of the abject complaisance of courtiers to the vitiated taste of a king that could be given. The deluded populace, in the meantime, ured execrations on the miserable victims, as they were led to execution, and seemed to take the same delight with the tyrant in their agonies.

How strongly does this illustrate the danger of admitting power into the hands of the populace! This Philip, the most unrelenting tyrant that ever Spain knew, was not

more cruel and unrelenting than the common people of Madrid.

It is probable, however, that the populace, as well as Philip, were prompted by another motive, besides their horrid taste for executions: *they*, by their acclamations, and by the curses they poured on the wretched victims leading to execution, paid slavish court to the tyrant and the inquisitors; *he*, infinitely more absurd, imagined that he expiated his sins, and secured to himself a distinguished place in paradise. This was as singular an instance of self-delusion as ever occurred; for, if common sense and humanity did not suggest to him the absurdity of such an expectation, the religion he professed taught him that heaven was to be attained by mortification and penance, and not by indulging a favourite enjoyment.

But, whatever gratification a gloomy-minded tyrant, or a brutal populace, might derive from such spectacles as *auto-da-fés*, they must have revolted the feelings of the royal family, and their attendants in general. This was probably observed by the inquisitors, who therefore seem to have exacted it as a duty, or at least praised it as a merit, to be present at such dreadful ceremonies. How else can we account for the succeeding kings, with their families, and many of the nobility, ever attending on such occasions? For my part, I am persuaded, that nothing but the dread of being a victim could ever induce any person of common humanity to be a spectator of such a hellish exhibition.

The last very grand *auto-da-fé* that was exhibited at Madrid was in the year 1680, of which a pompous account was afterwards published, with a list of the sufferers, and the sentence on each. This work is dedicated to Charles II, then king of Spain, who is styled *the Pillar of the Faith, Captain-General of the Militia of God;* and highly praised for his fortitude, in remaining so long at this pious spectacle, notwithstanding the *heat of the weather;* 'a constancy,' it is added, 'worthy of the admiration of future ages.' In this work, which is warmly

recommended to the perusal of all sincere Christians, a faithful list is also given of all the nobility, of both sexes, who were present, with as minute a description of their dresses as appears in our newspapers after a birth-day; for the author observes, that 'in what regards so sacred a ceremony, every circumstance is of importance.'

Notwithstanding the eloquence of this author, this ceremony has never since been performed in Spain with equal pomp, and seldom takes place at all. Yet the court of Inquisition has not been entirely abolished; but is still held out, *in terrorem*, especially against open impiety and French principles. It would be well for inquisitors if their power had never been exercised for worse purposes.

Though we remained a longer time at Madrid than was expected, and made various excursions from it into different provinces, I recollect nothing further worth mentioning during our residence in Spain. Travers and I having each of us friends at Gibraltar, and an equal desire to see the fortress itself, we went accordingly. What first occurs to a British subject, on his arrival, is to visit the places where the last great attack was made, and where British valour and humanity shone with equal lustre. The vast sums expended by the court of Spain, the reputation of the generals, engineers, and troops assembled, the presence of a prince of the blood of France, and the union of the fleets of France and Spain, prove the high expectation then entertained of the reduction of that fortress; which other powers, jealous of the maritime strength of England, would have seen with satisfaction.

The undertakers of the opera at Paris were so convinced of success, that they put themselves to unusual expense in machinery, to represent, in the liveliest manner, the scaling of the rock, and the various incidents of the siege till the surrender. A very magnificent bombardment was prepared, of the success of which nobody harboured the least doubt.

And that the poetical portion of this undertaking might

not, in point of genius, fall beneath the mechanical, a poet, of loftier flight than opera poets commonly are, was engaged to compose the recitativo and songs: the burden of some of the latter, and of the grand chorus, was, that French and Spanish valour and ingenuity had never shone brighter than in this wonderful conquest of Gibraltar.

Whatever may have been the case at Madrid, I was assured, by a French gentleman, 'that the failure of the opera occasioned much more uneasiness at Paris than the raising of the siege. Some amateurs,' he added, 'had insisted, even after the event was known, that the piece should be represented just as was intended; giving it, as their firm persuasion, that provided the fire-works were well played off, and the bombardment happily executed, the piece would afford the spectators just as much pleasure as if the fortress had been in reality taken.'

The hopes of France, Spain, and Holland, however, being by this event blasted, they were fain to make peace with Great Britain on reasonable terms.

The combination of those powers was at that time voluntary; at present it is constrained by the tyranny of France alone, and is undoubtedly enfeebled by fear, hatred, and distrust. What ground, therefore, is there to imagine, that their combination against England now will be more successful than it was then? Surely none. In that comfortable hope, I remain, my dear colonel, very sincerely, yours, &c.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXI.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

At Gibraltar both Travers and I received letters, pressing our speedy return to England. His uncle, Mr. Plaintive, was thought to be *really* in a dangerous state of

health, and had frequently expressed a desire to see his nephew. The business which required my return was thought to be greatly for my advantage also, though horridly contrary to my inclination. Some of my nearest relations, you must know, are so solicitous for my *happiness*, that they do all in their power to render me *miserable*, and are eternally proposing plans for my interest, which I detest. *That* which they unfolded to me on the present occasion was a most advantageous marriage, to a lady in whom are united, according to their account, birth, beauty, riches, and of course a variety of other accomplishments. You know, I suppose, that speaking bad French, drawing hideously, and thrumming a few Italian airs on the piano-forté, are each of them called an accomplishment; and she who engrosses all the three is thought a most accomplished woman indeed. I have known some of these accomplished ladies, however, to any one of whom if I were married, I should willingly relinquish half her fortune, on condition that she would renounce her painting, and never attempt to speak French, nor to play on the piano-forté, in my hearing. On the whole, the reason which some of my relations urged for my return decided my remaining out of England.

We had heard, long before, of the retreat of our troops from Toulon, and that General O'Hara had been taken prisoner, much to the regret of every intelligent person in the garrison of Gibraltar, where he was highly esteemed as a gallant officer and most agreeable man.

As soon as Travers understood that I had determined not to return to England, and that I had an inclination to pass over to Corsica, he declared that he would accompany me.

Though nothing could have been more agreeable to me, I could not bear the thought of his not gratifying the desire of his uncle, and risking the loss of so rich a succession. I was at great pains, therefore, to persuade him to return to England, without loss of time.

He was long obstinate, and insisted on accompanying

me to Corsica. When I urged the loss he was likely to sustain, by delaying his return, he retorted on me 'the folly of my not directly flying into the arms of the *wealthy accomplished* wife my relations had prepared for me, by which I might lose as good a fortune as he could by disobliging his uncle;' and you never heard such a curious contest as we had for a long time. I prevailed, however, at last.

He agreed for his passage in a ship ready to sail for Portsmouth. The night before he sailed, I told him that I should accompany him next morning to the vessel, and there take leave of him.

When I called at his apartment, at the hour appointed, I was informed that he had gone aboard three hours before, and that the vessel had sailed a little after. He left a note, directed to me, conceived in these terms.—

'I detest all ceremonies, but particularly that of taking leave. I should have been more obliged to you if you had allowed me to follow my own inclination. Every man is the best judge of what suits his own taste: I never endeavoured to dissuade you from eating venison, though I prefer roast beef. Many people sacrifice their happiness to their interest: I choose rather to sacrifice my interest to my happiness; yet I have yielded to your arguments, against my own system, in the present instance. I hope your victory will afford you as much pleasure as it gives me pain. Farewell!'

You cannot imagine how much I was affected at the perusal of this note. If the vessel had not been gone, I am by no means sure that I should not either have accompanied him to England, or taken him with me to Corsica.

Soon after my separation from honest Travers, I found an opportunity of passing from Gibraltar to Corsica. My friendship for certain officers on that service, as well as my passion for new and interesting scenes, prompted me to that measure. I arrived during the siege of Calvi, and was witness to the judicious manner in which the general, who conducted the siege, made his approaches to

that strong fortress. Never was more zeal for the public service displayed than by that intelligent and high-spirited officer. The excessive heat of the climate, and the unwholesome nature of the soil, had produced great sickness amongst the troops: this increased to such a degree, that there was reason to fear, if the place was not carried soon, that there would be a necessity to relinquish the siege. The fatigue which the troops underwent was immense: they were encouraged to support it, however, by the example of the general, who was seldom absent from the trenches in the day time, and, at night, often slept, wrapt up in his cloak, on the platform. As he did not choose to trust entirely to any report made by the engineers and others respecting the progress of the breach, he exposed himself to the greatest danger by examining it in person.

As soon as the breach in the outworks was judged practicable, a body of six hundred chosen troops, mostly grenadiers and light infantry, were appointed for that service, and put under the command of the same officer who had conducted the storm of the Convention-fort, soon after the landing of the British troops on the island.

In this fort no breach could have been effected without erecting a battery on an adjacent hill, which was so steep that it was imagined impossible to drag cannon up. This difficulty was surmounted by the zeal of Lord Hood, and the prodigious efforts of a body of British sailors, whom he sent ashore for that purpose.

The Convention-fort at that time was garrisoned by troops of the line, and commanded by a brave veteran French officer, who refused to capitulate, although a considerable breach was made, and received the assailants at the head of his men. The officer who led the assault, and entered the breach with the British troops, cut down a French grenadier who fought at the side of his commander. The assailants rushed in on all sides, and the Convention-fort was carried.

I already mentioned, that this same officer was chosen to conduct also the storm of Calvi. Day-break was judged the proper time for making the attempt.

The French, at this period, seem to have made it a rule to stand an assault rather than capitulate, even after a practicable breach was made. They expected to repel the assailants on the present occasion, by throwing grenades from the parapet nearest the breach, as well as by the fire of the garrison.

The officer who was to conduct the assault posted his troops, at midnight, among the myrtle-bushes with which the rocks around Calvi are covered; and as near the breach as he could go, without being heard by the enemy. That there might be no risk of alarming them by accidental firing, he had ordered the soldiers not to load, having previously convinced them that their point would be best effected by the bayonet.

A little before day-break the commander-in-chief arrived, with the officers of his suite. He had the satisfaction to find that the garrison had not been alarmed at that quarter. False attacks had been made elsewhere, to divert their attention.

After a short conversation between the general and the officer who was to lead the assault, the signal was given. The troops advanced, with a rapid step, to the breach; they were half way before they were observed by the enemy. A volley of grape-shot was fired from the ramparts. The dubious light, before day-break, made the cannoniers take a false aim: the shot flew over the heads of the advancing party; and some of the general's attendants, who stood on the ground where I was, and from which the soldiers had advanced, were wounded. In a short time the grenadiers were descried scrambling up the rubbish: many grenades and shells were thrown from the parapet upon the assailants; who, pushing past their wounded and dying friends, continued their course to the breach. By the bursting of a shell, the captain of the royals was grievously wounded, at the side of the officer who commanded the assault, who was also wounded in the head by part of the same shell: it stunned him at first, and the wound bled profusely, but did not prevent his entering the breach with the grenadiers, who had no sooner

gained the summit, than, rushing forward, they were directly masters of the work. Those of the enemy who were not killed or taken prisoners fled into the town. When the general perceived the grenadiers ascending, he put spurs to his horse, and rode to the bottom of the hill on which the fort stood; and, quitting his horse, mounted directly to the breach. Finding the troops in possession of the place, he flew into the arms of the officer who had led the assault. The surrounding soldiers shouted, and threw their hats in the air for joy. The moment was worth years of common life!

It does not fall to the share of many officers, even during a pretty long military career, to conduct an assault, or even to assist in taking a fortress by storm. Such dangerous services seldom occurred formerly, as the garrison generally capitulated after a breach was made. It has been the fate of this officer, though a young man, to conduct two, and to prove successful in both.

The most effectual measures were immediately taken for establishing the troops in the works they had so bravely carried; the cannon of which were turned against the town of Calvi, which the works commanded, and which capitulated soon after.

The French now held no place in the island of Corsica. The general, who had thus completed the conquest, had studied the sublimer parts of his profession with successful application. After making a tour through the island, and ordering such arrangements as he thought requisite, in case of any subsequent attack, he transmitted his plan of defence to England. I understand that, in his opinion, every benefit that could result to Great Britain from the possession of Corsica would be obtained by occupying the military posts and the harbours, by retaining the friendship of the inhabitants, leaving the civil government of the island to themselves; all which, he supposed, might be done at little expense.

A different plan was adopted.

All military operations being now suspended in Corsica, the adjutant-general returned to England; and, at the

recommendation of the commander-in-chief, the officer who conducted the storm of Calvi was appointed to succeed him.

The commander-in-chief himself soon after left the island, to the warm regret not only of the British troops, by whom his military talents were greatly admired, but also of the native Corsicans, whose affections he had conciliated in a wonderful degree.—No person had more cause to lament his departure than the new adjutant-general.

Highly esteemed by his brother officers, beloved by the soldiers, and enjoying the confidence of the general, who had succeeded in the military command, he had the misfortune not to please the viceroy; in consequence of a representation from whom, to the surprise of every body, and of none more than the commander of the troops, he was recalled from his situation in Corsica.

This seemed the more extraordinary, because, independent of the cool intrepidity, zeal for the service, and the professional talents he had so eminently displayed, he is of a modest unassuming character, humane, of scrupulous integrity, incapable of adulation, and more solicitous to deserve than to receive praise.

To the Corsicans, who have a high admiration of military talents, and are, perhaps, not such good judges of those of a politician, this removal seemed peculiarly inexplicable; because they had been witnesses to the successful exertions of the officer, and were unable to comprehend the merit of the person at whose request he was recalled.

This removal, however, though considered as a misfortune to the officer, turned to his advantage.

The commander-in-chief of the British forces, whose heart sympathises with valour and integrity, soon placed him in situations of greater trust; from every one of which the same intrepidity of conduct and zeal, in the service of his country, which he had displayed in Corsica, gave the French directory substantial reason for wishing that he might be recalled.

When one important conquest, in which he had a considerable share, was announced in the Gazette, the most honourable mention was made of this officer by the experienced and judicious general who commanded on that expedition.

The whole article published in the London Gazette, relative to this conquest, was translated into Italian, and appeared in a Gazette published at Corsica under the authority of the viceroy, except the paragraph regarding the officer now in question. This omission can hardly be supposed to have been made by the direction of the viceroy. Indeed the whole of this transaction is so inconsistent with the idea I had formed of his disposition, that I am inclined to believe it originated in mistake or misrepresentation. I remain, my dear Sommers, your assured friend,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXII.

The Same in Continuation.

Venice.

I was engaged to remain longer in Corsica than I should otherwise have done by the marquis of Huntly, who arrived in that island from Gibraltar with a fine regiment of Highlanders. They were mostly raised on his father's estate, and are greatly attached to their young colonel. No wonder: no man ever had more popular manners; the hardiest Highlander among them cannot more cheerfully submit to the fatigues and dangers of a military life than this spirited young man, who is, besides, of a lively, frank, and most obliging disposition.

From Corsica I took my passage to Florence. There I found a fresh parcel of letters, most of them pressing my return to England. I plainly perceived that some of my nearest relations were so intoxicated with the advantages of their matrimonial plan, that I became more and more convinced that I should disoblige them less by stay-

ing away than by returning, and not complying with their entreaties. I kept to my resolution, therefore, of remaining at a distance, and in my letters I gave the best colouring to this that I could think of.

The rumours of preparations for invasion, however, and of the intention of government to arm the country, had reached me; and I should certainly have set out directly for England, in spite of my aversion from returning at that particular time, if I could have believed that the French were mad enough to expose their ships and men to almost certain destruction by an attempt to land in Great Britain: but being of opinion that their parade of preparation was only to alarm the country, and increase our expense, I had no inclination to strut about in the military dress, and give myself the heirs of a soldier, with a conviction all the time that I never should see the face of an enemy.

However just and moderate the views of some of those who engaged in the measures that led to the revolution in France may have been, the ambitious rapacity of the republic is now apparent to all Europe. They decree, 'that the French nation would assist that party in every country which contended for liberty,'—in other words, 'would assist those in every country who strove to overset the government,' has been often attempted to be explained away; but the conduct of the directory, and particularly since their successes in Italy, sufficiently show that they mean to act up to the spirit of that decree.—Are they not exciting revolt against the established government of every nation, whatever that government may be? and do they not assist the insurgents, on the pretence of supporting the cause of liberty, but with the expectation of subduing the country by the means of the divisions they incite?

In this the French evidently imitate the encroaching policy of the Roman republic.

It seems natural that monarchs should be stimulated by ambition and the desire of extending their dominions in a stronger degree than the governors of republics; be-

cause an hereditary monarch is more identified with the state; and a king may suppose the extension of dominion an increase to his own personal grandeur and wealth: whereas the office of chief magistrate in republics is transitory; and it can be of little importance to him, even in idea, whether he belongs to a nation consisting of twenty-five millions of individuals, or of forty millions; his personal grandeur will be much the same. The extension of a state's domains adds nothing to the importance of the inhabitants. The national pride of individuals is as high in small republics as in great kingdoms. Nobody can doubt that a citizen of Athens, or of Geneva, was as proud of being an Athenian or a Genevois as a Persian or Russian was of belonging to those vast empires. Experience, however, proves that the governors of republics are more apt to be actuated by restless ambition, and the ardour of conquest, than the generality even of kings.

The plan of the Roman republic was universal conquest; yet, when they were pursuing it, they announced themselves the protectors of the Grecian states, and of all free nations, and thus created a pretext for intermeddling in the government of every country.

If the French republic shewed a disposition to imitate them, in spite of misfortune and repulse, it is to be expected that it will proceed in that system with more alacrity than ever, after the rapid and astonishing success of their arms under Buonaparte. Yet for one nation to assert a right of interfering in the internal government of another is laying a foundation for unceasing war, and will be resisted with indignation, as often as any attempt is made to put it in practice, any where but in a country of determined slaves.

The new-modelling a government is found, by experience, to be, even for the native inhabitants of the country, the most difficult and dangerous of all undertakings, and often ends in the ruin of the undertakers and the misery of the nation.

The faults of many of the governments of Europe are so obvious, that the most weak-sighted can point them

out; but the general unhingement that takes place, before the reparations have effect, is apt to produce greater mischief than the original evil. The experience of this may tend to render political calamity of long life,

> 'And make men rather bear those ills they have,
> Than fly to others that they know not of.'

What could be more apparent than the grievances of the ancient government of France? Many of those who attempted to remedy them, I am persuaded, acted from patriotic motives. The work was torn out of their hands by the Gironde party, a set of men more enthusiastic, more speculative, and less experienced in the affairs of life, and particularly in state affairs, than the former; yet many of them meant well to their country. They were soon overset, and butchered by a gang of the most horrid ruffians that ever were let loose on any nation; and France, within the space of a few months, experienced greater calamities than she had suffered in the course of centuries.

At the time of my arrival at Florence, the grasping ambition of the directory of France, and its peculiar inveteracy against Great Britain, was most conspicuous. I therefore conceived it to be the duty of every British subject to oppose them in the most effectual manner which his circumstances and actual situation would admit. By those considerations I was prompted to serve as a volunteer in the Austrian army opposed to Buonaparte. I will acknowledge that a very ardent desire of being witness to military operations, on the most perfect and most extensive scale, mingled with my patriotism in this enterprise.

I procured letters to the Austrian general; found means of joining the army; was received in a very flattering manner; had opportunities of being present at some important actions: the account of these, with my sentiments on the conduct of the generals, which you so earnestly request in your last letter, I beg leave to postpone, as well as my reasons for leaving the Austrian army, for returning by Vienna, and for going from thence to Munich.

How I came to remain so much longer than I intended in that city, and what induced me to pass again through Switzerland, you shall be informed of, *viva voce*, when I have the happiness of meeting you in England.

You press me so warmly not to set out from Vevay a moment sooner than the surgeon shall give me leave, and beg the continuation of my correspondence to the last moment in such a flattering manner, that I believe you fancy that writing long letters to you for weeks together, which was the effect of my being rivetted to a couch at an inn without other resource, will, by mere dint of habit, become the cause of my continuing fixed a month longer than is necessary on the same couch, on purpose to write to you. Forgive me, my good friend; though very sensible of the obliging things you say of my letters, and sufficiently convinced of their being extremely amusing, and, above all, wonderfully instructive, yet you will receive no more from this place. My leg is in all respects better. I have been frequently in the carriage; I have since walked a little into the fields, without any ill effect, and I expect to set out to-morrow. Farewell, my dear colonel.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXIII.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

I RECEIVED your letter from Ashwood the very day after I had sent my last to the post. I find my foolish affair with Clifford has got round.—You express so great a desire to be acquainted with all the circumstances, that I am going to indulge you directly. I must confess, however, that for this you are obliged to a complaint with which my servant Ben was seized.—The poor fellow had arranged every thing for our journey, and was ready to set out, when the landlord informed me that he had been feverish the preceding night, and was still too much indisposed for travelling, even in a post-chaise; though Ben

himself declared that riding post always cured him of feverishness. I knew it would break his heart to be left behind; so I determined to stay till he could go with me.

I ordered him to bed much against his will. He seems better this morning; and the doctor assures me that he will be able for the journey in a few days. Meanwhile here follows my adventure with Clifford.

To Clifford Journal

When Sir Robert Rigby went last abroad, he thought it necessary, though I am assured nothing could be more superfluous, to take a young woman with him as a travelling companion.

Sir Robert had been so cruelly used by the London ladies, that he determined to choose for his travelling companion one who had been bred at a distance from the capital. He heard of several who were willing to accompany him on reasonable terms; but he gave the preference to a young lady who had arrived about ten months before from Cornwall. She was extremely handsome, and generally allowed to be as foolish as she was beautiful: her appearance announced her to be about nineteen or twenty years of age, her conversation about ten or eleven. While she remained in the country, she had discovered no predominant taste of any kind; but after she had been a few months in the capital, her aunt, with whom she lived, informed her father, that she had at length discovered where the strength of his daughter's genius lay; that few young women in London had a greater ardour for dress; that her ruling passion, in spite of many discouragements, had burst forth in the most decisive manner, as he would perceive by the milliner's bills she transmitted to him.

The article of caps alone, in which the young lady had indulged her fancy the most luxuriously, amounted to a sum which the father could not immediately advance. This put the young woman under the disagreeable necessity of restraining the flights of her fancy, until Sir Robert made proposals, which were eagerly accepted; and then the lady's ruling passion expanded itself with a force equal to its late compression.

Her love for fine clothes was manifested by the tender-

est expressions of affection for Sir Robert. He was fully persuaded that her passion was sincere. So far he was right; but he was completely mistaken in thinking himself the object of it. It required, indeed, all the delusion of self-love to make a man of Sir Robert's long experience imagine that a young girl would be more enamoured of an old man than of a new wardrobe; yet she succeeded in convincing him that her attention to dress was merely to please him, though all his acquaintance were convinced that her attention to him was merely that she might be enabled to please herself in dress.

Sir Robert had been advised to go to Italy on account of his health; he accordingly resided a considerable time in that country; and there it soon appeared that a taste for dress was no longer the lady's ruling passion: she caught with peculiar aptitude the tastes and manners of the Italian ladies, and soon showed that she preferred a cigisbeio to the richest cap or robe.—Sir Robert would have had no objection to this, provided she had adhered to him as her sole cigisbeio.

In Italy there are cigisbeios of all ages; but Miss Weston had a prejudice in favour of one who happened to be a great deal younger than Sir Robert.

This, joined to the troubles in Italy, determined him to leave that country. He had resided sometime at Munich when Mr. Clifford arrived there. That gentleman was struck with the beauty of Miss Weston, and, without ceremony or hesitation, did every thing in his power to seduce her from Sir Robert. All his pains would have been ineffectual had her original passion for finery in dress been in full force; for she well knew that he was more amply able to gratify her in it than Clifford; but *that* having abated, and Sir Robert's peevishness increasing, she left him entirely, and threw herself into the arms of the younger man.

The baronet bore his loss with resignation; and, sometime after, consoled himself entirely with a new mistress, a native of Groningen, who was neither extravagantly fond of fine clothes, nor young cigisbeios; her predomi-

nant passion being avarice, the only passion that increases by indulgence. This prudent lady adhered faithfully to Sir Robert, as the most secure method of having her warmest desire gratified. Sir Robert and she, of course, lived mighty comfortably together.

This was by no means the case with Mr. Clifford and his mistress. When I arrived at Munich, they were called, by the few English there at that time, *the quarrelsome lovers.*

I was inclined to be on a good footing with Clifford, not on account of any thing very favourable I had ever heard of himself, but because of the high terms in which I have heard my brother speak of his father; which were confirmed by my own observation, on the only occasion in which I ever was in that gentleman's company; and because I had heard that his sister was the intimate friend of your Juliet. She was a child when I saw her with her father: I understand she is now a very beautiful and accomplished woman.

Clifford introduced me to Miss Weston. She is unquestionably handsome; but, to be thought agreeable, it is absolutely necessary that she should hold her tongue, which the young lady has not the least inclination to do: on the contrary, she likes to have it in continual motion; and then she talks—*Ye Gods, how she does talk!*—Whatever she says is followed by a giggle, that makes the silly thing she utters appear still more silly; so that I really never was less interested in a woman of any age or figure.

She took it into her head, however, that I wished to form a connection with her; and found means to let me know that she should have no objection.

At that time there was at Munich an Italian woman, of an engaging appearance, who was patronized by some people of rank: she was admired as an *improvisatore.* I had met her on two or three occasions, and heard her recite Italian verses, which she pretended to compose during their recital. Some were tolerably good: the greater part,

however, were wonderfully insiped. These last only were supposed to be her own.

This *improvisare* talent, such as it was, gained Signora Crofti admittance to some genteel houses. She affected great refinement of sentiment and expression; and, what rendered her acquaintance agreeable to many people of both sexes was, her art in forming connexions, and putting those on a good footing who, without her assistance, would have found it difficult to meet so often as they wished.

Mr. Clifford did not approve of the great intimacy which suddenly arose between her and Miss Weston; and at length, in a violent fit of passion, forbade her from ever seeing the signora, either in public or private.

Miss Weston had the complaisance to obey *one-half* of this severe mandate, and saw the signora in private only.

I was a good deal surprised, one evening, with a visit from Signora Crofti. After the compliments which she thought becoming at her introduction, she congratulated me on my good fortune, in having made the conquest of the prettiest woman in Munich.

The vain ideas which this annunciation was calculated to raise were considerably checked, when I was informed that Miss Weston was the lady.

The signora proceeded to tell me, 'that this young lady was of too much delicacy for a man of such gross notions as Mr. Clifford; that her taste was wonderfully refined; that this appeared not only in the fanciful variety of her dress, but extended to things which many women think of less importance; that there was no longer any of that delicate sentimental sympathy between her and Mr. Clifford which purifies such connexions from all that can, in the eyes of philosophy, be thought reprehensible; that their union had degenerated into a mere adhesion of matter, unconnected with mind, which she could no longer endure; that she had formed a more advantageous opinion of me.'—Here the bashful signora hid her face with her

fan, and added, 'that she had reason to believe that this delicate creature might be prevailed on to abandon Mr. Clifford, and come, upon reasonable terms, to live with me:'—then, removing her fan, she looked me full in the face, and said, 'I own, signor, that the measure would afford me great satisfaction, because there would be more purity in such a connexion than that in which my friend lives at present; and therefore it might tend, not only to present pleasure, but to the eternal happiness of all concerned.'

After expressing my gratitude for the interest she took in my eternal happiness, I informed her 'that insurmountable reasons prevented me from availing myself of the information she had given me.'

She seemed surprised, and rather indignant at my answer; but, as I am not fond of dismissing any decent female in ill-humour, I was at some pains to sooth and put her in better temper. She left me tolerably well pleased.

A few days after this Mr. Clifford called on me. He had formed a notion that his mistress carried on a correspondence with me, and that I had a design to serve him in the same manner he had Sir Robert Rigby.

He was confirmed in these suspicions by accidentally seeing Signora Crofti go out of my lodgings. On inquiry, he was informed that she had remained a considerable time in my apartment. He suspected she had brought me a letter from Miss Weston, and had waited till I had written an answer.

It afterwards appeared, that at this very time Clifford was tired of the lady, and was actually contriving how to get decently quit of her: but what marks the arrogance of his character, and shows in what a different light we see our own conduct from that in which we view our neighbours, is, that this very man, who had never felt the least self-condemnation for his behaviour to Sir Robert Rigby, thought my supposed attempt an unpardonable injury.

In this disposition he called at my lodgings, and finding me alone,—'You will be surprised,' said he, 'at my desiring to know whether Signora Crofti has not made you some visits of late.'

Though I did not much relish being questioned in this manner, and though I am less inclined to bear with people of Clifford's haughty character than with others, yet, being willing to avoid a quarrel with the son of a man whose memory I respected, I answered calmly, 'That the question *did* surprise me a little; but, as he thought it of importance enough to be asked, I would freely tell him, that she had made me one visit.'

'Only one!' repeated he; 'and, pray, will you tell me as freely what her business was?'

'Allow me, Mr. Clifford, to ask, in my turn,' said I, 'whether it is your custom to inform people of what passes between you and all the women with whom you chance to have a *tête-à-tête?*'

'This is no jest, sir,' said he.

'I am glad of it; for it could only pass for a poor one,' resumed I.

'I *must* be informed,' said he, 'what that woman's business was with you?'

'You must receive your information elsewhere, then,' I replied.

'I can imagine but one kind of business such a woman could have with you,' said he.

'You need make no farther inquiry, then,' added I.

'I have reason to suspect, that, through her means, you were endeavouring to seduce Miss Weston.'

'From the manner in which your own connexion with that lady was formed,' rejoined I, 'it is natural enough for you to have such a suspicion.'

'I am to believe, then,' rejoined he, with a menacing air, 'that it is so?'

'You may be as credulous as you please, Mr. Clifford,' I answered.

'I expect other kind of satisfaction, sir,' said he, fiercely.

'In my opinion,' rejoined I, 'what I have given is all that the case requires.'

'I think otherwise, sir,' said he.

After a little more altercation, it was agreed that we should meet the following day, at a particular place at some distance from town, each of us with pistols, and accompanied by a friend.

After this arrangement had been made, and Clifford was leaving the room, he suddenly stopped; and, turning,—'I had entirely forgot,' said he, 'that I am engaged for dinner to-morrow, with a very agreeable party, which I should be sorry to miss: if it is the same thing with you,' added he 'our business may be postponed till the day after.'

'As you please,' said I.

'You know,' resumed he, 'we can transact our affair as well the day after as to-morrow; whereas, if we finish our business to-morrow, it may not be in the power of one or other of us to keep our engagement for the day after.'

'It is very well recollected,' said I.

He then told me, 'that he was to dine in the country; that he should not return to Munich that night; that Mr. Craufurd, the gentleman he intended for his second, was of the party, and that they would meet my friend and me, the following day, at the time and place appointed.'

It was then fixed that all the other circumstances of our arrangement should remain in force.

I was going to call on Lord P——, with whom I passed most of my time when at Munich; but his lordship entered soon after Mr. Clifford had left me. He is one of the most judicious and spirited young men of my acquaintance.

I told him what had passed, and begged that he would accompany me to the field.

'I have a great mind to declare off,' said he; 'for I do think it a very foolish business.'

'Your lordship may declare off, if you please,' said I; 'but, were it ever so foolish, *I* cannot do so.'

'This young fellow is extremely wrong-headed,' said he; 'he is continually in affairs of this kind: he is a complete *spadassin*, a duellist,—'the very butcher of a silk button,' as Mercutio says: he would rather fight than not.'

'My taste is different,' replied I; 'for I would much rather *not*, than fight; I will indulge his humour nevertheless.'

'I don't believe either of you cares much for Miss Weston,' resumed he.

'I certainly do not,' said I.

'Does it not seem strange, then, that you should think of fighting for her?'

'Nothing can be less strange,' I replied: 'men have fought in the cause of women, for whom they had no value, ever since the war of Troy. Do you imagine that Hector had a great esteem for Helen?'

'Perhaps not,' said my lord; 'but I should have thought it very strange if Menelaus, instead of challenging Paris, who ran off with his wife, had challenged Hector, who had no hand in the rape.'

'I do not fully understand your meaning.'

'You will to-morrow or next day,' said he; 'but, in the meantime, you may depend on my accompanying you to the meeting.'

Good night, my dear Sommers. I find I can send this early in the morning. I shall resume sometime to-morrow.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXIV.

The Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

When Lord P—— left me, I passed the time in writing letters, and making such arrangements as I thought might be necessary. We dined together the following day. He inveighed against the absurdity of Clifford's conduct,

'Life,' says he, 'insipid as it is with most people, is of more value than to be thrown away in so idle a manner as that foolish fellow is likely to lose his.' Imagining that part of this censure touched me, I endeavoured to prove the necessity under which I was of acting as I did, and how unbecoming it would be in me to give any farther explanation to a man who had behaved with such insolence. I was not fully convinced, however, by my own arguments: I was constrained to the conduct I adopted, by a sensation which baffled reasoning, and was more powerful than conviction.

Lord P—— was more serious than usual, and stayed but a short time after dinner, saying, 'he had an appointment, which obliged him to quit me for a little,' but promised to return in the evening. When he returned, he seemed in much higher spirits than when he withdrew; and he continued uncommonly gay all the evening.

I found him in the same humour when we set out together next morning, a little after the opening of the gates; an accident that happened to the chaise retarded us an hour longer on the road than otherwise we should have been.

I expressed some impatience at this, knowing that Mr. Clifford would be waiting. My lord said coldly, 'Do not make yourself uneasy; depend upon it you will be in sufficient time to see him look like a fool.'

There seemed somewhat singular in the whole of his behaviour: I had remarked this from the moment I informed him of all the circumstances of the affair; but I did not think proper to take notice of this to him.

After a silence of considerable duration, he burst into laughter, and exclaimed, 'What a *ridiculous* figure Clifford will cut!'

'Ridiculous!' said I; 'Clifford, you may depend on it, is a man of spirit.'

'He has hitherto been fortunate in affairs of this nature,' said Lord P——; 'but, on the present occasion, he will make a ridiculous figure.'

'How?'

'Why, if he were to fight with one so cool and so skilful as you,' said he, smiling, and evading explanation, 'I am convinced he would be either killed or wounded.'

I was equally surprised at his lordship's words and manner, being at a loss to conceive what he could find ridiculous in the appearance of a dead or wounded man.

'How do you mean ridiculous?' said I.

'Oh! most completely ridiculous,' replied he; 'but there they are.'

We were near the entrance of the village where we had appointed to meet, and found the two gentlemen waiting.

'We have been expecting you some time,' said Mr. Clifford.

'But the proper place is at some distance,' added Mr. Craufurd, addressing Clifford. 'Do you conduct Mr. Mordaunt thither: when my lord and I shall have settled preliminaries, we will follow you.'

Provoked by what Mr. Clifford had said, and by the manner in which he had spoken, I observed, 'that preliminaries would soon be settled; and the principal business might as well be transacted where we stood, to save farther loss of time.'

'I think so too,' said Lord P——; 'for it has taken up more time than it ought already: and, if much more is lost, Miss Weston will be arrived in Bohemia before either of these gentlemen can have blown the other's brains out.'

I leave you to judge what surprise this speech occasioned to all present.

'What do you mean, my lord?' said I.

'Where did you say Miss Weston was gone, sir?' said Clifford.

'Would she were gone to the devil,' said Craufurd, peevishly.

'Keep your temper, Mr. Craufurd,' resumed Lord P——, with the greatest composure: 'she will get to him in good time: at present she is on the high road to Bohemia.'

'Are you absolutely certain of what you assert, sir?' said Mr. Clifford.

'I am absolutely certain that she set out yesterday, in a post-chaise, with the young baron Valstern, for Vienna,' replied Lord P——; 'and although I kept up this news from my friend Mr. Mordaunt, I am convinced it is at present well known in Munich, as you will find on your return.'

As my lord ended, a servant of Mr. Clifford's advanced at full gallop from Munich; and, seeing his master, he directly dismounted, gave a letter to him, and another to Mr. Craufurd: both confirmed the account which Lord P—— had already given: for the fully understanding of which, it is necessary that I inform you, that Lord P—— had formed an acquaintance with the German nobleman above mentioned; that, sometime after Signora Crofti had visited me, his lordship and the baron supped *tête-à-tête;* the latter had drank a little too freely the same day at dinner, which was the cause, perhaps, of his communicating to his lordship, 'that he was passionately in love with his charming countrywoman, Miss Weston; that he had made his passion known to her both by looks and words, as often as he could, without the observation of Mr. Clifford; that he had even engaged Signora Crofti in his interest, but had not received any very flattering encouragement till within the two or three last days, when Signora Crofti had informed him, 'that Miss Weston had acknowledged to her, that he had made a very deep impression on her heart, though she had hitherto struggled against it; that her former partiality for Mr. Clifford had been gradually diminishing, on account of his capricious and tyrannical temper, and was now entirely effaced; and that, in consequence of a settlement the baron had promised, and a liberal present in money and jewels, she had agreed to go with him to his castle in Bohemia; but that, to prevent any disagreeable affair between the baron and Mr. Clifford, she exacted of him that they should leave Munich privately, and so as to preclude the risk of being overtaken by Clifford, in case he

should think of pursuing them.' The baron added, 'that he had agreed to this merely in complaisance to Miss Weston; for, as for his own part, I put the same value on Mr. Clifford's resentment which that gentleman had put on Sir Robert Rigby's.' The baron concluded his narrative by informing his lordship, 'that they had been making the necessary preparations for the execution of their scheme.'

Lord P—— attempted to dissuade the baron from this project to no purpose. He however gave his word not to mention it to any person previous to the execution.

This accounts for Lord P——'s not having communicated this plan to me, and for the whole of his behaviour. As soon as I informed him of Mr. Clifford's interview with me, as detailed above, he waited on the baron, and informed him, 'that Clifford was to dine in the country the next day, and not to return till the morning following, perhaps not then; the favourable moment for his setting out with the lady, therefore, would be as soon after Clifford should leave Munich as they possibly could.'

When Lord P—— dined with me, they had not set off; this was the cause of his uneasiness. When he returned to my lodgings, the same evening, he knew they were gone, which was the source of his gaiety.

Miss Weston had contrived her measures with such address, and given such a plausible pretence for her absence to Clifford's servants, that it was not known that she had left Munich, in a post-chaise with the baron, till late in the night.

And the following morning, as soon as the gates were opened, one of Mr. Clifford's friends detached his groom with a letter, informing him of what had passed. Mr. Craufurd received a letter to the same purpose.

As soon as Mr. Clifford had perused his, all his wrath was directed against the baron: he swore he would follow him to Bohemia and be avenged.

Mr. Craufurd pointed out the folly of troubling himself about a worthless woman.

'It is not from any regard to her,' replied he; 'but

to punish this Bohemian. Would not you, my lord, in my place?' added he, addressing Lord P——.

'I never should dream of punishing a man for rendering me an essential service, Mr. Clifford,' said my lord.

'You do not mean, my lord,' said Clifford briskly, 'that it would be as prudent in me to let this matter pass, as it was in Sir Robert Rigby not to call me out.'

'I do, indeed, Mr. Clifford,' replied his lordship; 'because I consider it as a very great misfortune for one man to kill another who has rendered him a service, and not a small piece of bad luck to be killed by him.'

Mr. Craufurd, who seemed to dread an improper answer from Clifford's impetuosity, immediately said,—'Putting killing out of the question, which no man less fears, and, from his skill at all the weapons, has less reason to fear than my friend, it is beneath him to go on a wildgoose-chase after a woman whom, to my knowledge, he was completely tired of, and resolved to abandon. What could she do more obliging? Has she not saved you the trouble of dismissing her, my good fellow?' continued he, taking Clifford by the hand; 'for which you are much obliged to her, as well as for clearing up the mistake you laboured under with regard to Mr. Mordaunt.'

This had the best effect on the mind of Clifford: he viewed the matter in a different light; and, turning to me, he said, 'You must be sensible, Mr. Mordaunt, that the trouble I have put you to was entirely owing to mistake.'

'I see it clearly,' said I.

'You have no desire, then, that the business for which we met should go farther?'

'I never had any desire of that kind, Mr. Clifford,' said I; 'it was in compliance with your invitation I came.'

'There can be no farther misunderstanding,' said Lord P——; 'let us return to Munich.'

'I hope the company will do me the honour to dine with me,' rejoined Mr. Craufurd; 'I have some excellent

Champagne, which I should be sorry to leave behind me. I set out for Frankfort in a few days.'

This invitation was accepted. The dinner, on the whole, was agreeable; though Clifford, after he became a little heated with the Champagne, hinted, once or twice, that he still had an inclination to make a tour into Bohemia: which Craufurd observing, ordered coffee; and, after we had withdrawn from the table, he stated the ridiculous light into which Clifford's expedition to Bohemia might be put: 'it would be reversing the practice of chivalry,' said he. 'Instead of the knight going to the relief of a distressed damsel, he would be called a distressed knight, in search of a damsel who wished not to be found, and was not worth finding.' He managed this with so much address, that Mr. Clifford gave up his foolish intention.

Mr. Craufurd's regard for Clifford is founded, as I have been told, on the friendship he had for the young man's father; indeed, nothing could be a stronger proof of his regard for the memory of the late Mr. Clifford than his attachment to the present, Mr. Craufurd being a man of quite an opposite character, and of a most obliging and generous disposition.

He is thought to have more influence with Clifford than any body else: and I am told, that by his address, during the short time they have been together, Clifford has been extricated from some disagreeable scrapes. Mr. Craufurd was prevailed on, much against his inclination, to accompany him to his appointment with me, and agreed to it in the hopes of bringing about an accommodation. I question greatly, however, whether he has temper sufficient to remain on good terms with Clifford much longer. I thought I perceived symptoms of the contrary: yet they set out together for Frankfort. When they separate, the terms of insurance on Clifford's life ought to rise very considerably. I hardly ever was in company with a man so apt to give offence, or so ready to take it when there was none intended. Had it not been for Craufurd, he would have made out another quarrel with me on the

very night on which the former was accommodated. Yet he is not deficient in the power of pleasing when he chooses: he is sometimes even exceedingly agreeable and entertaining: but in the midst of mirth, when you least think of it, he is apt to say something highly provoking, or to misconstrue something that has been said. It is impossible for such a man to be long lived.

I am happy in the reflection, however, that I have escaped the risk I run of being the shortener of his days: I feel that it would have rendered the remainder of mine very uncomfortable; and I have formed the resolution never to fight another duel, for the same reason that I am resolved never to marry.

It seems surprising to many people that no means have been found for putting an end to duels.

The absurdity of the custom has been illustrated a thousand ways without effect.

'You have injured me, sir; and therefore I insist upon your taking an equal chance of putting me to death.' Or,

'You have given me the lie, sir. I could easily prove, indeed, that I spoke truth; but as that is nothing to the purpose, I will not take the trouble: but what I do insist upon is, that you shall, by way of reparation, do your utmost to shoot me through the head.'

What can be more absurd than all this? Nothing.—But it is not quite a fair statement of the case. The following seems nearer the truth.

'Sir, you have insulted me in such a manner as will make the world think meanly of me if I do not resent it. If I have recourse to the laws of my country the world will think in the same manner of me. Though I may despise both you and the insult, I cannot regulate the opinions of the world; but I will show that I do not value life so much as I dread disgrace; and I will give this proof at your risk, who have put me under the necessity.'

No severity of law can prevent those from challenging their insulter, to whom the shame of bearing an insult appears more dreadful than the utmost vengeance of law;

Accordingly it has been found that the severest laws have not suppressed the practice of duelling.

But if a court were instituted for the express purpose of investigating the circumstances which gave rise to every duel, with power to punish him who, from wantonness, pride, or malignity, had, to the conviction of the court, behaved in such a manner as would justify a gentleman for having recourse to the only means in his power to efface the affront, perhaps such an institution would have a more powerful effect in preventing duels, than attaching the punishment to the challenger or survivor, who possibly may be the least guilty.

Although the survivor only can be personally punished; yet, if he who is killed is clearly proved to have been the cause of the duel, by giving the first insult, besides acquitting the survivor, some stigma ought to be put, by the sentence of the court, on the memory of the deceased.

If such an institution did not entirely abolish the practice of duelling, it would assuredly render it less frequent.

It would also render men more cautious of giving offence, and would bring to public notoriety and shame all those pests of society who are continually involved in quarrels, whether from an overbearing spirit to insult others, or from a childish disposition to take offence without cause.

I was detained at Munich by Lord P——— longer than I intended. When we separated I went to Dresden. What happened there will be the subject of my next. Farewell!

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXV.

From the Same in Continuation.

Vevay.

Soon after my arrival at Dresden, Mr. Grindill called on me—the same that we used to see at Lady Deanport's, whose intimate friend and great adviser he was supposed

to be. Before her ladyship's marriage, he was a constant hanger on of my lord: the world imagined that it was by Grindill's influence with his lordship that the marriage was brought about. However that may be, Mr. Grindill continued upon an intimate footing with both till the death of the latter. Few men could boast a more extensive acquaintance than Grindill, among the great and opulent:—he never cultivated any other. In the course of this cultivation he dissipated his fortune. Becoming distressed in his circumstances, he found that many, who formerly had no objection to being called his friends, now shunned being considered even as his acquaintance. His creditors were troublesome, and he left England.

He made a good deal up to me at my arrival at Dresden. I certainly never had shown any partiality for the acquaintance of Grindill; but in the circumstances I understood he was then in, I did not choose to show him such marks of neglect as perhaps I might otherwise have done.

I should not however, have gone such lengths in serving him as I did, had I not heard of his acting a very friendly part to a young painter of the name of Evans, then at Dresden. This young man has great merit in his profession, and is, besides, of an excellent character. Grindill recommended him to all his acquaintance; and I told him that I would introduce him to the acquaintance of some eminent artists with whom I was connected, when he should return to London. He thanked me for the honour I intended him, but in a manner that made me think he was not very solicitous that I should take the trouble.—'Do you not imagine,' said I, 'that their friendship could be of service to a young artist like you?'

'It certainly would,' answered he: adding, with a smile—'I already have the honour to be known to some of them; but I am afraid it is not the artist, but the arts, that are friends.'

I then assured him that I should be happy to serve him myself when he came to London; and that I should introduce him to those of my friends who were not artists.

Grindill's behaviour to this young man, who was poor and friendless, gave me a more favourable opinion of Mr. Grindill himself than I had before.

He took an opportunity of telling me, 'that a relation of his, who had a good estate in South Wales, and whose heir-at-law he was, laboured under a distemper which nobody thought he could survive; that this relation, he understood, was surrounded by interested people, who might take the advantage of his absence, and suggest things to his prejudice; that it was, therefore, of infinite importance to him that he should return immediately to England to cultivate his interest with the invalid; but that he had contracted debts at Dresden, and could not think of leaving it without paying them; that, although he had assurances of not being disturbed, by the generality of his creditors in England, one to whom he owed £500 stood out; and that he was in need of a thousand pounds, without which he could not leave Dresden, with credit, nor appear with safety in England.'

On my hinting a little surprise that his friends Lord and Lady Deanport did not assist him in such an emergency, he answered—'That Lady Deanport was in pecuniary difficulties herself; that she had been unfortunate at play; that her husband had, at his death, left her provided for in a manner far inferior to her expectations; that her son, when he came of age, had not supplied the deficiency to her satisfaction.'—Grindill added, 'That her ladyship had not allowed her son to be crossed in any thing that depended upon her, during a very long childhood, in the expectation of having the entire management of him, when the law should consider him as a man: but when that period arrived, finding him less tractable than she expected, the most amiable of boys, and of youths, became at once, in her eyes, a monster of ingratitude.'

By the way, Sommers, this complete alteration of opinion in parents, respecting the characters of their children, I myself have observed in several instances, and all of them in mothers towards those whom they had most indulged.

Mr. Grindill, however, assured me, that, through his means, Lady Deanport and her son came to a more friendly way of thinking before he went abroad, and continued so all the time he was on his travels. I understood from him also, that Lady Deanport, who always has some project in agitation, was endeavouring to accomplish a marriage between her son and the wealthy Miss Moyston. This will give him, she imagines, such an accumulation of riches, that part must overflow upon herself, and at the same time augment his parliamentary influence, so as to become beneficial to all the friends of his family, and particularly to Grindill himself.

This intelligence was thrown out in different conversations, with the intention, no doubt, of inducing me to agree to the concluding request, that I should advance him the money. What determined me, however, was what Grindill insisted least upon; namely, his kindness to the young painter, and my plainly seeing that no other person would lend him if I did not, for the poor devil has not a friend in the world; I furnished him, therefore, with what he wanted.

I believe I have drawn all the money I had with Messrs. ——. Be so good as sell three thousand pounds of what I have in the three per cents. and place it in their hands. Do not let old Nichols know any thing of this; he bought it for me a third higher than the present price —it would disturb his sleep for a month.

Ben's illness was so far fortunate that it prevented our setting out in very bad weather. We have had another thunder-storm, not, indeed, so furious as the former, but sufficiently so to make travelling very disagreeable. I have employed most part of the interval in complying with your requisition. Ben is now recovered perfectly. We shall, assuredly, set out to-morrow. Adieu!

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXVII.

From the Same to the Same.

Frankfort.

FROM the conclusion of my last, you would naturally imagine that I left Vevay directly; that, however, was not the case—I stayed there three days after the date of that letter.

How then came I not to write?

As I have so often confessed to you the real cause of my having of late become so very indefatigable a scribbler, that is a question which you may naturally ask: to which, my dear colonel, I must give you an answer quite the reverse of what a young woman of Amsterdam made to her mother, who asked her, how she came to be with child?—'Because,' replied this industrious girl, 'I had nothing else to do.'

My reason for not writing to you during that time, my good friend, was because I had *something* else to do.

But before I inform you what that was, I beg you may take notice, that though I, a bachelor, and determined for ever to remain such, can derive no benefit from the above anecdote, you, a married man, with the prospect of a numerous progeny, may.—Is it not a serious warning to parents not to permit their daughters to remain a moment in idleness, but to take care always to give them something to do? You see, Sommers, I wish to make my letters moral as well as entertaining.

I now proceed to tell you how I have been employed since my last.

Having been assured that the chaise would be ready within three hours, as the weather had become exceedingly fine, immediately after the storm, I sauntered a little out of the town. On turning the corner of a hedge, I met two women; one seemed between thirty and forty years of age, the other not more than three or four-and-twenty, of

an elegant figure, and a countenance wonderfully interesting; not from beauty alone—it bore also the marks of affliction. Both seemed surprised at the *rencontre*; but in the surprise of the latter there was a mixture of apprehension: observing this, I addressed her in the most respectful manner—

'I should be extremely sorry, madam, if this accidental meeting should give you uneasiness; I certainly mean you no harm.'

She smiled and replied—

'Excuse me, sir, it was mere surprise;' and then seemed eager to walk on.

'I perceive, madam,' said I, 'that you are a stranger here as well as myself.'

'I am, sir,' replied she.

'I believe,' resumed I, 'that I address you in your native language.' [I spoke to her in French.]

'You do,' replied she.—'The time has been,' added she, with a sigh, 'when I thought it an honour to be a French woman.'

I saw her companion press her on the arm, as if to warn her against such insinuations.

'I believe, Christine,' said she, 'that monsieur is an Englishman.'

'I am, madam; but not the less disposed to render you every service in my power.'

'You are very polite, sir,' said she.

'It is not politeness, madam,—I am sincere: nothing would give me more pleasure than being of use to you—try me.'

'You are extremely good; but I have nothing to exact.'

I saw marks of terror in your countenance, madam, when I first presented myself to you: if you apprehend danger from any person, I may, perhaps, be of service to you.'

'I am much obliged to you, sir,' said she; 'but there is no need.—You will excuse me—we are waited for.' So saying, she drew away her companion with an

air of impatience, as if she dreaded any farther explanation. Without continuing my former course, or seeming to follow, I walked in a direction which did not make me absolutely lose sight of them, until they entered the town, and then I moved quick enough to see the house into which they entered.

On my return to the inn I was informed that the chaise was ready, but I did not find myself at all disposed to set out.

When I entered my chamber Ben was packing the trunk.—I asked, 'if he had seen or heard any thing of a stranger of distinction who was then in Vevay.

He said he had not, and continued his work.

'This stranger is from France,' added I.

'I have heard nothing of him,' said he, pressing down the things in the trunk.

'She is a French woman,' said I.

'O! a French *woman*,' said he, raising his head suddenly, and looking me full in the face.

'Yes,' resumed I, 'a pretty woman.'

'Oho! a pretty woman!' re-echoed he.

'Yes, a very pretty woman: you have seen her, perhaps?'

'No, indeed; I have seen or heard nothing of her,' said he, laying the shirt which he had in his hand on a chair, instead of putting it into the trunk, which he shut, at the same time, and rose to go, without finishing his work.

'I am not absolutely certain,' said I, as he went out of the room, 'that it will be in my power to leave Vevay to-night.'

I heard the rascal mutter, as he went down stairs, 'I am absolutely certain that it will *not*.'

I called him up a little after, and told him, 'that I had accidentally met with two women, one of whom I was convinced was a stranger, and a person of condition; for which reason I had the greatest curiosity to know something more about her.

'You told me before,' said, he 'that she is very pretty.'

I then directed him to procure all the information

he could concerning them, without letting it be known that he was employed by me to make the inquiry.

Within a few hours he returned, and told me, 'that the people of our inn had heard nothing of them; that several others, to whom he had spoken were equally ignorant; that he had at last found the peasant at whose house the women in question lodged, and by the means of a little money had drawn from him—that they had arrived a few days before in a boat from Geneva; that they never went out, except pretty early in the morning; that the youngest was a Savoyard lady from Chambery, and the other a Genevoise; that they expected an answer to a letter written the day of their arrival, and would not leave Vevay until they received it.'

This account increased my curiosity. The very private manner in which she had arrived, their concealment, her giving herself out as a Savoyard to the people, though she had not attempted to conceal her real country from me, the deep melancholy that appeared in her countenance, her fright at the first sight of me, and, above all, perhaps, her beauty, interested me so much, that I could not think of leaving Vevay without more attempts to be better acquainted with her.

I called in the evening at the house in which she lodged. I only saw the Genevoise, who informed me that the lady was writing letters, and could not see any visitor. While I was endeavouring to prolong the conversation, the landlady of the house came with a message that the lady wanted her. The Genevoise did not return; and I went back disappointed to the inn. I dreamt of her all night. I went early next morning to the place where I had first met her, in hopes of the same good fortune again. I called at her lodgings, and was again disappointed in my hope of seeing her. Sometime after my return to the inn I sent her a letter, in which I apologized for my importunity, expressed anxiety for her safety and happiness, and renewed my offers of serving her.

I received a note in answer, in which she thanked me, in very polite terms, for my proffered services; but as-

sured me that they would be of no use to her, and that my persisting in them might have the very worst consequences to her. Being now fully convinced that she wished me to be gone, I resolved, though not a little chagrined, to set out that very day. On calling for Ben, I was informed that he had walked into the fields with a person who had arrived a little before at the inn.

While I was waiting impatiently for Ben's return, the landlord came and told me that a lady wished to speak to me, and immediately introduced the very lady I wished most, and expected least, to see. With the most graceful ease, she said—'You must be convinced, sir, that something sudden and unlooked-for has determined me to this visit, after the note I sent you so lately: in two words, it is of more importance than my life to me that I leave this place as soon as possible.

'I fly from the most miserable of countries, and from the most perfidious of mankind! The honest man who just left the room was privy to my concealment in this town, where I intended to remain until I heard from a friend to whom I have written; but having been apprised that a boat with six men arrived last night from the other side of the lake, one of whom is the very wretch from whose persecution I wish to fly, I was secretly conducted here by your landlord, to which I am indebted for not being already in my persecutor's power. I have reason to fear that I cannot be protected in this small town—that his design is to carry me to France or Savoy, where I should be equally at his mercy. I am told that you are to set out this day for Hamburg; encouraged by the generous offer you made yesterday, I now claim your protection from all attempts of my persecutor, and beg your assistance in escaping from what I dread more than death. I formerly esteemed your nation, in spite of its enmity to France; I now esteem it the more, because of its enmity to those who at present govern that unhappy country. The villain I wish to avoid is countenanced by the most powerful of them. I must leave this place: I should not be safe in any part of Switzerland; but at

Frankfort I could venture to remain, until I heard from those under whose protection I ought to be.'

She might easily have seen, by my looks, before she had half ended, how very ready I was to serve her.

In our subsequent conversation it was arranged, that she, with her attendant, should go in the carriage with me; and that Ben, with Camillo, an Italian lad, whom I had engaged in my service at Milan, should follow on horseback.

As, during our conversation, I frequently looked from the window for Ben, I announced his appearance with joy as soon as I saw him: cautiously peeping behind me, *she* also glanced from the window. Ben approached the house, accompanied by another man.—She started suddenly aside, exclaiming, 'Good heavens! who do I see?' On my begging to know what alarmed her,—'Who is that with your servant, sir?' said she.—I told her I did not know.

'Ah! sir,' repeated she, with wildness and suspicion, 'do you, indeed, not know that man?'

I looked again with earnestness, and recognised the features of the very villain whom I had beheld at Paris carrying the pike on which the head of the princess of Lamballe was fixed.

'Now I know him,' said I; 'he is an assassin.'

'How comes your servant to be acquainted?'

'That I cannot tell,' said I, interrupting her; 'but he shall inform me instantly.'

I called Ben before she had time to prevent me, as I believe she would have done; for she was greatly alarmed. I desired her to step into a closet as he entered the room. She understands English; and I wished her to hear what he said, without being seen by him.

On my questioning him about the fellow he had been walking with, he said 'he had never seen him before, and never wished to see him again.'

'Why so?' said I.

'Why, if your honour will have it,' said he, a little sulkily, because he is French; and because the French

are a pack that no good is to be got by, whether—they be men or women,' added he, after some hesitation.

'How came you to be in conversation with him, then?'

'I should never have spoken to him, please your honour, if he had not first spoken to me: for though I have learnt to speak French since I have been in your service, yet it is a language I do not approve of more than of the people. But he began by asking about a lady who had fled from her husband, and was supposed to be in this neighbourhood, and offered me money in case I would assist in comprehending her for her husband, which was his master. I told him I would have none of his money; that I did not choose to be accessary to the betraying a woman into the hands of any man from whom she fled. 'You *would*, however,' says he, 'if the man was her husband.'—'No,' says I, 'I would not, although he was ten times her husband.' 'Why so?' says he.—'Because,' says I, 'I loves to do as I would be done by; and if so be that I myself was flying from my wife, I should not approve of being delivered up to her clutches;' and so then I left him, because your honour called.'

I could not help smiling at the conclusion of Ben's speech, because I know that he is married to one of the greatest termagants on earth, to whom he punctually remits a considerable sum out of his wages, though she rendered his life miserable; for he is one of the best-natured fellows alive, in spite of his surliness.

I asked if he knew where the man he had been conversing with lodged?

He answered, that he knew only that it was not at the inn.—'I am glad of it,' said he, 'because he has the look of a d——d rascal, which is as bad as a Frenchman, if not worse; and if,' added he, 'it be true, which, as your honour knows, is said, that 'like master, like man,' then I am sure the poor woman they are in search of will be much to be pitied, if ever she comes within their power.'

I then ordered him to have every thing ready for our departure; and not to be out of the way, as we should set out very soon.

The lady's alarm, on account of Ben's acquaintance with the Frenchman, was now disposed. I proposed setting out directly; she wished to delay till night, or till there was a certainty of her not being seen by those who were in search of her; for, though I assured her that it would not be in their power to prevent her going, even were they to see her, yet she dreaded the consequence of any *fracas*, and was anxious to get away secretly, and without any opposition.

In the course of our conversation she told me 'that she belonged to a French family of distinction, which had been ruined by the revolution: some of her near relations had been murdered, and some banished: that part of their misfortunes, as well as of her's, were owing to the villain who assumed the name of her husband: but she assured me, in the most earnest manner, that he was not, nor ever could be; that there were circumstances in her own story, which, out of delicacy towards some of the latter, she was inclined to conceal, for some time at least; but,' added she, smiling through her tears, 'notwithstanding that your valet has an ill opinion of the French women as well as men, I am not entirely without hopes that, in assisting me on the present occasion, you will find that you have bestowed your protection on one not entirely unworthy of it.'

I assured her, that it was my happiness and pride to be of the smallest use to her; that I would accompany her to any place where she should think herself safest; that I had no curiosity to be acquainted with any thing she thought proper to conceal: and I began to apologise for what Ben had said in her hearing.

'Ah, monsieur!' cried she, 'comme j'aime votre Ben, avec son 'loves to do as he would be done by.' Il me semble qu'il a puisé sa morale dans une source infiniment plus pure que celle de nos philosophes. Ah, mon Dieu!' added she, raising her eyes, and pressing her hands together, 'la dernière fois que j'ai entendre prêcher mon pauvre oncle sur cette maxime divine!'

She shed tears so abundantly, and was so much affect-

ed, that no expressions could have been of use, had I been able to speak. I withdrew; and, after a short interval, sent the Genevoise to her.

When I waited on her again, I found her more composed; and informed her, that the fellow she had seen with my servant had walked to a different part of the town, and had not appeared since; that her own small trunk was fixed on the chaise; and that, perhaps, this was as favourable a moment as any for setting out. The landlord being of the same opinion, she consented, and I ordered the horses.

I had before desired Ben to inform me, in case the man he had spoken with should return again to the inn. I told him also, that 'I had reason to believe that the fellow was a murderer; that he was hired by as great a villain as himself, to assist in seizing two innocent women, who were flying from France, and whom I had engaged to protect and carry to some place of safety: that we would go in the first place towards Basil.'

After the two women were seated in the carriage, and before I had stepped in, three men rushed from a neighbouring house: he who seemed the leader called to the postillions to stop. While he was running towards the door of the carriage, I stood between, my sword in my hand, and warned him to keep off.

'That lady is my wife,' said he.—'No, no, no!' she shrieked from the carriage.—'You hear, sir,' said I, pushing him away. He drew his sabre, calling at the same time to the accomplices to stop the horses. He was silenced by a push into his cheek, and immediately after I was lucky enough to wound him in the arm, and secure his weapon, which I broke, and threw to a distance.

The Parisian no sooner saw his principal engaged with me, than he drew a dagger, calling to his companion—'*Tirez, camerade!*' Ben, who is a first-rate boxer, instantly struck him, with all his force, on the stomach, saying, at the same time—'*Tirez you that, camerade!*' The man fell breathless on the ground. The third was so intimidated that he ran away, after drawing his weapon.

I stepped into the carriage, which directly set off.

The lady expressed great apprehension that we should be pursued. Her concern now seemed to be as much on my account as on her own.

She had seen the man I disarmed bleeding profusely. The wound in his cheek appeared to her frightful: it had considerably enlarged his mouth, though it put an end to his bawling; and, when the other fell, she imagined that Ben had stabbed him to the heart.

I assured her that there was little danger of our being pursued, and less of our being overtaken; but, were both to happen, neither Ben nor I could run much risk. I told her that Englishmen possessed the art of bringing men to the ground without absolutely killing them; and that it was more likely that the villain I had wounded was destined to die by the hands of the hangman than of a wound in the arm. I will not trouble you with an account of the difficulties we encountered in our journey to Frankfort; but, soon after our arrival here, I became acquainted with some circumstances that made la marquise, for that is the rank of the lady, think it would be safer for her to proceed to Hamburg than to remain in that city.

I met here with the baron de B——, a gentleman in the service of the prince of Hesse-Darmstadt. I had the good fortune to form an acquaintance with the baron, when he was in England with his sister, a young lady, who, to the steady good sense of the German character, joins all that is amiable in French vivacity. I was the less surprised at the accomplishments of the daughter, after I was introduced to her mother, a lady of a noble family in the duchy of Brunswick, but more distinguished by elevation of mind and an highly-cultivated understanding.

As the baron has made the journey lately, I shall profit by his directions respecting our route from this place to Zell, where I find the marquise has some business to transact. That town is not much out of our way to Hamburg.

By the way, Sommers, it will be best not to mention the name of the marchioness. When she shall arrive a

London herself, she will give what account she thinks proper of our rencounter; but I should not like to have it anticipated by any friend of mine. I believe this hint was superfluous: I know your discretion. Yours,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXVIII.

The Same to the Same.

Hall.

You remember, Richard, that I was almost overcome with *ennui* when I first met the marquise. No such being can exist in the company of this delightful woman.

> The languid sprightly, at sight of her bright eyes,
> Spreads his blue wings, and from her presence flies.

Do not imagine that her looks principally attach me. Her face is not regularly beautiful: perhaps it has too much expression for mere beauty. Have you not seen women whose features were said to be regular and well-proportioned, yet so barren of ideas, that they excited none? The countenance of this lady is all mind—it leads the beholder through a variety of pleasing thought, like Reynold's portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the character of the Tragic Muse: her conversation confirms what her countenance announced. Eagerness to overcome every obstacle that could retard our flight for some time superseded every other reflection; but when she was in some measure relieved from the apprehension of being overtaken, you cannot imagine how very entertaining her conversation became. From time to time, indeed, she fell into fits of silence and sadness; but I did not find it very difficult to draw her from them. Her melancholy arose from the recollection of past events: but cheerfulness is the natural habit of her mind, and she gladly listened to the suggestions of hope. When I was fortunate enough to make her forget her misfortunes, her observations were as sprightly as ingenious; but ever and anon she relapsed into sadness, and then it was my cue to wean her out

of it by every means I could think of. My solicitude for that purpose did not escape her observation; and her gratitude was apparent in her looks still more than her expressions. You see plainly that I could not fail being in love; and you think, no doubt, that I had abundant opportunities of making declarations of my passion—there you are mistaken:—I never found her separate from the Genevoise, who I now find is a French woman. I had some well enough contrived plans for drawing her away; she eluded them all; and was sure to remain, when the presence of a third person seemed to me most intolerable. When the lady told me that her attendant was French, she added, with a view, no doubt, to have her constantly in her company, that 'she was of a decent family, had been well educated, and that she treated her as a companion;' of course she was always with us at meals, and they slept together. I was persuaded, however, from some observations I had made before we left Vevay, that this woman really was in the quality of a servant, and that a hint from madame la marquise would have produced her absence as often, and for as long a space of time, as she pleased: I was therefore mortified beyond expression to find that the hint was not given. Though I had not made a direct declaration of love to the lady, the whole of my conduct and behaviour must have convinced her of my sentiments. Any woman may be made to think that a man is fond of her, though he is not; but few women, and fewer French women than others, are so dull, as not to perceive the symptoms of love in him who is really enamoured with them. I had every reason to believe that she had the highest esteem for me; and, had it not been for my finding all my attempts for conversing with her alone baffled, and *that* evidently with her connivance, I should have flattered myself that some particles of tenderness were intermingled with her esteem.

On one particular occasion I found her alone: the conversation between us was on general subjects. As I expected the maid every moment, for I had laid no scheme for keeping her away, I did not at once attempt to lead it

to the most interesting point. The interval, however, becoming much longer than usual, my discourse, at length, began to tend that way; when madame la marquise, as if by accident, shoved a box from off the table, which making a noise by its fall on the floor, the officious maid immediately entered, and having lifted the box, she calmly seated herself in the room. I am persuaded that my looks were expressive of disappointment, vexation, and reproach: I did not utter a syllable for a considerable time, not even to support the conversation; which she resumed, and sustained with the greatest good-humour, and almost in the accent of one who begs to be forgiven. I could speak only in short sentences.—She mentioned some English books that she had read with great pleasure—of the national character, comparing it with that of her own country at its most brilliant period. I at length observed, 'that the French had one advantage over the English at all periods; that they could converse with their most esteemed friends, before indifferent persons, with the same ease as if none were present, which was what very few English could.'

At this remark she smiled; and, after remaining silent and thoughtful for some time, addressing the maid, she said—'You wished to take a walk, Christine; if you please, you may go now: monsieur has something particular to say to me.'

No sooner was the woman gone, than I expressed my thanks to the lady for this instance of her complaisance, acknowledging that I was one of those who could not speak, without restraint, to a friend, in the presence of any third person; that I had earnestly wished for an opportunity of laying open my whole heart to her, on a subject on which my happiness depended; and I then declared my passion in the most impressive terms. She made no attempt to interrupt me; but, with a gay air, she replied—'That she knew it was the prevailing opinion among the English, that the French ladies expected such declarations; that what an English woman of character would consider as affrontive, a French woman

viewed as a proof of politeness—a becoming homage paid to her charms; and, at the worst, a proposal to be forgiven, though rejected; that she herself happened to be of a different opinion from that imputed to her countrywomen; she could readily excuse me, however, for not knowing her particular way of thinking. But as I had now performed, with all due decorum, the ceremonial which I might suppose French etiquette exacted, she hoped that every thing of the same nature would be dispensed with in future, that she might have the happiness of continuing to view me in the light of a genuine friend, to whom she owed everlasting esteem and gratitude.'

This she pronounced in a tone partly jocular and partly serious, but entirely engaging.

I could not help thinking, on the whole, however, that this friendly species of defence was preparatory to a graceful surrender.—I could not conceive that a gay French woman, bred amidst the gallantries of Paris and Versailles, would think a combat *à mort* absolutely necessary on the present occasion; but I saw that it was highly incumbent to proceed with all possible address and spirit I accordingly brought my whole eloquence into play, aided by that degree of action which I thought most likely to give it effect: she evidently showed a reluctance to quarrel with me about trifles. I flattered myself that victory was at no great distance; when she suddenly rose, and said, with earnestness, and some share of severity, that she must withdraw. When I attempted to remonstrate against it, she repeated, with an air of great firmness, 'You must not oppose my withdrawing: but I will meet you again to-morrow, and without any witness.' Seeing that she was determined, I did not think it prudent to insist farther, I only said, 'Or this evening.'—'No, not this evening,' said she; 'I am somewhat indisposed.'—'Indisposed!' cried I, with an alarmed voice—'Are you unwell?'

'It is not much,' said she: 'I will assuredly meet you alone to-morrow.'

I did not well know what construction to put on her

conduct: I should have been still more concerned at the thoughts of her being suddenly seized with some bodily indisposition, if I had remarked any of that languor in her countenance which attends such illness; but I never saw her look with greater firmness and animation than when she left me. In the evening I had some conversation with the maid, who, I observed, sat not, as usual, in the room with her mistress, but in one adjoining. I asked if the lady was indisposed and gone to bed? She answered, 'that she rather thought that something had vexed la marquise, because she had not even reclined on the bed, as was her custom during any slight indisposition, but seemed uncommonly thoughtful, and expressed a wish to be alone.'

You shall have the sequel in my next. Yours ever,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXIX.

The Same in Continuation.

Frankfort.

The following morning, a little before our usual hour of breakfasting, the marchioness sent me word that she was inclined to breakfast in her bed-chamber, but that she would meet me an hour after in the parlour. I was there considerably before that time was expired: she entered the room about the hour appointed. There was a solemnity in her manner that I had never observed before. To the usual inquiries she answered only by bowing her head. She then expressed a desire to be allowed to speak, without interruption, until she had finished all she wished to say. I promised to be silent; and she expressed herself in the following terms.—

'Independent of the important obligations which I lie under to you, for which I shall ever feel the highest gratitude, I have observed qualities in you, sir, which must command the esteem of every one, and might win the affection of any woman whose heart was disengaged.

Why does Mordaunt [illegible] and offer [illegible]?

Though I did not think myself at liberty to acquaint you with all the particulars of my story, I *did* inform you, that I was a woman of family, a married woman, and I never gave you reason to believe that I was not a virtuous one. I was willing to impute your addresses yesterday to the general impression which, I have been told, prevails in your country respecting gallantry in France. I endeavoured to convince you of your mistake; notwithstanding which your behaviour was such as no modest woman could permit, and as would have prevented me from ever desiring again to see any other man who had behaved in the same manner. To you, sir, I wished to explain myself farther, because I freely acknowledge that it would be most painful to me to withdraw my esteem and friendship from one who has laid me under such weighty obligations.

'Be assured that you are in an error with regard to the ladies of my country. Though endowed with more vivacity than some of their neighbours, they equally know to distinguish gaiety from vice. I myself was educated in virtuous principles, under the eye of the best and most amiable of her sex.—O! my beloved, my lamented mother, never shall the maxims which you taught and practised be erased from the memory of your unhappy daughter!'

Here her voice failed; she burst into tears, and she continued sobbing for a considerable time. I was as unable to speak as she was. Having dried up her tears, with an air of dignified composure, she resumed,—'I have to inform you, sir, that I am not only a married woman, but the wife of a man of honour; a man whom I always esteemed and loved, and whose misfortunes render him dearer to me than ever; one who, in the days of our prosperity, returned my love with equal affection, and has ever honoured me with his entire confidence. At this moment, sir, he is fully informed of my escape from Vevay by your means; that I have travelled and lodged at inns with you: I have even described you to him with

the partiality which is natural for a grateful heart to feel for a benefactor, yet I am confident that he does not harbour one sentiment of jealousy. Even a woman who had little regard for the virtue of chastity would be shocked at the idea of being unfaithful to such a man; and were I capable of such wickedness the whole world would detest me—you yourself would despise me. But if I could be made certain of the world's remaining in ignorance, and of your continued regard, still I should be odious in my own eyes. The service you rendered me would appear to me a curse instead of a benefit, because, in rescuing me from oppression, it had led to my seduction into vice.'

Here she paused. She seemed greatly disturbed. As for me I was quite confounded. I did not see the objects before my eyes distinctly—they seemed to move in a circle. I had experienced something of the same kind, during two or three seconds, after receiving a blow on the head, in a skirmish near Mantua. The difference was, that after the confusion occasioned by the blow, no sense of shame took place; whereas I never was so completely out of countenance in my life as in the present instance; I had neither power nor inclination to interrupt her silence.—She herself resumed.

'I am duly sensible, sir, of what I owe you—I shall be ever grateful: but, after what passed yesterday, we must separate—I can no longer remain in your company. I intended, as you know, to pass over to England; I retain the same design still; but I shall remain at this place until I hear of your arrival at Hamburg, and of your having sailed from thence.'

I could be silent no longer.—I began by expressing sorrow for having offended her—I declared it should be the last time. The embarrassment that must have been evident in my apology had a more powerful effect, perhaps, than if it had been better arranged and more eloquent. She saw that I was sincere. I desired, with earnestness, that I might have the honour of accompanying her to England. When I had prevailed on her to agree

to this, I said, 'that if she had any scruples at my proceeding with her to London, that I should leave her before she entered it, and call on her the day after to assist in directing her to proper lodgings, and in whatever else I could be of use; and it needed not appear that I had accompanied her during any part of the journey.'

She replied, 'that it certainly was of importance not only to *be* innocent, but also to *appear* so; that the one, however, was infinitely of more importance than the other; that the first also was in every one's power, whereas the second was not; that she was aware that her journey from Vevay to London, in the company of a man of my appearance, would expose her to the attacks of malignity; but that having already informed her husband of it, she was indifferent who else knew it; that she had some acquaintance in London, among whom there were several natives of her own country; but that the person on whose protection she chiefly relied was an English lady, one of the worthiest of her sex, who had been the friend of her mother; that her first care, after she should arrive in London, would be to wait on her; and that she would be directed by her advice in subsequent measures.'

Being unwilling that my brother should hear that I had come over in company with a foreign lady, before I should have an opportunity of explaining the matter to him, I expressed a wish that she would not mention my name to any of her English acquaintance.

To this she assented.

I then hinted, 'that London was so vast a city, that she might, perhaps, have a difficulty in finding the lady.'

To this she said, 'that the lady in question was of a rank in life that precluded any difficulty of that nature.'

I own I had some curiosity to know who this woman is; but she declined naming her, and I thought it would be unbecoming to put a single question on the subject.

Now, Sommers, I am persuaded that the issue of this business is very different from what you expected. My

first meeting with this lady, our escape, and being pressed so long together in the same carriage, announced another catastrophe to the adventure. After Virgil says

> 'Speluncam Dido, dux et Trojanus, eandem
> Devenient,'——

no reader can imagine that she is to go out precisely the same as she went in: as little could it have been foreseen, that a young, handsome, gay French woman, (for, though under the gloom of misfortune, madame de —— is naturally of a gay disposition), could have cleared her way through the labyrinth in which she wandered with me.

Do you ask, Has she entirely cleared her way? I answer, *Entirely*, and for ever. Were we in the reign of Jupiter, and I a believing Pagan, I should as soon attempt to seduce a Vestal, while she was feeding the sacred fire, as I would now renew my former addresses to madame de ——.

Do not think that it is merely by the force of her remonstrance that she has brought me to this determination? Very sublime speeches have been addressed to me by other ladies in similar situations, without altering my proceedings; because, in the midst of their heroics, I plainly saw that *less* was meant than met the ear. On such occasions it often happens that some part of the defendant's behaviour inspires the assailant with hope, and betrays a secret wish to throw upon him as much of the guilt as possible, without the intention of being herself finally deprived of the pleasure.

Nothing of this nature appeared in the conduct of madame de ——: her whole behaviour was uniformly and unaffectedly modest. She sincerely loves her husband, and as sincerely esteems her own honour. To have allured her from the course in which alone she can have peace of mind, had that been in my power, which it was not, would have given me, as well as her, lasting remorse.—Do not smile, and attempt to quote cases in which I have not been so scrupulous. Though you are acquainted with my whole secret history, you can quote no case ex-

actly in point. Observe that I do not attempt to justify myself in every instance that you can adduce: all I assert is, that there is an essential difference between prevailing on a woman to give up a jewel on which she puts but a moderate value, and for which she, however erroneously, thinks she receives an equivalent, and seducing another to part with what she esteems invaluable, and the loss of which depresses her mind with endless sorrow.

You will possibly imagine that, in my conduct to the marquise, I did not observe the doctrine, that, if I remember right, I endeavoured to establish in my letter respecting Travers and the lady at Lisbon—namely, that *a man of sense*, though unrestrained by principle, will not attempt the seduction of a woman of unblemished character without some encouragement on her part, or his thinking he has seen some degree of levity in her behaviour.

This doctrine I still adhere to, let it bear ever so hard against my own claim to the title of a man of sense: but I must at the same time say, that the doctrine was founded on observations made on British manners. I never thought it equally applicable in some other countries, and as little so in France as in any part of the continent of Europe. If a man makes love to a married English woman, she will think herself obliged to manifest anger in the first place, even although she is disposed to comply in a decent time; whereas a married French woman, in the same situation, will not think it at all necessary to display anger, even although she be fully resolved never to break her marriage vow.

This circumstance shows, at least, that gallantry of this nature is considered with more indulgence in the one country than the other. I knew that madame la marquise had lived in the most fashionable circles at Paris, and I did not know what effect example might have had on her mind. I am now ashamed at my own want of penetration, in not having seen, from the whole of her conduct, from the moment I first met with her, that she was a woman of dignity of mind and incorruptible virtue.

But what you will think as singular as any circumstance of this eventful history is, that although I admire the beauty of this woman as much as ever, her conduct has extinguished within my breast every sentiment regarding her, but those of respect, esteem, and friendship, with an earnest wish to promote her happiness and that of her husband.

My observations on life convince me that the heart passes more naturally from friendship to love, than from love to friendship; but this applies only to successful love, where satiety may have taken place, which can never happen in my intercourse with this lady.

I have written to Travers to take the same furnished house I was in when last at London: or, if that cannot be had, one in the same quarter. I am not fond of remaining long at an hotel, and still less of living entirely at my brother's. I love him most affectionately, and would do any thing to oblige him, except marrying. Besides his being apt to harp a little too much on that discordant string, his house is frequented by a set of people who pass under the denomination of 'the best kind of people in the world,' and are, notwithstanding, exceedingly tiresome. My brother, though his health is delicate, though he thinks it worse than it is, and though he seldom goes abroad, yet he *lives*, to use the common phrase for keeping an excellent table, is as well as any man in England. Though he is a man of great good sense, he is one of still greater good nature: his house is open to a number of those same *best kind of people in the world*—you are sure of having four or five of them at dinner every day. What they are called the best kind of people for I never could imagine. To praise the wind, and assent to whatever is said, is, no doubt, a proper and becoming behaviour at a nobleman's table; but the conversation of those who do nothing else, one should think, would become wearisome at last. Were I in my brother's situation, I should endeavour to oblige such people in some other way. He endeavours to oblige them in some other way, and in that way also; and

so proves his benevolence to be greater than that of your friend,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXX.

From the Same to the Same.

MY DEAR SOMMERS, *Hamburg.*

I MIGHT have been with you by the time you will receive this, had I not been tempted to remain two days for the conveniency of a passage in Captain ——'s frigate, which he offered me in the frankest manner. He seems to possess all the good sense, benevolence, and military ardour that I so much admired in his brother, with whom I was so intimate at Corsica; to which he joins much original humour. When I mentioned the marchioness, he said, 'that a passage in his frigate, instead of going in the packet, was of more importance to her than to me; because the chance of her being taken by any French cruisers would be less: and that, even with regard to myself, I ought not to consider the event of being taken by the French in the same light now as formerly, when prisoners of war were certain of being treated with humanity, and often with politeness; that the reverse was the case now. He spoke with great indignation of the insults which General O'Hara and Sir Sidney Smith had undergone: to palliate which, the directory had accused the British government of cruelty to its prisoners; a calumny that was not credited, even in France, and is contradicted by the united voice of the prisoners themselves. Captain —— declared, at the same time, that if he should have the good fortune to come in sight of an enemy's frigate, during the passage, we might rely on being entertained with a chase, and probably an engagement, before he could land us: this, he knew, would be an additional motive with me for giving him the pleasure of my company;' adding, 'that it would be so also to the French lady, if she happened to be of the same disposi-

tion with a countrywoman of his, of very high rank, who, with her husband and some other company, came on board his frigate, when he was cruising off Cherbourg, from another vessel, in which they had been sailing for pleasure, but to which they were prevented from returning, for two days, by the violence of the weather. During this interval, there was at one time reason to expect that they would have an engagement with a French frigate of equal force. This lady, so far from betraying any fear, when she saw the crew in high spirits from the hope of a victory, expressed as much satisfaction as any of them, saying—'She wished to have the pleasure of seeing French colours strike to the British; which, though it often happened, she had never witnessed, except at the theatres.'

This town is at present swarming with strangers; French, in particular, abound, and form a striking contrast with the natives: two meagre emigrants might, by a good carver, be easily cut out of one well-fed burgher of Hamburg. Sour-crout and smoked-beef are undoubtedly the most nourishing of all food. How the French were ever able to get the better, in the field, of the portly Germans, I do not comprehend; yet, notwithstanding their full living, the Hamburgers look as serious and sad as if they were under the terror of a revolutionary tribunal; whereas the emigrants frisk about, as gay and elastic as squirrels in a chesnut-grove.

There is nothing for which the French were ever so greatly to be envied as their good spirits, and the cheerfulness they display under misfortune; and they never had such an opportunity of manifesting this enviable quality as since their revolution. The inhabitants of every country of Europe have reason to complain of its consequences, surely, in a much less degree than the French emigrants; yet I have found the most cheerful and agreeable society among them, in every country through which I have passed.

I am sorry to hear that the dread of invasion still depresses the spirits of any friend of England. The brilli-

ant state of our navy alone ought to remove every fear of that nature. France, under no form of government, and by no efforts, can create a navy equal to that of Great Britain; and now, when the whole island is armed, and in the way of being well-disciplined, that navy may be employed in every quarter of the globe. The idea of an invasion of England, in its present condition, fully armed, and unanimous against the public enemy, must be more terrible to the invaders than to the invaded. For my own part, I am a little ashamed to be out of the island, when such a thing is in contemplation; and nothing would have kept me abroad so long, except my fear of disobliging my brother, on a subject which I find interests more now than ever. His ill health has at last determined him to renounce all thoughts of marriage; which makes him wonderfully anxious that I should submit my neck to the yoke without loss of time: to encourage me to this, he either personally, or by proxy, has taken the trouble, as I do very much suspect, to court for me. I am given to understand, as I formerly hinted to you, that I have a very advantageous match, as they call it, in my power. The rank and fortune of the damsel are vaunted: neither are my lures. Indeed I know not what is—

'Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ;'*——

that is, I am not such a child as I was when I first met that jade the comtessina. I never can be fonder of a woman than I was of her; and what a pretty situation should I be in at present had I married her: this thought has occurred to me a thousand times since. By your assistance, my good friend, I escaped from her snares: this reflection, joined to the experience I have since had of my own mutability, inspires me with as great a reluctance to matrimony as my brother can possibly have: yet I have received various letters from him of late, urging me to this measure in the most earnest terms; stating the advantages that will result to myself, the comfort it will be to him to know that his title and estate are secured to the

* Horace.

family, and to descend to my posterity.—He is more careful of my posterity, you see, than I am myself. He hates the person to whom his title and estate would go, failing his own and my children; and cannot bear the thought of their being transmitted to him or his descendants: this, I am convinced, more than any other consideration, moves him to press me so earnestly. Am I to give up the freedom I love, and wear fetters all my life, to prevent an event which gives me no concern, merely because the chance of it fills another person with uneasiness. Since he has so great a dread of such a catastrophe, I wish to the Lord he would take the trouble of securing against it, by begetting his own heirs. If he did, you will tell me that I should be cut from the view of ever possessing his title and estate. I do assure you, Sommers, *that* idea gives me no pain; I am persuaded of nothing more fully, than that more riches would not increase my happiness; and, as for the peerage, if ever I shall have the good fortune to perform services to my country, worthy of such an honour, I should receive it from his majesty with gratitude and gladness: but a peerage, obtained by the death of my brother, would fill me with sorrow—and one conferred for no other merit than that of commanding a few votes for a minister could not in the least gratify my vanity. You perceive, therefore, that I have no inducement to change my condition, unless to gratify my brother. I should think that inducement sufficient, if I did not consider his motive as a little whimsical, and if what he requests did not overset all my notions of happiness. As for the particular lady he has in his eye, I am still in the dark; he has certainly given no hint to any of my relations, otherwise I should have received it among my last dispatches; some of them are the most communicative people I ever had any experience of. My aunt, Lady Susan, could not have omitted an article of so much importance: she writes to me all she knows, often more than I wish to know, and a great deal of what she knows nothing. The lady his lordship has chosen for me is comprehended in the last article: I have not the least curi-

osity to be better informed, being fully resolved to remain the most obedient humble servant of the whole sex. I have too much affection for the sweet creatures ever to marry any of them: not that I do not envy many who do, particularly yourself. I am fully convinced, from your account of your Juliet, and my knowledge of your character, that you are one of the happiest men of my acquaintance. Long may it be so, my dear Sommers. You were always a steady fellow; but what has a wavering animal like me to do with such a lasting business as matrimony. No; any thing to oblige you but that, my dear brother: in this resolution, at least, I shall be invariable. Let this, however, remain a secret between you and me, colonel; for, though I shall endeavour to wave, evade, and procrastinate my brother's favourite plan of matrimonizing me, I will not afflict him with the idea that it never shall take place. I have still hopes that his own health will be so much re-established, as to induce him to follow the advice he gives me.

I shall inform you of my arrival in London; and, as soon as the marchioness shall be settled in somewhat of a comfortable style, I will endeavour to persuade Travers to accompany me to Hampshire. When I shall have succeeded in tranquillizing my brother's mind on the grand point, I will return to the capital, endeavour to be of what farther service to the marchioness may be in my power, and then set out for your happy retreat. I wish to know, with all her love, whether your Juliet has more friendship for her husband than I have for my old schoolfellow? Adieu!

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXXI.

From the Same to the Same,

London.

We arrived on Tuesday, without having been stopped by a single highwayman between Portsmouth and London.

The marchioness thought this a piece of wonderful good luck; having imbibed the same idea with most foreigners, that it is two to one in favour of a person's being robbed, before he travels fifty miles, in England: this they find to be a mistake; but I have heard many of them, who while they acknowledged it, declare, at the same time, that the innkeepers, in a great measure, supplied the omissions of the highwaymen.

Travers had called twice: the second time he left a note, to inform me that he had secured my old lodgings; so I slept there the first night, leaving the marchioness and her maid at the hotel.

When I waited on her next day, I found madame de ——, a relation of hers, with her. She seems a very agreeable woman, and will be of great utility to the marchioness, having been a considerable time in England, and speaking the language with wonderful correctness for one of her country. Hitherto the French, in general, have taken less trouble than any nation to acquire the languages of other countries. All Europe has reason to lament the cause of such numbers of them being now under a greater necessity, than the people of any other nation, to obtain that acquirement.

Madame de ——, who is a widow, invited her friend to live with her: this was declined; but a lodging was found to the marchioness's taste in the same street. She has already been visited by some of the most respectable of the French at present in London. But she has now told me, that the person in this country on whose friendship she has the greatest reliance is Lady Diana Franklin, who, when she was last at Paris, lived in great intimacy with the marchioness's mother, for whom she had the greatest regard, and with whom she afterwards kept a friendly correspondence, until all correspondence of that nature was interrupted between the two nations.

I have had the pleasure of being in company, two or three times, with Lady Diana: she is assuredly the very flower of old maids; a class to which she is thought not only nominally, but essentially, to belong; and that from

choice, having been powerfully solicited to enter into another. I never knew a woman more universally well spoken of by all, but those of whom nobody speaks well; unless it be occasionally by Lady Diana herself, who often finds something good to say of the very worst.

The marchioness was greatly disappointed on being informed that Lady Diana was in Devonshire, and not expected to return very soon. She has however written to that lady. She waits also with impatience for a letter from her husband, by which her future proceedings will be regulated. Before she can receive that, I expect to return from my brother's; until which time I have reminded her that she is not to mention my name, either in her letters to Lady Diana, or in discourse to any person in London. I should be sorry it was at all known that I came in her company before I have fully explained all the circumstances to my brother.

I find that I shall not be able to go to Rosemount so very soon as I expected, Travers having entangled me in a business of his, which it is needless to mention.

You shall hear from me when I set out. Meanwhile I am, &c.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XXXII.

Lady DIANA FRANKLIN *to Miss* HORATIA CLIFFORD.

MY DEAR HORATIA, *Plimpton.*

I HAVE just received a letter from madame la marquise de ——, dated London. How happy I am that she has made her escape from that country of horrors! You have often heard me speak of the civilities I received from this lady's mother, when I was last at Paris. Accustomed from her youth to the splendour of a court, and living in intimacy with people in power, she not only united ease and affability to dignity of manner, but also retained a sensibility of heart to all the calls of private

friendship. She was at once a woman of wit, and of great good nature.

It is a common notion, that those two qualities are seldom united. I never was entirely of that opinion, and less so since I became acquainted with you, my dear, than ever. But whether the notion is well-founded in general, or not, I am sure that the marchioness possessed both those qualities in an eminent degree. Her good-nature never for a moment forsook her, and wit seemed always to lie in her way, without her ever going in search of it.

Her chief care, when I knew her, was to cultivate the mind of her daughter, in which she had as easy a task as those whose business it was to give grace to a person, both being admirably formed for doing honour to her instructors. This accomplished young woman was soon after married to the marquis of ——, a man of character, greatly approved of by her mother. He emigrated early in the revolution, and was in the army of the prince of Condé. The mother and daughter were both imprisoned during the tyranny of Robespierre. I heard, with much sorrow, that the former fell a victim to the cruelty of that monster; and I was afterwards informed that the daughter had been liberated; by what means I know not; nor have I ever received certain intelligence concerning her since. I regret exceedingly my not being in London at present; and that my poor friend, Mrs. Denham, is in such a state, that it would be cruel in me to leave her. What can be a stronger proof of this than my not flying directly to London to meet the daughter of my friend, a stranger, perhaps in pecuniary distress?

In your last you inform me that you intend to take your leave of Mrs. Sommers very soon; that you can no longer evade the repeated invitations of your aunt; and that you will set out for the capital at the beginning of next month, and remain with her till my arrival.

I hope it will not be very inconvenient for you, my dear, to go directly on receiving this. Who else can I intrust with the delicate commission I wish to be carried to the marchioness?

You are not a great deal younger than herself: your manners are so very—I will not say what your manners are—but I am sure you will gain her confidence. I inclose a draft on my banker. I once intended to have sent it in the letter addressed to herself, but she might have thought it too free. Her father had a great deal of pride.—You will manage it with more delicacy—you will see the proper time of making her the offer.—Let her know how often you have heard me speak of the obligations I lie under to her mother. In my letter to her, I inform her that, notwithstanding the great distance of our ages, you are my confidential friend.—I say I was the friend of your mother as much as of her's; and I hint distantly at the commission with which I have intrusted you. She may think it strange that I do not go directly to London—I dare say she expected this—it was most natural that she should.—Pray, my dear, explain this.

Mrs. Denham is really very ill—weak in mind as well as body: she has no friend near her but myself. Were I to leave her at present, I do believe it would entirely break her heart.

I am convinced that Mrs. Sommers will not endeavour to keep you an hour after you tell her how very earnest I am that you should set out for London directly; but I need not add that you ought not to give any hint of one *part* of my commission.—I flatter myself that your next letter will be dated London.—Do not trouble yourself to write till you get there, and have seen the marchioness. I remain, my dear Horatio, yours most affectionately,

D. FRANKLIN.

LETTER XXXIII.

Miss HORATIA CLIFFORD *to Lady* DIANA FRANKLIN.

As soon as I received your letter, my dear Lady Diana, I mentioned the contents to Mrs. Sommers, and told her that I should set out for London very early next morning.

I had before agreed to remain with them a week longer. If I am not excessively deceived, the thought of my unexpected departure gave uneasiness to both the colonel and her: neither, however, opposed my going; they were sensible that no entreaties would have prevailed on me to stay. The colonel is as devoid of affectation as his wife: and you have said that you never knew any one more free from it than Juliet. They are a very happy couple: they seem to me to stand in need of no society but that of each other. How different from the situation of some of our married acquaintance, who are exceedingly hospitable, not from fondness of the company of their guests, but from weariness of their own.

You remember our visit to your relations, Mr. and Mrs. Frothley, six weeks after their marriage. When you spoke of returning to town, I shall never forget how very earnestly we were pressed to stay another day—'Only one other day,' said Mrs. Frothley.'—'You surely will not be so cruel,' added her husband, 'to refuse us one single day.' We remained accordingly; but you were afraid that we should be pressed as much to stay a second and a third day: but, to your astonishment, we were allowed to go the next morning, without either husband or wife expressing a wish for our stay. Mrs. Frothley's confidential friend, Mrs. Pierce, explained this to me. They expected no company on the day we were so much pressed to stay, and dreaded being left together; they knew of a relief the day after, and therefore made no opposition to our going.

It is different, thank heaven! with my friend Juliet and her husband; and it is my happiness to believe they were sorry for my departure—not *because*,—but *notwithstanding*, they were to be left alone.

London.

I wrote the above at an inn on my way to town, where I arrived last night. As it was not late, and I was no way fatigued, I had some inclination to have waited directly on the marchioness. My aunt exclaimed so much against it, that I was obliged to yield the point.—I went

immediately after breakfast this morning, and have just returned: she is, indeed, a charming woman. As soon as she had read your letter, which I gave the maid to deliver, I heard her coming down stairs with rapidity. She has an engaging ease of manner that I never saw surpassed. Yet our conversation was at first a little ceremonious—it soon became affectionate.

'You are a near relation of Lady Diana?'

'No relation; but she honours me with her friendship.'

'That is still better.—How fortunate for so young a lady to have so valuable a friend!'

'I consider it as the greatest happiness of my life.'

'You have reason,' said she.—'That dear lady had much friendship for my mother.'

[Here she was some time unable to continue: at last, wiping her eyes, she added,]

'And, for her sake, I find she has likewise some for me.'

'Her ladyship regrets exceedingly,' said I, 'that she is absent from town at a time when her presence might be useful to you—I hope you will permit me to supply her place as much as is in my power.'

'You are very good.'

'Independent of the pleasure I should have,' resumed I, 'of being at all serviceable to you on your own account, I know that it will be the most effectual means I can adopt of obliging one whom it is the study and pride of my life to oblige; one who has behaved to me like a second mother.'

'Ah, my God! Has mademoiselle lost her first?'

[She saw me afflicted, and she apologized for recalling afflictive ideas to my mind.]

'It is to Lady Diana's friendship for my departed mother,' said I, 'that I am indebted for her partiality to me.'—'Her concern for me,' cried she, 'is from the same cause.'

[This similarity seemed a new link to our beginning

friendship: she looked at me, as I thought, with increased affection.]

'Where did your mother die?'

'I my arms,' I answered.

[She seemed greatly moved—She stood with her eyes fixed on me, yet with a wildness of gaze, as if her mind was occupied with something different from what her eyes beheld—She then exclaimed, with a voice of anguish],

'And mine by the hands of murderers—on a scaffold!' She shrieked.

[She sunk on the couch, and continued sobbing, with her handkerchief pressed to her face. I wished to say something consolatory, but could not. After a considerable interval she became more composed, and, with a look of tenderness, she resumed,]

'Do you not intend soon, my dear lady, to visit your friend in the country?'

'Lady Diana is at present with a friend in distress, who cannot receive company, but whom she expects to be able to leave soon; and I certainly shall not quit London till she arrives.'

'Alas! the happiness of that good lady's life is likely to be much interrupted by the distresses of others.'

'The greatest happiness of her life consists in relieving the distressed.'

'It is a great blessing to have the power of such enjoyment,' said she.

'It is, perhaps, as great a blessing to have a taste for such enjoyment,' added I.

'True,' rejoined she. 'For though those who want the power are apt to exclaim against many who have it, because they are deficient in the inclination, there is much reason to fear that many more of these very exclaimers would be still more deficient in the inclination, were the power given to themselves.'

'It may be so,' said I; 'but it cannot be so fully proved until the trial is made.'

'My God!' said she, with emotion, 'has not the trial been made in my miserable country. How many wretches,

formerly in indigence, are now in affluence! But where is their desire of doing good? What is become of their vaunted benevolence? How do they relieve the poor, except by luxuries, greater perhaps, and certainly grosser, than those they exclaimed against, when they were themselves in a state of poverty?'

'I am convinced,' said I, 'that there are few situations in which a truly humane and benevolent mind will not find the power of doing good offices.'

'You are right,' added she; 'and you may depend upon it, that those who, while in confined circumstances, give no proof of a benevolent disposition, except declarations how generous they would be if they were rich, will give as few if they ever should become rich. I have heard much good,' continued she, 'of the English ladies —Pray, are there many like your friend?'

'It would be fortunate for England that the number was still greater.'

'Ay,' rejoined she, 'or for any other country. France was formerly distinguished for amiable and accomplished women, who gave the stamp of elegance, decorum, and even taste, to society; women, whose company was courted by the most enlightened men of the age in which they lived.—My God! what an alteration! The French were formerly thought to carry cheerfulness into every society, now they spread sadness wherever they go: they were formerly accused of too great levity—Gracious Heaven! how infinitely preferable was it to the atrocity that has been ingrafted on the national character since.'

[Imagining that although her recent misfortunes made her speak with bitterness of her country, yet that she would rather be pleased to hear it mentioned with respect by a stranger, I said:]

'The character of a great nation, such as France, is not to be changed by the crimes of a few men, however atrocious.'

'Alas!' exclaimed she, 'my dear Miss Clifford, France, from the happiest country, has become the most wretch-

ed. The manners of its inhabitants, from being amiable, have become disgusting. Robespierre had communicated his spirit to many before he expired: the venom of that serpent still ferments in the nation, and threatens to infect all Europe.—Be assured that the national character is perverted.'

I certainly have no inclination to palliate the crimes that have been committed in France since the revolution: But I can make a distinction between those men who acted from honest motives, and those who were impelled by ambition, self-interest, or revenge: I perceived, however, that she could not bear such discrimination; her mind being fixed on the horrid result, she disregarded the motives of those who began the revolution, and held the memory of all who had at any period promoted it in the utmost detestation. I immediately dropped the subject.

Although I showed more moderation, I do not pretend to more candour than the marchioness possesses. The opposite light in which the same object appears oftener proceeds from a difference of situation, than a difference of character, in the spectators. She has been a positive and personal sufferer by the revolution: I certainly have also experienced very uneasy sensations from sympathy with the unfortunate; but—my God! what a difference.

I had been watching an opportunity of giving the draft; and when I thought a proper one had presented itself, I said, 'that from the present situation of her country, and the manner in which she had been obliged to quite it, Lady Diana was certain that her affairs could not be well arranged, and had, therefore, desired me to leave the paper, which I directly laid on the table, and was then hurrying away.'

She begged of me to stop; and having glanced at the draft, she said,—'I expected something of this nature, from an expression in Lady Diana's letter: but I have no occasion at present, my dear; I have already a considerable credit with a banker in London; I am far more fortunate than many of my countrymen. I will inform

Lady Diana of all these particulars; but, in the meantime, you must take back this; Lady Diana shall keep it until I really need it—but that will not be very soon; for I am rich enough to live a long time in London in the style I intend to live.'

I began to express how very much it would oblige you if she would allow me to leave the draft.

'I would do much to oblige so very generous and so amiable a lady, my dear; but it would not oblige her except it obliged me; and at present I assure you it would not; so you must take the paper with you. I am fully sensible of Lady Diana's friendship, of which I mean to avail myself in other respects.

Fully convinced that any farther attempt would be fruitless, I did as she desired.

A lady and gentleman of her own country calling soon after, I took my leave of the marchioness.

My aunt means to wait on her with me to-morrow; and you may rely upon every thing being done, to render her situation comfortable, that is in my power.

I beg to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Denham: and I remain, most affectionately, yours,

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER XXXIV.

Miss HORATIO CLIFFORD *to Lady* DIANA FRANKLIN.

London.

I SHOULD have had a strong sense of gratitude towards you, my dear Lady Diana, although you had never done me any other favour than that of making me acquainted with the marchioness. I grow fonder of her every day; and what you will think more surprising, my aunt seems to be as fond of her as I am. I had some fears, before they met, that this would not have been the case. She always had a prejudice against foreigners, to whatever country they belonged; this prejudice is now stronger than ever; because, she says, they all put her in mind of

the French. My uncle, who is the most candid man alive, sometimes rallies her on this head. Yesterday we had two persons at dinner who were much of my aunt's way of thinking; one a country squire, from the bishopric of Durham, the other a merchant from the city. The conversation had continued, for some time, on the superiority of this island in all respects, climate among the rest, over every other part of the globe. My uncle, though he has a very favourable opinion of both his country and countrymen, thinking their superiority had been carried a great deal too high, was silent.

'Have you nothing to say in favour of Old England, Mr. Darnley?' said my aunt.

'What need is there of saying more, my dear,' answered he, 'after it has been clearly proved, that, were it not for Old England, the rest of the world would not have been worth creating!'

'Well, well,' resumed she, 'you may laugh at my preference as much as you please, Mr. Darnley; but I would be glad to see any country that can be compared to England.'

'It will be very difficult to gratify you in that, my dear,' answered he; 'especially if you adhere to your resolution of never going out of England.'

'Then,' said she, 'I shall remain ungratified; for, in spite of all their fine descriptions, I am resolved to go to none of their foreign countries, particularly not to France.'

Notwithstanding her prejudice, the engaging manners of the marchioness have won the heart of my aunt. She behaves to her in the kindest manner possible. She has dined with us frequently; and my aunt never fails to put me in mind to invite the marchioness's company as often as I go to call on her, which is generally once every day.

I hinted, in a note last week, that the marchioness had expressed an inclination to communicate the most interesting particulars of her story to me.

As my aunt seldom drives out in a morning, and I

have her chariot entirely at my command, I have carried the marchioness to many of those places, near London, which excite the curiosity of strangers. On our return from one of those, I reminded her of her promise; and she told me, that if I would accept of part of her fricassée, and pass the evening at her lodgings, she would fulfil the promise of which I had so often reminded her.

Having obtained my aunt's leave, I dined with the marchioness that very day. She ordered herself to be denied, and favoured me with the narrative, which I have since written to the best of my recollection, and shall send you by your footman William, who is to set out for Devonshire the day after to-morrow.

The reason of your having received only one short note from me, during so long an interval, is, that my spare time has been occupied in transcribing that narrative. Much of its force is lost in my translation; yet, had I been able to communicate it to you in the very language of the marchioness, still you would lose the graces of her voice and manner. Acquainted as I am, however, my dear Lady Diana, with your sensibility, I am apt to think it better, on the whole, that some of the circumstances are conveyed to you thus weakened, than with the pathetic poignancy they were impressed on me.

The marchioness has been so warmly solicited, by a lady of rank, to pass some time at Richmond, that she went there yesterday, and is at present with a pretty numerous society of her own country-people. You may direct to her there till I inform you of her return to town.

H. C.

The STORY *of Madame la* MARQUISE *de* ———, *as narrated by herself to Miss* CLIFFORD.

My father was a man of birth and of considerable fortune, most of which he had spent in the service before he married my mother; but he then enjoyed court favour, a government, and other lucrative offices. He was forty years

of age, and she only twenty. Her fortune was more ample than his had ever been; yet he had so liberal and magnificent a turn of mind, that, when he died, my mother's fortune, of which he could draw only the rents, was all he left as a provision for his family.

Three years before his death I had been boarded in a convent, contrary to the inclination of my mother, who would rather that I had been educated at home under her own eye: but my father gave frequent entertainments, was proud of my mother's accomplishments, and feared that her attention to my education would often prevent her from appearing in those assemblies, of which he considered her as the greatest ornament. My mother yielded *with regret* a point which she thought very material.

The convent in which I was boarded, and where I remained three years, had a high reputation. Those nuns, to which the education of the boarders is peculiarly intrusted, execute the task, for the most part, in a conscientious manner, and to the best of their understanding. The impression they make on the young mind very often remains through life. This impression has an opposite effect, according to the character of those on which it is made. Some it renders superstitious; others, soon after they are introduced into society, on hearing some of the notions and practices they learned at the convent turned into ridicule, are apt to become irreligious. On me the impression was of the first kind; for, at the time I was removed from the convent, I had a great inclination to become a nun.

[Here I could not help interrupting the marchioness with a sudden exclamation—]

'Good heaven! to become a nun.'

'Yes, my dear,' resumed she, smiling; 'and if at that age you had lived as long in the same society, for some of the nuns were extremely amiable as well as pious, I make no doubt but you would have had the same inclination.']

Secluded from the ordinary occupations of life, it is

not surprising that they should place almost the whole of goodness in the performance of religious ceremonies and devout contemplations. Some particular ceremonies may even be amusing to the fancy of a child; and at any rate was, I thought, an easy purchase for that eternal happiness to be secured by performing them, and which I was instructed would be endangered by living more at large in the world.

An incident of a peculiar nature, however, induced my mother to insist with my father that I should be removed from the convent sooner than she had agreed to; after which the company and conversation of my mother gradually diminished my prejudice in favour of the convent, and I lost all desire to be a nun. But while she endeavoured to efface every trace of childish superstition from my mind, she took equal pains to imprint sentiments of rational piety in their stead. She described superstition to me as a weakness, which she thought, however, had not so pernicious an effect on the female character as infidelity; she told me that the most profligate women she had ever known were those who were, or affected to be, infidels. Superstition, therefore, she contemned, but impiety filled her with horror.

[I again interrupted the marchioness's narrative, saying, 'that, if she had no objection, I had some curiosity to know what the incident was which determined her mother to remove her from the convent sooner than she had before agreed to.' But thinking that she hesitated a little, I immediately added, 'that if it was of a secret nature, or if, for any other reason, she had the smallest scruple to communicate it, I begged she would forgive me, and proceed.'

'Secret nature—no—it is rather of a ridiculous nature,' answered the marchioness; 'but, such as it is, since you wish to know it, you shall be indulged.']

You can hardly form a notion, my dear Miss Clifford, (continued the marchioness), of the strange incongruous ideas that may be united in the brain of young persons by certain impressions, and by the ambiguity of words.

In the convent in which I was, a young relation of mine was also a boarder—about fifteen years of age, of a lively imagination, and considered as a little saint, on account of the animation of her gestures in performing the usual ceremonies of devotion, and the fervour of her expressions, when she spoke on religious subjects.

Sermons were occasionally preached in the chapel adjoining to the convent. A tall, handsome ecclesiastic, of a majestic appearance, preached an eloquent sermon on the love we owe to God. This sermon, and the preacher, seemed to make a deep impression on the young lady; she was more thoughtful than usual, and sometimes seemed quite lost in meditation. She told me one day, that though she had always loved God, she was now sensible that she never had, in the degree that she ought, until she heard the comely ecclesiastic's sermon. She owned that her former love approached to coldness, when compared with what she now felt; that formerly she seldom had thought of him, except when she was at her prayers, and sometimes not even then; but now he entirely occupied her thoughts by day and night.

This young lady's mother had been for a considerable time in a distant province of France. The daughter had always mentioned her to me in the most affectionate terms, regretting the causes which kept her so long absent, and looking forward to her return as a source of happiness.

My mother called one day at the convent, and informed the young lady, that her mother, finding that she would be detained still a considerable time in the country, and being impatient to see her, was to send a person to Paris, to accompany the young lady to the province:—that she might therefore prepare for her departure within a few days.

So far from manifesting any appearance of joy, as my mother expected, the young lady seemed rather afflicted at the news.

'What! are you not happy at the thoughts of returning so soon to Languedoc?' said my mother.

'No,' replied she; 'I would rather remain where I am.'

'Are you not impatient to see your mother?—I thought you had been exceedingly fond of your mother.'

'So I am very fond of her,—exceedingly fond of her, that is certain: but do not imagine that I love her as I love God, for I do love him. Gracious Heaven!' cried she, clasping her hands and turning up her eyes, 'how I do love him!'

My mother, on farther inquiry, having discovered the date and occasion of this violent passion, thought proper to remove me from the convent that very evening, and to send the young lady to her parents, at Languedoc, a few days after.

Though my mother was solicitous to lower that species of exultation on certain subjects, which my fancy had acquired in the nunnery, yet she was sensible that every attempt of that sort was to be managed with delicacy; for, as she afterwards informed me, she had heard a girl of twelve years of age, who after the death of her parents had been boarded in a convent, tell her guardian, a man of piety and literature, on his explaining some religious article differently from the sense in which she understood it, 'that in all points which concerned her salvation she would adhere to her own opinion; in other matters, of less importance, she would endeavour to show due deference to his.'

If my mother had abruptly opposed certain notions which I carried with me from the convent, and have since renounced, I am by no means certain that I should not have made some such answer as that of this self-sufficient girl; and if my opinion had been violently attacked, my prejudice in its favour would probably have increased by mere dint of defending it.

[Having again apologized to the marchioness for my interruption, and thanked her for her complaisance, she proceeded in her narrative.]

The style in which my mother lived, after the death of my father, might have been called retired, when compar-

ed with what it had been before: yet she still cultivated a select circle of acquaintance. As she was passionately fond of music, she went sometimes to the opera, and attended private concerts still oftener: she also carried me with her, on a few occasions, to what is properly called the *Théatre Française*. During my father's lifetime she attended the court assiduously; after his death she very seldom went, unless on public occasions; though she continued to see the princess Elizabeth as often as that virtuous princess, who had a great esteem for my mother, signified a desire that she should go to Versailles.

As I was an only child, and heiress to my mother's fortune, it will not surprise you that I had lovers. Several gentlemen asked her permission to pay me their addresses: none of them interested me; and she put an end to their suits, one after another, without expressing either approbation or disapprobation of my indifference. She wished to observe how I was myself inclined, without interfering before it was necessary. At last, a man of higher name, and more illustriously connected than any who had addressed me hitherto, declared his passion for me: he was handsome, genteel in his person, and related to a young lady for whom I had conceived a friendship. Though I heard his declaration with more satisfaction than I had listened to any language of the same kind before, yet I *seemed* to treat it as a common-place compliment; and when he was about to enforce it with new protestations, he was interrupted by some company that joined us.

I do not know why I did not inform my mother of this; perhaps I thought it more becoming that *he* should speak to her in the first place: perhaps I was a little afraid she might not approve: the truth is, I did not mention it when I had an opportunity; and the omission did not proceed from forgetfulness.

When he repeated his former declaration to me, I answered, 'that I never listened to language of that nature from any man without the approbation of my mother.'

He soon found an opportunity of explaining himself to

her. She was better acquainted with this person's character than I was, and did not at all approve of his proposal. She said to him, however, 'that much would depend on myself, and that she would talk to me on the subject.'

Having construed what I last said to him as an acquiescence, he told my mother that he had already obtained *my* consent, and now only needed her's.

At this my mother expressed surprise, and repeated, that she would speak with me.

The only time I ever saw any thing like reserve, in my dear mother's behaviour towards me, or any expression but that of fondness in her eyes, when directed to me, was when I first met her after her interview with this man, who I shall call by the name of Count; not wishing to distinguish him more particularly, out of regard to his family.

I had been out in the carriage with a lady, his relation, when he had called on my mother. We returned together to dinner.

Other company came after dinner; so that she had no opportunity of speaking with me till all had withdrawn.

The alteration in my mother's manner affected me so much, that the lady said—'What can be the matter with you, my dear; you were all cheerfulness while we were abroad, and now you seem quite sorrowful!' I answered, —'I was not very well;' but begged she would take no notice of it, lest it should make my mother uneasy.

As soon as the company were gone, my mother withdrew to her own apartment. I followed: my bed-chamber was adjoining to her's. She dismissed her maid as well as mine, who attended to undress us, saying, she would ring when she needed them.

Bursting into tears as soon as they were gone—'Ah! my dear mother, I fear you are displeased with me.'

'Indeed, Adelaide,' said she, 'I am.'

'Though convinced, from your behaviour, that I have done something wrong, yet I am unconscious what it is.'

'Do you pretend not to be sensible,' resumed she, 'that I have reason to be offended?'

'I *pretend* nothing,' replied I; 'I believe I must have acted improperly, but I am not sensible in what; pray inform me, that I may undo it directly.'

'Can you perceive no impropriety in assenting to the addresses of the count, without consulting me?'

'I assented to nothing. On the contrary, I told him, 'That I could listen to no man's addresses without your approbation.'

'Even that was a kind of implication,' said she, 'that you would be pleased with his addresses if I should approve.'

'Was it not also an implication, my dearest madam, that I should never more listen to them if you should *not* approve?'

'He might not see that so clearly,' she replied.

'He shall find it, however,' said I.

'The count told me that he had obtained your consent,' continued my mother.

'In that he told a falsehood,' said I; 'for my answer was what I have already mentioned, and nothing else.'

'You must be sensible,' resumed my mother, 'that your happiness, my dear, is the object nearest my heart.'

'I am fully persuaded of it,' I answered.

'Do you really wish, then, that I should consent to your being the wife of this man?'

'I shall never wish that you should consent to what you do not approve.'

'The birth of the count, his splendid connexions, his external appearance, perhaps, may have influenced you a little in his favour.'

'If ever those circumstances had any influence with me in his favour, they now weigh against him.'

'How so?'

'Because,' replied I, 'as it is evident you do not approve of him, I am convinced that you have some objection which outweighs all those advantages.'

'Indeed, my dear, I have,' said she with fervour, 'and

my objection is, that I have the strongest reason for thinking that he has a wicked heart. Heaven forbid, that all the rank, that all the riches, or any thing else which this world can bestow, should ever prevail on me to ally my child with vice!'

She afterwards told me, that she was informed of the real character of the count, partly from those who had known him from his childhood, and partly from certain adventures of his, which she had accidentally come to the knowledge of, though unknown to the public, and of which he himself was ignorant that she was acquainted. She assured me that he was devoid of principle, haughty, overbearing, and addicted to mean company, from a love of that adulation which such only can bestow.

Of the haughtiness of the count I had a pretty strong proof the following day, when he called and found me alone.

I signified to him, in the most polite terms I could, that I declined the proposal he had done me the honour to make.

'What!' said he,' 'your mother disapproves of me, then?'

'I have not mentioned my mother, sir,' said I: 'but I have informed you of my own sentiments.'

'I plainly perceive,' said he, frowning, 'that this comes from your mother.'

'Yet,' replied I, 'piqued at his insolent manner, 'I cannot see any thing wonderful or unnatural in supposing it to come entirely from myself.'

My mother entered the room at this moment—

'I understood,' said he 'madam, that the proposal I made to you would depend on your daughter's own decision.'

'I am happy to find,' said she, 'that my daughter and I think in the same way.'

'You will permit me, madam,' said he, 'to have some small doubt on that head.'

'Pray, sir, on what is your doubt founded?'

'On this madam; that it is more probable that I

may not hit the fancy of an *old* woman than of a young one.'

Having pronounced this insolent speech, he withdrew, with an air of arrogance.

This behaviour bears more resemblance to the manners of the rudest people of Europe, than to what might be expected from a man of rank, in a country distinguished for politeness, before all traces of politeness, as well as of humanity, were banished from the nation. I have heard it remarked, however, by some who have had opportunities of comparing the characters of the various nations of Europe, that though Frenchmen were more polite than their neighbours by art, yet they were less so by nature, owing to an impetuosity of temperament, which, on the shadow of provocation, makes them forget restraints of every kind, and hurries into imprudences and difficulties, from which even submission and adulation cannot extricate them. The count furnished an example of this. A few days after his insolence to my mother, he wrote her a penitential letter, acknowledging the impertinence of his behaviour, begging her pardon in the humblest manner, and expressing his hopes that she would allow him to renew his addresses, and to endeavour to efface the bad impression which his foolish and insolent conduct must have made on me.

He also prevailed on some of his relations to plead his cause with my mother; and though he had every reason to believe that, after what had passed, all would be without success, yet, when he found that we persevered in the sentiments already expressed, he stormed and raged as if it had been a fresh injury.

Soon after this, monsieur le marquis de M—— was introduced into the society my mother most frequented. I had many opportunities of meeting and conversing with him. He was endowed with every thing which could render him attractive to woman, except fortune: that was precisely what I laid the least stress upon. It is not surprising, therefore, that he made a strong impression on my heart; and it was with the utmost satisfaction that I

perceived, in spite of the pains he took to conceal it, that I had made the same on his. On his part, however, he had no suspicion of my partiality for him. As I am certain, that in other matters monsieur de M—— has more penetration than I can boast, I conclude that, in this particular business of love, women are generally quicker-sighted than men. What confirms me in this opinion is, that my mother discovered not only his passion for me, but also my partiality for him, long before he had any idea of it himself. In consequence of this observation, without relying on the favourable notion she had of him, she made minute inquiry, from those who had been acquainted with him from his infancy, concerning his disposition, temper, particular habits, and propensities; and, having received satisfactory information on those points, she suddenly said to me, one forenoon, when I was in a kind of reverie,—'Pray, Adelaide, what do you think of monsieur de M——?'

As monsieur de M—— was the very man I was thinking of, the abruptness of this question made me start, and afterwards blush, as if I had been detected in a crime; for I knew that he was a younger brother, and had little or no fortune; and I was by no means convinced that my mother would put as little stress on that article as I did. Indeed I had been so much accustomed to hear myself spoken of as an heiress, and entitled to marry a man of fortune as well as birth, that I laid my account with being universally censured, if I ever should dispose of my hand otherwise.

Seeing my surprise and confusion at the question, my mother resumed,—'I should not have thought that you would have been at any loss to have answered my question, because every body thinks favourably of monsieur de M——, and none more so than myself. I should be surprised, indeed, my dear, to find you of a different opinion.'

In the confusion into which my mother's question had thrown me, I did not perceive the playful humour she was in; and I was simple enough to begin to assure her, with

earnestness, that I had no reason to think more unfavourably of the gentleman than she and the rest of the world did.'

'Well, my dear,' said my mother, smiling, 'I am glad to find that you are not singular in this instance: but have you any reason to believe that he thinks very favourably of you?'

Though I had not the least doubt on the subject, this question embarrassed me almost as much as the former. I answered, after hesitation, 'that he never had made any declaration of that nature to me.'

'That is not exactly an answer to my question,' rejoined my mother; 'however, I shall take it for granted that you have observed, as clearly as I have done, that although he has made no declaration in words, yet he entertains the sentiments of esteem and love for you.'

I did not know what to make of my mother's discourse: my heart fluttered, and my mind was bewildered between hope and fear.

'But you know,' resumed she, 'that monsieur de M—— is a younger brother, that he has no fortune.'

This observation came like a piece of ice to my breast. I was silent.

'Do not you know, my dear, that monsieur de M—— has no fortune?' repeated she.

'But you seem to think,' replied I, assuming courage, 'that he has every other good quality.'

'They would not be sufficient to screen you from a thousand mortifications and distresses; unless,' added my mother, seeing me turn pale, 'unless you had that necessary article, in which alone he is deficient; but, as you are sufficienty provided in that, if you have as high an opinion of him as I have, you shall have my consent to listen to his addresses, and to give him the answer your heart dictates.'

I threw myself into my mother's arms with all the rapture of filial fondness and gratitude.

[Here I could not help interrupting the marchioness with the exclamation—'What a delightful woman has your mother been!'

'Ah! Miss Clifford, she was an angel,' cried she—'My guardian angel, assuredly.—But, heavenly powers! where was her's, when——O let me not think on that dreadful scene!'

The marchioness continued shedding tears, and unable to proceed for a considerable time. I did not interrupt her. She at length dried her eyes, saying, 'Why do I lament the fate of one in heaven?' And, after another pause, during which she seemed lost in reflection, she exclaimed, 'O what misery has my poor country endured! France is a real purgatory. What many of the inhabitants have suffered in this world will be considered, I hope, as expiatory in the next.' Then, fixing me, she added—'But the English do not believe in purgatory?'

'Some of them do,' I answered, 'others do not.'

'Why do they not all believe it?' resumed she. 'I am surprised, my dear Miss Clifford, that *you* do not.—What reason have you for doubting it?'

'Nay, my dear madam,' replied I: 'it rather falls on you to declare what reason you have for believing it.'

'What reason!—what reason! You cannot imagine,' resumed she, 'that I am deep read in controversy; but I think it a sufficient reason for my believing the doctrine of purgatory, that the vast majority of the most serious and respectable people whom I have known since my infancy, and with whom I have conversed in the course of my life, believe it.'

'Is that a good reason?' said I.

'Upon my word I think so, for an ignorant person like me,' replied she.

'Why then are you surprised that I do *not* believe the doctrine of purgatory, my dear marchioness?'

'How do you mean? I do not understand you,' said she.

'I declare,' resumed I, 'that I am not more deeply read in controversy than you; but that the vast majority of the most serious and respectable people whom I have known since my infancy, and with whom I have conversed, do not believe the doctrine of purgatory.'

'Well,' replied she, smiling, 'I perceive you think that you have brought the foundation of our faiths to a level; but you forget that our church, which asserts the doctrine in question, is by far the most ancient.'

'Forgive me, I do not forget that,' said I: 'but I also remember to have heard certain members of *our* church observe, that to *assert* is one thing, and to *prove* is another.'

'Does your church,' rejoined the marchioness, 'assert nothing but what it proves?'

I was relieved from answering this question by the maid entering with tea: and, after she withdrew, the marchioness, instead of repeating it, observed, 'that we had been led, she did not know how, into a very singular discussion for two women.'

'We have at least discovered,' resumed I, 'the origin of most people's religious belief, as well as our own; that, however different or opposite they may be, they proceed from the same cause, and therefore ought not to be a source of hatred or persecution.'

The marchioness agreed very readily to the inference; but insisted, that 'though the foundation was generally laid in the same manner, yet the ground on which some religions stood, and the materials of which they were composed, might be more solid and more genuine than those of others; and *that* which had stood the longest, in spite of a thousand storms and tempests, was, in her opinion, the most secure.'

To this I made no answer; but I begged the marchioness to resume her narrative, which she did in the following terms.]

Soon after the scene between my mother and me, which I have already described, monsieur de M—— paid his addresses, and the ceremony of our marriage followed at no great distance of time.

The happiness which we enjoyed, during the short period in which we lived together, I imagine, has been seldom equalled, and never surpassed, in this world. One source of enjoyment to us both was to be witnesses to the satisfaction of my mother, who, delighted with the man-

ner in which she saw us live together, thanked Heaven every day, that, in her daughter's marriage, she had paid more attention to the character than the fortune of her husband.—' Ah ! my Adelaide,' would she sometimes say, on contemplating the mutual esteem and affection that existed between us, ' what a poor compensation would any quantity of additional wealth be to you for having missed the felicity you now enjoy !'

The happy period I speak of was immediately previous to the revolution. Monsieur de M——is a man of benevolence, a lover of justice, and one who feels a strong sentiment of indignation at every act of oppression. He was sensible of certain abuses in government, and often regretted the sufferings of the poor, particularly the peasantry, who were more exposed than others to oppression, and whose comforts, when they taste them, depended, in his opinion, more on the generosity of their lords than on the protection of the laws. Notwithstanding the rank to which he was born, and that his expectations in life had been founded on court-favour, he saw the beginnings of the revolution with satisfaction, from the hopes that such reformation would be adopted as would equally tend to the safety of the monarchy and the happiness of the people. He soon, however, began to be alarmed at the violence of some of the popular leaders, and was every day more shocked at their proceedings. In the progress of events, many of his friends, and some of his relations, emigrated : they wrote, urging him to the same measure. It was even stated, that his not joining those of his countrymen, who were assembling at Coblentz, would be construed into disloyalty or timidity.

He spoke to me on the subject. For my part, I had never thought on politics or government in my life ; they were topics I abhorred at that particular time more than ever, because of the everlasting discussions I had for some time heard, in all companies, upon them. When my husband approved of the revolution I adopted his sentiments, because they were his, being fully persuaded that he was a better judge than I. When he changed

his opinion, I changed mine, for the same reason I had before adopted it. Subsequent events have well confirmed me in my new way of thinking.

Seeing the king and the royal family abandoned by the greater part of the nobility, who had fled from France, and willing to believe that something might be still done, within the kingdom, in support of the monarchy, my husband was unwilling to emigrate. He received many reproaching letters from his relations on that account. As if the loss of rank and fortune, with the necessity of seeking refuge and protection from strangers, was not calamity enough to the emigrants from my unhappy country, they augment the bitterness of their own condition by reciprocal animosities. The declared enemies of the emigrants have not treated the whole class with less candour than the different descriptions of them have done each other.

Unable any longer to resist the solicitations of some of his friends, my husband determined to withdraw from France, and join the army under the command of the prince of Condé. I had observed him for some days uncommonly thoughtful; but as I knew that he concealed nothing from me that he did not think improper to be communicated, though I was extremely uneasy on account of his present reserve, I abstained from all inquiries, and betrayed no symptom of curiosity to know what he seemed inclined to keep me ignorant of.

He at last said to me one day, after a pretty long silence, and after several sighs which he endeavoured in vain to suppress,—'When you married a soldier, my dear Adelaide, you no doubt laid your account with ocasional separation, when the voice of honour, or the duties of his profession, called him from you.'

I took hold of his hand, but was unable to speak.

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the resolution he had formed; that it was in consequence of the advice of his friends, and of very serious reflection on his own part, that in fighting under the banners of the prince of Condé, in the present cause, he thought he was serving not only his king, but his country.

I will not attempt to describe what passed from this time until his departure: I must only inform you that my mother was in ill health at that period; so that it would have been cruel in me to have separated myself from her had it been my inclination.

It is also necessary that I should inform you that the count was a relation of the archbishop of Sens; that, during the agitations in France, for some time before the revolution actually began, and particularly while the archbishop was prime minister, the count was one of the most furious against any kind of concession on the part of government, or the least redress of any of the grievances complained of; at that time he expected power and eminent situations, from a confirmation of the old system, with all its abuses. He declared that nothing ought to be granted to the *canaille*; and he considered nine-tenths of the nation as *canaille*.

After the archbishop was obliged to quit the helm, the count began to change his language. This alteration was more and more remarkable in the progress of the revolution, until at last the change was so complete, that those whom he had formerly stigmatized as *canaille*, he now distinguished by the title of *peuple souverain*. He altered his dress as well as his language, and assumed in both the style of the *sans-culottes*; became a declaimer in the Jacobine society, and cultivated the acquaintance of one Collot d'Herbois, who, from a despicable comedian, now affected the tone of a disinterested patriot, and has since rendered his obscure name infamous by crimes of the deepest die. By this fellow the count was introduced to the good graces of Robespierre.

Though every kind of profligacy might be expected in a character such as I have represented the count's, yet you, my dear Miss Clifford, who are of a country where, as I have been told, nothing of the same nature ever takes place, must be surprised at such barefaced apostacy in politics. Though an essential change of circumstances certainly will justify an alteration of conduct, yet, in his variations, if a man always veers to the party in power,

his real motive will be clearly seen; and, in England, such a man would be despised, however elevated the situation in which he might be placed. It was not so at this time in France: to such a height had this species of profligacy attained, that no inconsistency of this nature was thought disgraceful; and some of the meanest of mankind were praised and applauded, while in power, without any regard to the baseness by which they attained it.

The count had formerly maintained that the power of the crown was too small, and ought to be enlarged; yet when he saw it attenuated to a mere shadow, and unable to support its own dignity, or reward its defenders, he joined the ruffian crew who wished to annihilate it altogether. There is no doubt of his having been privy to the arrangements made for the attack on the Tuilleries on the 10th of August 1792; and there is great reason to believe that he was not ignorant of what was intended at the beginning of September following,

A short time previous to that execrable period, a business of importance rendered it necessary for my mother to go to Havre. Her estate is at no great distance from that town. As a lady of her acquaintance and her steward were to accompany her, and as she intended to stay only a few weeks, she positively insisted on my remaining with an intimate friend of hers, a most amiable woman, the countess of B——, who invited me to reside with her at Autieul, a village near Paris, until her return.

At Havre my mother heard the first detail of transactions, the horror of which it was not in the power of rumour to exaggerate. She was of uncommon sensibility, and subject to nervous complaints; she was seized with repeated fits of a convulsive nature; even when she had recovered from these, her mind continued unusually agitated. Hearing of an English vessel about to sail, without acquainting any other person, attended by her maid only, she took her passage; and the countess of B—— knew nothing of her departure till she received a letter from the maid, dated Portsmouth. My mother herself was unable to write. She was for some time attended by

a physician there. An English nobleman, of the highest rank, whose country residence is at no great distance from Portsmouth, and who had been acquainted with her at Paris, hearing of the condition she was in, came to that place, and carried her to his own house, where, all possible care being taken of her, she entirely recovered. In the meantime the most unjust decrees were proposed in the furious convention against emigrants. My mother's friends, particularly the princess of P—— and the countess of B——, wrote pressing letters for her to return before a certain day, otherwise, by a severe decree which had now passed, her estate would be forfeited.—She resolved to return accordingly; but being again taken ill at Portsmouth, she was confined to her bed a considerable time, and the day fixed for the return of the emigrants elapsed before she arrived in France.

When it was first proposed in the convention that my mother's name should be erased from the list of emigrants, a violent outcry was raised against it by that party called the Mountain: no explanation was listened to; it was reprobated as an attempt of shameful partiality to a person of quality, which none but aristocrats and royalists could make.

Pains, however, were taken privately to explain the circumstances of the case to certain leading men of the Gironde party; one of whom renewed the proposal, when the convention were in a less malignant humour. He began by saying, that 'he wished to make a motion, which, if it was not carried, would materially injure many worthy patriots and virtuous *sans-culottes*, who were in similar or less favourable circumstances than those of the person in whose behalf he was about to implore the justice of the convention: for he knew that they were no respecters of persons in the distribution of justice; but, in conformity to the motto of *égalité*, which they adopted, would use the same weight and measure to all descriptions of people.'

After a few circuitous flourishes of this kind, before he discovered his object, he recapitulated the circumstan-

ces of my mother's case, and did not name her until the whole assembly was convinced that she had been prevented by illness alone from arriving in France before the day appointed, by the decree, for the return of those French who happened to be out of their native country. There was a loud cry in favour of what was demanded; no member of the Mountain ventured to oppose; and it was as unanimously decreed to erase her name from the list of emigrants, as it had, a few days before, been decreed to insert it.

My mother remained in possession of her estate.

Though I hated the republican principles of the Girondists, yet I never put them on a footing with the sanguinary faction denominated the Mountain. Ever after this period my mother felt a strong sense of obligation to certain leaders of the former party: among those attached to which were some men of great eloquence and very considerable talents, and two of the most extraordinary women that France has produced since the days of Joan d'Arc.

In the most dreadful situations, surrounded by all that could appal or depress the human mind, ancient or modern annals exhibit nothing surpassing the firmness and heroic elevation of soul with which Madame Roland and the astonishing Charlotte Cordé met death.

The united energy of Robespierre and Danton had overturned the party of the Gironde; and those two traitors were at the head of the atrocious gang who domineered over my unhappy country. Each wished to be the supreme ruler; which neither could be, without the death of the other; of course, each meditated the destruction of his associate.

Their reciprocal enmity became more and more apparent; and men began to arrange themselves under those two chiefs, in expectation of the contest which soon after took place.

Camille Desmoulins, whose name you must have heard, as one of the earliest promoters of the commotions in Paris, was an acquaintance of the count. Desmoulins was also a writer in favour of the revolution: a vein of pleas-

antry runs through his works, which might have been agreeable on any other subject; but all kind of jocularity appears hideous, amidst scenes of atrocity and murder. The count had been confined above a month, on account of ill health, to a villa belonging to him in the neighbourhood of Paris.

Desmoulins visited him oftener than usual, because he was then in low spirits, and deprived of other entertainment. Desmoulins was particularly attached, at this time, to the faction of Danton. He convinced the count that Robespierre had disgusted the most powerful friends of the republic: that he was losing his popularity daily: that he would be removed soon; and that Danton would be all powerful.

With such impressions, the count became extremely vexed that he should be considered at the partisan of a man so near his fall; and equally anxious to declare himself the friend of one rising to supreme power, he wished to have the merit of declaring for the latter before that event should take place; for which purpose he wrote the following epistle, which he intended to give to Desmoulins at his next visit, that he might deliver it to Danton.—

'CITIZEN DANTON,

'I HAVE for some time viewed, with the utmost concern, the dangers to which the republic is exposed, by the execrable conduct of a madman. I know no person so able to secure to the nation all the advantages expected from the revolution as he who planned the victory on the glorious 10th of August, and the decisive transactions in the beginning of September following. Your patriotism, and the energy of your character, fix the hopes of all enlightened Frenchmen on you: from you they expect a termination of the present disorders, and of the power of a furious tyrant. The sooner you adopt measures for those purposes the better; for, while that monster lives, neither your own life, nor that of any of your friends, can be safe:—I beg you will count me among the most sincere of that honourable class. I am infinitely concerned that ill health renders it impossible for me to give you

these assurances by word of mouth, and assisting personally in whatever you may think proper to undertake. In the meanwhile depend on all my influence, and believe me to be your devoted friend, &c.

'———.'

The count expected Camille Desmoulins the morning after he had written the above: his old intimate, Collot d'Herbois, called that very evening; he had been absent from Paris on some of his horrid expeditions. Seeing a letter on the table in the count's hand, addressed to Danton, he started.

'What is the matter?' said the count.

'Do you correspond with that man?' said d'Herbois.

'It is the first letter I ever wrote to him,' replied the count.

Collot d'Herbois then told him, that he began his correspondence at rather an unlucky time; and hinted, that if the letter was not of very great importance, he had best delay sending it, because he might soon have reason to wish that he were not known to have any particular connection with Danton.

The count owned that the letter was of the utmost importance; and, to convince him, broke up the cover and read the contents.

D'Herbois then assured him, 'that he had been drawn into an error, which might have had fatal consequences to him; and that Robespierre was surer of maintaining his power now than ever.'

On which the count observed, 'that, in such slippery times, the most cautious people were at a loss to know with what party, or what man, to fix themselves; that, for his own part, he had always had as much respect for Robespierre as for Danton; and that, after what he had just heard, he could not help having a great deal more: that the letter he had intended for Danton would do for Robespierre—that he would not need to change a single sentence, but merely put it under a new cover, with a new address; and he begged of his friend to deliver it the very

next day: only it would be first of all necessary to erase the name Danton at the top, and substitute that of Robespierre.'

Collot d'Herbois objected to the erasure, saying, 'it would have an awkward appearance if observed, and might create suspicion:' he therefore prevailed on the count to write the letter anew, and to address it to Citizen *Maximilian Robespierre*, and not simply to Citizen Robespierre. 'Great men,' added Collot d'Herbois, 'are subject to weaknesses as well as little men; and Robespierre himself, though entirely free from many of the weakness of humanity, certainly does feel something flattering to his ear, and which he thinks suitable to his character, in the name Maximilian; and therefore likes to have it always precede his sirname Robespierre, which I believe he intends, at a proper time, to drop altogether.'

'Will not that have an aristocratic appearance?' said the count.

'Why, perhaps it may,' replied Collot d'Herbois, with a grin, for his stern features did not admit a smile; 'perhaps it may have that appearance; for nothing is so like an aristocrat, as a democrat, when he comes into power; as nothing is liker a democrat than an aristocrat thrown out of power: but this is only external appearance; the heart is always the same. For example, my dear count, you are precisely the same man you were when your relation, the archbishop of Sens, was prime minister.'

Without making any reply to this ironical compliment, the count finished the new edition of the letter, as Collot d'Herbois had directed: he then stepped for two minutes into another room, and at his return looked for the original letter, that he might burn it. This his friend informed him he had already done during his absence; assuring him at the same time, that he would deliver the new one to Robespierre the next morning.

All the circumstances of this important interview between those two loving friends, with many others respecting the count, I learned afterwards from a person from whom he concealed nothing: for though many transactions of this man's life were of a nature to require secrecy, yet

he was incapable of it. To him it was like an absolute necessary of life to have some man or woman into whose ears he might pour whatever was dangerous to utter in public, and painful for him to retain.

Soon after this the prediction of Collot d'Herbois was verified; the furious Danton was ensnared, imprisoned, and put to death, by the man whose life he had saved, when he was accused, and about to be prosecuted by the Gironde.

Robespierre, from this period, was all powerful: the dreadful use he made of his power all the world knows. My mother and I lived in great privacy, hardly ever going out of the house, and receiving few or no company. Melancholy and dejected through the day, our short slumbers interrupted in the night by the sound of the drum and alarm-bell; afraid to ask the news in the morning, lest we should hear of the arrestment of some friend or relation, and shocked with the accounts we daily received of fresh victims of cruelty, she determined, at length, to withdraw from Paris, and endeavour to find tranquillity in a distant province of France.

She applied for passports with this intention: every thing was prepared for our journey. The passports were postponed, on I do not remember what pretence. We were at last assured that they would be delivered the following morning, and on that assurance went to bed in more composure of mind than usual.

About two hours before our common hour of rising, we were alarmed by a loud knocking at the gate of the hotel. Two municipal officers were admitted, and a party of national guards remained in the court.

As soon as my mother was dressed, and could go into the room in which the two officers waited, one of them presented an order for seizing her papers, and carrying her to one of those houses of confinement, of which there were many at that time in Paris, and all over France.

The number of my mother's friends and acquaintance who were in this situation had suggested precaution, and prevented her from being entirely unprepared for this cruel incident: she had nothing to dread, therefore, with re-

gard to the examination of her papers. The officer informed her, that she was ordered into confinement only as a person suspected; that the order did not extend to me. This intelligence acted on her as a cordial: it evidently raised her spirits, and removed great part of her alarm. The daily executions, and other shocking occurrences, had produced an extraordinary change on my mother's constitution: it had familiarized her with the idea of death, and greatly diminished that nervous sensibility to which she had formerly been subject. Her own personal danger affected her little; but, whatever threatened me, still gave her alarm.

I begged of the officer that I might be my mother's companion in prison: the man at first objected.

I sunk on my knees, seized his hand, and entreated that I might not be separated from my mother.

She was hurt at this; and said, with the tone of indignation—'Rise, my daughter; though we are unfortunate, let us not be abject.'

I repeated my request to the officer, the tears streaming from my eyes. The man was moved; and at last said—'That if it was also my mother's desire, he would take it upon him to indulge us.'

Without paying attention to what my mother had said, I pressed the man's hand to my lips with a heart overflowing with gratitude.

Notwithstanding her having at first determined otherwise, seeing the state of my mind, she joined in the request, and we were conducted to the place destined for our confinement.

[I will not hurt your sensibility, my dear Miss Clifford, by a description of this house of sorrow, or of any of the many affecting scenes I witnessed there; but I will give you some account of a kind of examination which took place about three months after my mother was confined, because it proves how completely she was cured of her constitutional timidity, by a continued contemplation of certain objects, the least glance of which would formerly have thrown her into convulsions.]

We were at breakfast, one morning, when my mother was summoned to appear before three commissioners, who had arrived at the place of our confinement, authorised to examine the prisoners, and report to a committee.

I became pale, and was ready to faint.—'What is there alarming in this, my dear?' said my mother; 'it is what we have long expected, and even wished. What I had most to fear was, lest the circumstances of my case would never have been examined into.'

At my earnest request, I was permitted to accompany my mother. We were conducted into a large room, where the three commissioners sat at the head of a table. I was a good deal surprised when I recognised, in one of them, the person who had taught me to dance. This tended to diminish my terror; for although I had heard that the man had become a furious patriot, and knew that he was much of a coxcomb, yet I also knew that he had a very benevolent heart.

He that was the chief of this commission, with less levity, had all the absurdity of the dancing-master, and was the complete dupe of the hypocrisy and of the falsehood at this time propagated by Robespierre.

The man began the examination by expressing concern at the cause of my mother's confinement.

She thanked him, adding, 'that she was concerned at the effect, but that she had not yet been informed of the cause.'

'I thought you had been told, citizen,' replied he, 'that you were under suspicion of being a suspected person.'

'I was so, *citizen*,' replied she; 'but I never have been told what I am under the suspicion of being suspected of.'

'To be suspected is sufficient,' said he; 'and all who are in that predicament are under confinement as much as you; so you have no reason to complain.'

'I should have been glad to hear that I was the only innocent person in France in this situation,' replied my mother; 'so that what you have told me can be no alleviation of my sufferings.'

'Your confinement will not be of long duration,' said the dancing-master.

'I indulged that hope when I was first arrested,' she replied; 'but I now have been detained here three months, without any crime having been alleged against me.'

'You were erased from the list of emigrants by the Girondists,' said the commissioner.

'I could not have been erased by any other,' replied she, 'as they were the persons in power at that time.'

'Your connection with that faction, however, creates suspicion against you.'

'I had no connection with them; nor did I ever see any of them until I was summoned to appear before one of their committees.'

'I know that to be exactly so,' said the dancing-master; 'and I have good reason for believing that she had a sincere hatred against Brissot, Gensonnet, Kersaint, and the other members of that committee, previous to the time they struck her from the list of emigrants; but you very well know, brother, that it is difficult to retain hatred against those who do you a good office, even although they should be bad men.'

'I know no such thing, brother,' replied the chief commissioner.—'No act of kindness to myself or friends would prevent me from abhorring those who performed acts of public mischief.'

'I can assure you,' resumed my mother, 'that no person could more sincerely abhor the public mischief performed by the Girondists than I did.'

'Your having been erased by them, however, was unlucky, and will be of no service to you now,' said the chief commissioner.

'It ought at least to do me no harm,' said she.

'The Girondists were all traitors,' resumed the commissioner.

'I am sorry for it,' said my mother.

'What! sorry for the Girondists.'

'I am sorry they were traitors.'

'You have reason, citizen,' said the first commissioner; 'for it is a very dangerous thing, citizen, to have had traitors for your friends.'

'It ought not; since it is clear that I had no share in their treason.'

'Do you not know that those traitors, the Girondists, intended to restore monarchy?'

'No,' replied she; 'I really do not know it.'

'No!' exclaimed he—'Why all France knows it.'

'Since that was their intention,' rejoined my mother, 'dethroning the king seems to have been a round-about way of going to their object.'

'They were forced into that measure,' said he, 'and can claim little merit from it.'

'Very little, indeed,' added my mother.

'But their design was afterwards apparent, by the various attempts they made to save the tyrant.'

'Tyrant!' exclaimed my mother, throwing her eyes upwards.

'Yes,' re-echoed the commissioner, 'a bloody tyrant! who gave positive orders to the Swiss to slaughter the innocent citizens on the 10th of August.'

'The same Girondists,' continued he, 'were equally disposed to have saved the life of the queen, who was of a more bloody and tyrannical disposition, if possible, than Capet himself.'

'They were both very bloody-minded tyrants, that is clear,' rejoined the other commissioner, who had not before spoken, shaking his head and looking to his brother.

'And the princess Elizabeth!' exclaimed my mother, —'she was also a bloody-minded tyrant—Was she not?'

The commissioner stared.

'Or, what was her crime?' resumed my mother, with an animation of look approaching to wildness.

The commissioner looked first at one, then at the other, of his brethren.

He who had spoken last said, that 'Elizabeth was certainly suspected of being an enemy to the revolution.'

'She certainly was,' added the chief commissioner.

And then looking to the dancing-master, he added,—'Did not you tell me, brother, that one who attended in the temple informed you that he had overheard her praying very fervently, and that her prayers were anti-revolutionary?'

'It was you that said they were anti-revolutionary,' replied the dancing-master.—'I only told you that the man had said she was overheard praying for the *reformation* of the king's enemies.'

The two commissioners looked at each other without speaking.

The person who sat at the bottom of the table, and acted as clerk, had formerly been a priest, and had distinguished himself as a casuist: he now opened his mouth for the first time, and said, with a solemn tone, 'By *reformation* she meant *destruction*.'

'Ay, she certainly meant destruction,' rejoined the first commissioner.

'And if the prayer should ever be granted,' resumed the clerk, 'it is more likely to be according to the *meaning* than the expression of the petition.'

'Most assuredly,' said the chief commissioner.

'And you will be pleased to observe,' added the clerk, 'that such prayers being granted, according to the meaning of the petitioner, involves the destruction of the republic: its best defenders would, according to her prayer, be cut off like the great Marat; for, by the king's enemies, she must have undoubtedly meant Robespierre, and many other patriots, all perfectly known to him to whom the prayers were addressed.'

'Most assuredly,' repeated the commissioner.

'It follows, therefore, as a necessary consequence, that the princess Elizabeth's prayers were 'anti-revolutionary,' continued the casuist, 'and might have been the cause of oversetting the revolution: and to overset the revolution by dint of prayers is just as treasonable as by any other means: for, when the revolution is overset, where is the difference?'

'None! none!' exclaimed the commissioner.

'That being the case,' said the clerk, 'it is clear that the princess Elizabeth was a bloody-minded tyrant, and merited death.'

'Ah! the monster,' said my mother.

The dancing-master was the only one of the comissioners who heard this expression, which was almost drowned by a profound sigh, and by my mother's bursting into tears as she uttered it.

This man understood some of her answers better than his brethren, and had been uneasy during the examination, lest she should say something that would increase the danger of her situation: to prevent which he rose, saying, 'that the prisoner seemed indisposed, and that he imagined no other questions needed be put to her.' The other commissioners acquiesced. My mother and I withdrew. When we were alone she gave vent to the indignation she had with difficulty suppressed during the examination.

My mother became solicitous lest the constant confinement should affect my health: and as my unwillingness to leave her hindered me from availing myself of the permission I had of going abroad so often as I might, she contrived to give me little commissions, which required to be executed at a considerable distance, that I might derive benefit from the fresh air and the exercise. One day she found a pretext for sending me as far as the village of Pasy, with a message to a lady who lived in the house which your countryman, the celebrated Dr. Franklin, had formerly inhabited.

During my absence, the count, for the first time since her confinement, called on my mother. He affected great concern, and expressed the most ardent wish to have it in his power to serve her; hinted that her greatest danger proceeded from an idea that she had been intimately connected with, and favoured by, the Gironde party; that he had been using all his influence with the committee of public safety to prevent the effect of that idea; and that he was not without hopes of succeeding. She heard him with coldness, and expressed her thanks with reserve, be-

cause she was ill able to dissemble, and strongly suspected his professions of good-will.

He then said, 'that, independent of her connection with an odious faction, another circumstance prejudiced her cause still more in the minds of the men at present in power; and, he was very sorry to add, might, if not removed, endanger her life; and that was her daughter's being the wife, not only of an emigrant, but of one who served under the prince of Condé.'

'It seems quite unnecessary to remind me of those circumstances,' said my mother, 'since they cannot be altered.'

'If I were not persuaded that your influence could alter them,' resumed he, 'my tenderness for you would have prevented my mentioning them. He then proceeded to inform her, 'that it was, by the laws of the republic, absolutely impossible for my husband ever to return to France without the immediate loss of his life; and that it was equally impossible for me to leave France without forfeiting the succession to her estate: that those two impossibilities rendered a divorce highly expedient: that divorces had been at no preceding period so easily obtained as at present; and,' added he, 'to give you the most convincing proof, not only of my being able to obtain your acquittal and freedom, but also of the sincerity of my friendship to you, notwithstanding my being sensible that it was by your influence alone that what I am going to propose failed formerly, yet I now declare, that I am still willing to unite my family with yours by espousing your daughter, as soon as a divorce can be procured from her present husband.'

'And you expect,' said my mother, her eyes flashing with indignation, 'you expect that I shall influence my daughter to agree to such an execrable plan?'

'If you do not prefer remaining in prison, and the forfeiture of your fortune,' answered he.

'Know, wretch,' replied she, 'that I would prefer the guillotine!'

'Perhaps you may in that be indulged, madam,' replied he, and rushed out of the room.

After this my mother despaired of obtaining her liberty, and did all she could to persuade me to leave her to her fate. 'They are determined, my dear child,' said she, 'to murder me, on some pretext or other; perhaps, without troubling themselves about a pretext, they will take my life, that my estate may be confiscated. You cannot prevent their cruelty; but it will be a great consolation to me to know that you are beyond their power; I beg, therefore, that you will adopt the plan I have formed for your escape out of this land of horror. If, contrary to my expectation, my life should be spared, I will find means of informing you, and we will meet when it can be done without danger: but it is a very great aggravation of my misery to know that you remain in the power of such barbarians.'

These, and other arguments to the same purpose, though often urged, did not prevail. I should have considered it as sacrilegious, and that it would put me on a footing with the barbarians she execrated, to abandon my mother in such circumstances.

The name of the dancing-master who had acted as commissioner was Vilotte. In his youth he had been distinguished for expertness in the practical part of his profession: being now somewhat advanced in life, he valued himself most on the theoretical, in which alone, he said, true genius consisted. He had invented several ballets that were much admired. Had he confined his genius to his own profession it would have been better for him: but, a little after the commencement of our miserable revolution, he turned it to politics. He said, 'that fortune had committed a *faux-pas* in making him a dancing-master; and hoped, as many others did, that the revolution would raise him to the situation he thought he deserved.' He had formerly had the highest respect for counts, marquises, and dukes, by whose protection he had acquired a comfortable independence: he now began to think that the greater part of them were devoid of talents, and unfit for the offices they held; and, what was still a greater mistake, he believed that he himself possessed the capa-

city in which they were deficient. He became an admirer of that canting enthusiast Robespierre; he attended clubs, studied political pamphlets, and declaimed against the abuses of government, at the meetings of his section.

Most of Vilotte's old protectors laughed at his extravagances. My mother, who had known instances of his benevolence, was so vexed at the thought of a well-disposed man rendering himself ridiculous, that she sent for him, told him what she had heard, and gave him some good advice. Previous to this, Vilotte, who always spoke of my mother as the person who had first introduced him into genteel business, and as his principal benefactor, often called at our hotel. But, after this piece of advice, we saw no more of him, until we were summoned before him in the quality of a commissioner.

It then appeared, that though my mother had given him credit for a little more understanding than he possessed, she had a just opinion of his disposition. All the political madness of his head did not suppress the worth of his heart. In the calamitous state we now were, he had many opportunities of proving the sincerity with which he had been attached to our family, and how desirous he was of being of service to us.

He found various pretexts of visiting the house of our confinement. The *avowed* object of his visits regarded some other business; but he never left the house without seeing my mother or me. By him we were ascertained of what we had always suspected, that my mother's arrest proceeded from the count, though he took pains to make it be believed that it originated elsewhere. But in general the news Vilotte brought us was of a consolatory nature. He assiduously endeavoured to raise my mother's spirits, by hopes of being in a short time set at liberty; and he neglected nothing that was in his power to make good the hopes he raised. He informed my mother that she had less reason than ever to dread the count's malice, because the channel of his interest with Robespierre was through Collot d'Herbois, who was at that time absent from Paris.

This friend of the count was one of the most infamous

of that infamous band who domineered at this time in France, and rendered that country odious through Europe. The rich and flourishing town of Lyons has particular reason to execrate this Collot d'Herbois, and his fellow commissioner Couthon. I have seen both these miscreants. No two men could be more unlike in person and countenance, none more congenial in rancour and cruelty.

The former had the look of mild ingenuity. The sound of his voice was plaintive. He had lost the use of one half of his body by a paralytic stroke. From the expression of his countenance, from the modulation of his voice, from that sympathy with affliction which people in high prosperity and vigorous health are too often devoid of, and which fellow-sufferers are supposed to have in an eminent degree, Couthon was the man, among ten thousand, to whom a person under the pressure of misfortunes would have applied for relief: the most robust savage that ever was habituated to slaughter, the most callous inquisitor that ever questioned men under the agonies of torture, was not more blood-thirsty and more unrelenting than Couthon.

There was nothing that could mislead the judgment in the outward appearance of Collot d'Herbois—all his deceit lay in his heart. His countenance was frightful. Children shut their eyes, and screamed at the sight of this man. His head sustained a frightful exuberance of bushy hair, black as tar, and stiff as the bristles of a hog; his complexion was cadaverous; his features haggard; his eyes sanguine; he looked very much like a villain and murderer; and he was a much greater villain and murderer than he looked like.

It is wonderful that one should have ever thought of being an actor who disgraced the profession by his looks, by his character, and by his want of talent. It has been said, that his rancour against the citizens of Lyons originated from their having had the good taste to hiss him as often as he appeared on their stage. Be that as it may, the barbarities exercised on the inhabitants of that

devoted city by Couthon and Collot d'Herbois are unparalleled in the records of tyranny: their thirst of carnage rendered them impatient of the slowness of guillotines; they projected mines of gunpowder to blow up prisoners by whole housefuls; they pointed cannon, loaded with grape-shot, to tear in pieces multitudes of——.

[I ask pardon, my dear Miss Clifford, I perceive that I distress you. Familiarized as I have been to scenes of oppression and cruelty, I forget that I am speaking to an English woman; an inhabitant of that happy country where no such scenes exist, where the power of the crown is limited by the constitution, where law alone is supreme, and, with a commanding voice, tells the monarch as well as the people, *Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.* Such is the account that my husband has often given me of Great Britain. I am pleased to believe that it is just; and, from sentiments of general benevolence, as well as in gratitude for the generous reception which so many of my unfortunate countrymen have met with in this island, I do most sincerely wish it may long continue.

I have been led astray by the mention of those two monsters. They had returned from their bloody expedition a considerable time before my mother's examination; and at that particular time Collot d'Herbois had again left Paris.

I now return to my narrative.]

Our friend, Vilotte, was a native of Arras, a great admirer of Robespierre as a patriot and orator, and proud of him as a townsman. Robespierre's patriotism and eloquence were well suited for imposing on that depth of understanding which poor Vilotte possessed. Robespierre showed some attention to him in return for his admiration; and on this I relied for my mother's freedom, and I laboured to inspire her with the same hope. You will be, perhaps, surprised at this, considering the frivolous character of Vilotte; but you cannot conceive, my dear, from what a very unpromising soil sprigs of hope will shoot up in the breasts of the unhappy: besides, Vilotte was not now a frivolous character in our eyes; he had

shown attachment when our other friends had shrunk away; and this attachment remained unloosened by the spirit of party, which raged so universally, which is often so fatal to friendship, and from which Vilotte himself was far from being free.

This worthy creature's hopes became stronger every day, of which he did not fail to inform my mother: at last she was convinced that she was to be set at liberty within four or five days at farthest. She wrote to several of her friends and relations, that they might expect to see her in her own hotel very soon.

While we were in this state of mind, Vilotte called one morning at the house of our confinement. My mother and I were sitting together—I heard the sound of his foot as he advanced through the passage. In that dismal abode we were accustomed to few sounds but those of sorrow: it was no wonder, then, that I could with certainty distinguish one which had always been the forerunner of comfort.—'Oh! my dear mother,' said I, springing from my seat, 'here comes Vilotte! he brings the order for your freedom.'—'Let us receive it with thankfulness and moderation, my child, if he does,' said she.

When Vilotte entered, he had a kind of a smile on his countenance; but it did not seem natural: the good creature strove to maintain a cheerful look while he informed us, that 'he was certain that my mother would obtain her liberty very soon, though *not so soon* as he had expected; that Robespierre had been indisposed, which had occasioned delay; that he was so much occupied, since his recovery, that it was difficult to obtain access to him;' but Vilotte added, 'that he had received a message from him, importing that my mother would be set at liberty in a short time, though the precise day was not yet fixed.'

In spite of all these palliatives, this was a severe disappointment to both my mother and me: Vilotte perceived it in our countenances; for neither of us spoke. He repeated every thing which he thought would afford us comfort; saying, 'we might rely on the assurance Robespierre had sent him; that Robespierre was too great a

patriot not to be sincere; that none but courtiers were insincere: he was therefore convinced that he should have the happiness of bringing us good news at his next visit.'

My mother said,—'That what gave her most uneasiness was, that no particular time had been ever fixed; that if she were assured of obtaining her freedom on a certain day, it would be a great comfort, though the day were distant.'

Vilotte answered,—'That though he was determined not to return until the day of her freedom was decided on, still he was convinced he should wait on her soon.'

Those who have longed, with impatient expectation, for some event on which they imagine their happiness depends; who have been convinced that the expected event will not be prolonged beyond a particular day, and when that day arrived have been disappointed, will have some idea of our anguish: but unless they have been shut up for months in a prison, and pined from morning to night for fresh air, free exercise, the verdure of the fields, and the faces of friends, they will not have a full notion of what we felt on this occasion. I really thought nothing could be more vexatious: yet I affected to bear it cheerily, that it might sit the more lightly on the mind of my mother. I plainly perceived that she assumed the same behaviour, and for a similar reason: in these mutual attempts, perhaps, neither deceived the other; yet our efforts to *seem* more cheerful than we were enabled us to support the disappointment better than we should otherwise have done.

Five or six days after this, Vilotte paid us another visit: we were sitting together, and heard him approaching as before. My mother and I looked at each other the moment we distinguished his tread: but neither of us spoke. I heard her sigh as he was entering the room. Neither of us turned our eyes on him for a few seconds; but when we did, his face seemed gay, his smiles were unconstrained. He announced, with an air of complete conviction, that he was now certain that my mother's free-

dom was determined on: his friend had seen Robespierre; and the order for that purpose would be given in due form, on a particular day, which he named, and which was at the distance of three weeks.

In this interval, a friend of my father, who had borrowed from him a considerable sum of money, found means to let my mother know, that he would immediately pay a certain portion of the debt into the hands of any person whom she should authorise to receive it. This person lived at the distance of above three hundred miles from Paris, which at this dreadful period he was unwilling to enter. My mother had much occasion for the money, and thought nobody so fit to receive it as myself.

An old servant of my father, of the name of St. Jean, who had been established in a shop by his assistance, and was one of the national guards, was engaged to conduct my maid and me on this expedition. As soon as the necessary passports were obtained, the maid and I set out in a post-chaise, and the man attended on horseback. My father's friend received me with the greatest kindness, and paid me the money. By a slight indisposition, I was under the necessity of remaining several days at his house longer than I intended. As soon as I was able, I returned in the same manner I had set out. During the whole of this journey, my thoughts were engrossed with anticipations of the happiness I should enjoy on the day of my dear mother's enlargement. My greatest vexation, in my late indisposition, proceeded from the fear of not being able to reach Paris before it should take place. I now rejoiced in the expectation of arriving there on that very morning.

Not choosing to drive through Paris, on my arrival, I quitted the post-chaise at the barrier, intending to walk to the house of the man who had accompanied me, whose wife had formerly been my maid. Our way was through the Place of Louis XV. A great crowd was assembled; and we were informed, that it was to see the execution of some persons condemned by the bloody tribunal then sit-

ting. I turned with precipitation; and, by a circuit, avoided a place which was almost the daily scene of such affecting spectacles.

In my way to the house above mentioned, I called at a shop to purchase some confections which I knew my mother was fond of. While I sat in the inner room, till the things I ordered were ready, two persons entered the shop: one of them said, 'that madame de —— had died with the utmost serenity.'

I did not perfectly hear the name the man pronounced; but, indistinct as it was, it darted instantaneous terror to my heart. He proceeded to say, 'that he had come directly from the Place of the Revolution, and that he had seen her guillotined.'

'Who did you say?' asked the woman of the shop.

He answered, with an audible and distinct voice, 'I already told you, madame de ——, the widow of governor de ——.'

At the mention of my father's name, my maid, who was present, uttered a shriek, and I lost all recollection.

The following day, when I began to recover from that state of stupefaction into which the dreadful news had thrown me, I found myself in bed, in the house of a widow who lived near the confectioner, in whose shop I had been first taken ill.

I had cause to regret the insensibility from which I awoke to a full sense of my misery.

The state I continued in, for some time after the return of my recollection, I will not attempt to describe.

When I was able to listen to a detail of the circumstances which preceded the dreadful event, I was told, 'That only a few days before my arrival at Paris, and when my mother still relied on repeated assurances of her being to be set at liberty on the day appointed, a fresh accusation had been made against her, of her having emigrated to England in June 1792; that she had not returned to France on or previous to the day fixed by the decree of the convention; that she had been, on *false pretexts*, struck out of the list of emigrants, by a committee

of federalists and traitors; and, finally, that she corresponded *with*, and had sent money *to*, her son-in-law, who actually served in the army of Condé.

'On this accusation she had been hurried before the revolutionary tribunal; had undergone the form of a trial, where those circumstances were sworn to; had been insulted, in gross terms, by the wretch who presided over that court of assassins; and afterwards dragged to the scaffold, where she had suffered with the resignation of a saint, with another lady of rank, who was executed at the same time, by a mistake in the name, which those murderers would not take the trouble to investigate, though a different victim was intended.'

[Why should I afflict your sympathizing breast, my dear young lady, with an enumeration of my sorrows?—

I must not omit to inform you, however, that I received an anonymous letter soon after; the purport of which was, to acquaint me, that the *count* was my mother's secret accuser, and that it was by his influence she had been put to death. I am well aware that letters of this kind are generally the offspring of cowardice, in conjunction with malice: it would have made no impression on my mind, therefore, if I had not had reason to suspect the same from other sources of intelligence.]

Several weeks after this dreadful event, I was told, one morning, that a gentleman wished to see me. As he announced himself an old friend of my family, you may conceive how very much I was surprised when the count entered the room. I could not help screaming as soon as I saw him.

He begged that I would be composed, assuring me of his sympathy.

I cried, 'that I wished for none of his sympathy—that I could have no sympathy with him.'

He declared, in the most soothing tone, 'that he was ready to render me every service in his power;' adding, 'that it was in his power, he hoped, to be of most essential service to me.'

'Can you restore my mother?' exclaimed I.

He started, became pale, and remained for some moments silent: then, recovering himself, he said,—'That he most sincerely lamented the fate of my mother; that he, as well as her other friends, had entertained hopes that she was to be set at liberty, at the very time that the sad event took place:—that she had enemies unknown to him.'

'They are not unknown to me,' cried I; and I was going to utter all that rage and despair prompted, when the mistress of the house entered the room. The count rose; and having recommended me, in very affectionate terms, to her care, he withdrew.

La Brune was the name of the woman into whose house I had been carried, from the shop where I was first taken ill. Her husband had received obligations from my father, for which she had retained sentiments of gratitude; and, after her husband's death, she let lodgings. She had behaved with all tenderness to me, from the moment I had entered her house.

When the count was gone, she informed me, that he had been accidentally passing when I was carried from the confectioner's to her house; that he had frequently called, during my illness, to inquire how I was, and had recommended that all possible care should be taken of me.

'The monster!' exclaimed I; 'it was owing to him that my mother was accused.'

The woman was shocked at hearing this, and expressed the utmost indignation at such perfidy; but, on inquiring into my reasons for believing it, she endeavoured to shew me that they did not by any means amount to certainty.

On various occasions, afterwards, this woman took pains to persuade me that there was little probability of the count's having been guilty of the wickedness I suspected him of. One day, in particular, after deploring the helpless situation in which I was, she repeated the desire he had expressed of serving me; and concluded, that for those, and various other reasons, I ought to receive his future visits with more complaisance.

'I expect no more of his visits,' said I: 'but, in case of his calling again, I beg you may shut the door against him.'

Madame la Brune told me, 'that she durst not venture to provoke a man of the count's influence; that if she did, it would no longer be in her power to serve me, which she had the most sincere desire to do. She begged I would reflect on my forlorn situation: that I was not free from danger, not only on account of my being the wife of an emigrant, but of one who was in arms against the republic. She represented how very much I stood in need of that protection, without which every body was in danger of being carried before the revolutionary tribunal. 'Innocence, my dear lady,' added she, 'is not always a security.'

'No,' answered I; 'nothing but guilt is; and for that reason I desire no security.'

On my uttering this, which I did with emphasis, I was surprised to see Madame la Brune change colour, and burst into tears.

The count was introduced at that very instant.

Madame la Brune rose; and, as she went out of the room, looked at me in a very affecting manner.

I had already been moved by her tears: I conceived this look to be a request that I should not provoke him, lest it should bring her to trouble: this reflection prevented me from withdrawing with her. I remained in the room, with the determination of behaving to him with calmness and civility.

He renewed his offers of service and expressions of concern. I bowed, without answering. He introduced some general and indifferent subject of conversation—I joined in it with constrained calmness. He at last took his leave, with a repetition of his hopes to be able to serve me.

At one time, I had some suspicion that madame la Brune acted in concert with the count; that perhaps I had been carried to her house by his direction. In this I did her injustice; she knew nothing of him, previous to his inquiries about me. She was afterwards informed, that he was

a friend of Collot d'Herbois, and had influence with Robespierre. The woman was of a compassionate disposition, and had the most sincere desire of being useful to me. She thought the count's protection was powerful, and was concerned at seeing me reject it: she thought the dangers of the times justified certain means of procuring safety, which were not justifiable at other periods. She herself had a protector, in a man who was a member of the military committee, and highly considered by Robespierre. Unable to make great sacrifices for virtue, she respected those who could, and was extremely susceptible of remorse. This was the source of her blushes at an expression of mine above mentioned.

In some conversations I afterwards had with this woman, I became fully convinced of her good-will towards me; this was also confirmed by the whole of her behaviour.

She spoke with gratitude of my father, with tenderness of my mother, and with horror of some who had the government at present in France; but begged that I would, in appearance at least, moderate my dislike of the count, until I should find myself more out of his power.

I had long before been abandoned by all those who, without any sentiment of friendship, had been in the habit of calling themselves my friends. After the death of my mother, the terror of being suspected kept many from me who had a real affection for me, and would willingly have subjected themselves to considerable inconveniences, but not to danger on my account.

[This, my dear young lady, is the utmost we need expect from the generality of those who are called friends; though, amidst the multitude of crimes that the revolution has given birth, instances of virtue, heroism, and exalted friendship, have appeared, which do honour to my country and to human nature.]

The count continued his visits: they became more frequent: his professions of friendship were more and more warm. When he seemed inclined, however, to make any particular declaration, I always eluded the subject. He

could not conceive that any thing could prevent me, in my present situation, from embracing an offer of marriage from him, except some religious scruple. He suspected that I might think a divorce, however legal, could not dissolve the obligation of marriage, which is a sacrament.

I might have had such scruples, even although I had loved the count; but, in truth, I disliked the man to that degree, that the idea of being his wife filled me with as much horror as that of being his mistress could possibly do.

The count was fully persuaded, however, that all my hesitation (for he thought me hesitating) proceeded from my doubts of the efficacy of the divorce, in giving me a right to marry a second husband during the life of my first.

To remove those doubts from my mind, he fell on a singular expedient, which it will be requisite to develope a little circumstantially.

The count was acquainted with a monsieur and madame Cochon, whose history is somewhat curious:—Mr. Cochon's parents were in opulent circumstances: they intended him for the military profession; and did all in their power, by giving him a suitable education, to render him fit for it. They never had any doubt of its being agreeable to his own inclination; for he had, from his early youth, affected the military dress, even in the fiercest style. But there were two circumstances, in the life of a soldier, to both of which young Cochon had an utter aversion; namely, danger and fatigue. When his parents told him, therefore, that it was time for him to choose a profession, to their surprise, he informed them he preferred the ecclesiastical.

Though surprised, his relations were not very averse to his choice; for some of them had such influence as might soon procure him church-preferment. In due time, therefore, he became a priest.

This took place a little before the commencement of the revolution; but he found, soon after, that the profession he had adopted, for no reason but to enjoy ease

and avoid danger, exposed him to persecution, and more danger than he had shrunk from.

His regret for this mistake was excessive: he thought the best way of repairng it was, to renounce the priesthood; which he did accordingly; giving, for his reason, that his conscience would no longer permit him to assist in carrying on a farce, contrived, from the beginning, to delude and cheat the people. And to prove that he was in earnest, and that he might ingratiate himself still more with the promoters of the new opinions, he determined to marry. The person he selected for this honour was a rich widow: her maiden name was Soupire. She had, from her youth, been of a studious disposition; and, by the time she had arrived at her twentieth year, she was very deep-read in romances, particularly those of a refined sentimental nature. The lady herself was exquisitely sentimental; continually sighing for something or other. *The tear of sensibility*, to use a favourite expression of her own, was continually trembling in her eye.

Her own personal distresses, she thanked heaven, she was able to support as became a Christian; but she acknowledged, that the misfortunes of her friends she could not endure with equal firmness and resignation.

With regard to the poor, she lamented that her own narrow circumstances did not permit her to bestow on them much pecuniary relief; but she was bountiful in good wishes, and in the allotment which she thought ought to be made for them by the rich. She often avowed, that the pleasure of giving was far more exquisite than that of receiving.

Nothing surprised her so much, as that the great, who indulge in other luxuries, should have so little taste for that most exquisite of all luxuries, relieving the wants of others.

A young man of some fortune, and of a benevolent disposition, who had been a little attracted by this lady's looks, which were engaging, was so charmed with her sentiments, that he proposed marriage to her. This pro-

posal was so very convenient to her, that she waved that timid reluctance, and all those delicate scruples, which it was in this lady's character to have displayed, had she not been afraid that the lover might have changed his mind during the exhibition.

The young man, in whose favour she had thus overcome her delicacy, was intimately connected in friendship with some of the leaders of the Gironde party. They were arrested a short time after his marriage. When the violence against them came to its height, he was advised to withdraw from Paris, and keep himself concealed. He followed this advice, and afterwards escaped to Germany; from whence he wrote pressing letters to his wife, begging that she would join him as soon as she could. She was taking measures for that purpose; for she did not know what else to do; and had often declared, that to be absent from the husband she loved was worse than death. The night before she was to have set out, a wealthy citizen of Paris, and the friend of Robespierre, made love to her.—Though she acknowledged that she was proud of the good opinion of so distinguished a patriot, yet she also expatiated on her virtue, and the duty she owed her husband, notwithstanding his political errors. The patriotic citizen represented that her virtue needed be no obstacle to his happiness, because he could, with the greatest ease, procure for her a divorce from her husband, who was an emigrant, and already dead in law. This argument was enforced by an offer of an ample jointure, and a considerable sum of ready money, at her own disposal.

The patriotic citizen prevailed: and, after the divorce had been obtained, and the new contract of marriage drawn out, sealed, and signed, in due form, he became the lady's lawful husband.

He did not survive his happiness long; the man died in consequence of excess at an entertainment given by Robespierre's brother to a select party of his friends. The count's acquaintance, Citizen Cochon, had ingratiated himself so much with all that party, by abjuring the priest-

hood and ridiculing christianity, that he had been invited to this entertainment. He saw the man carried speechless from the feast, and conceived great hopes of his death; for, having before been struck with the figure of his wife, and informed of her circumstances, he thought an alliance with her would answer all his views.

Some short time after the death of the husband, therefore, Monsieur Cochon paid a visit to the afflicted widow. He told her, 'that, as he had lost one of his most valued friends, he came to mingle his tears with hers, which, perhaps, would afford some degree of consolation to both.' She expressed no aversion to the experiment, and they met pretty frequently, to mingle their tears accordingly. She acknowledged to him that this ceremony afforded some alleviation to her sorrow, particularly as, though Monsieur Cochon was a much stouter man, yet she found a considerable resemblance in his features to those of her deceased husband. On that hint, Monsieur Cochon spoke, and declared his passion with such a warmth of eloquence as might have melted a harder heart than this lady's seems to have been.

All those particulars I learned from madame la Brune, who was a relation of Mademoiselle Soupire, had kept up a certain degree of intimacy with her through all her variations, and understood her character perfectly.

In the account I have given of this woman, (continued the marchioness), I have used, as often as I could recollect them, the very phrases of madame la Brune, who never spoke of her cousin without turning her affectation into ridicule.

The count had been acquainted with Madame Cochon when she was Mademoiselle Soupire. At one time he was thought to be rather fond of her. Disgusted by her affected airs of sensibility, he had abstained from visiting her. He had known her a warm and valuable friend of the Gironde party, while it was in power. He had known her its bitter enemy, and the most eloquent of Robespierre's admirers, when the Gironde party was overset: he was fully convinced that she was equally prepared to

be the advocate and admirer of whoever should overturn the government of Robespierre, and bring him to the guillotine. With whatever indulgence or partiality the count might view this disposition in himself, (for it was precisely his own), yet it appeared to him hideous in another; and he had the most consummate contempt for Madame Cochon. He imagined, however, that she was a likely person to remove all my scruples with respect to my sueing for a divorce and marrying again.—'As this lady, who passed for a woman of refined delicacy, had so far yielded to the voice of reason and prudence as to sue for a divorce from the man she had married from love, and had afterwards taken a second husband, during the life of the first, notwithstanding her love for him, and then a third, who had been a priest, in the middle of her mourning for the death of the second, what hesitation could remain with me after so bright and striking an example?'

The count, therefore, cultivated the acquaintance of Monsieur Cochon more than ever; renewed his attentions to his lady, who had always retained a certain degree of regard for him, and on whom he soon prevailed to promote his views with all her power. She visited her relation madame la Brune very assiduously, and took much pains to be on an intimate footing with me.

I was not long in perceiving her aim and suspecting her motive. It was not in my power to avoid seeing this woman; but I concealed my suspicions of her. I allowed her, with little interruption, to expatiate on the good qualities of the count; his intimate connection and great influence with the men in power; and on my good fortune, in having so valuable a friend. She drew his portrait in the most shining colours, and varnished it with all her art, to render it still more agreeable. This had a different effect from what she intended: the varnish corroded the artificial tints, and left the likeness in all its natural disgusting appearance of corruption.

She was deceived by my silence and passive attention: she informed the count that the moment for being listened to by me with favour was arrived.

At his next visit he found madame la Brune with me. She seized a pretext for leaving us: he began the old subject of his ardent desire of serving me—his extreme sorrow for my helpless situation. On my faintly thanking him, he said, 'that endeavours were making for restoring to me my estate, and threw out some insinuations of his own influence with those on whom that measure depended; that the greatest obstacle was my being considered as the wife of an emigrant; that he, however, had a prior claim having declared his passion before my husband paid his court to me. He hinted the great facility which there was with respect to divorces: and that, though he found it difficult to obtain the restoration of an estate to a person who was considered merely as his *friend*, yet he was persuaded it would not be refused to his *wife*.'

I froze at the word. I am convinced I became pale. How he construed my appearance I know not; but he dropped on one knee, seized my hand, and renewed his request in direct terms. At his touch I shuddered—All caution forsook me—I drew my hand hastily from him, with an exclamation of aversion.

He started up with fury, and, in a menacing voice, admonished me not to provoke him too far.

'The worst you can do,' said I, 'wretch, cannot surpass your perfidy to my mother.'

He left the room quite furious.

Madame la Brune entered.—She had overheard all that passed.—She lamented the danger I was in, and blamed my rashness.

'To screen myself from danger,' said I, 'would you have me plunge into guilt and infamy?'

She burst into tears, and remained silent.

I was sorry for the uneasiness I gave this good-natured woman, and said every thing I could think of that could be soothing to her.

Vilotte, the dancing-master, called on me a few days after this scene. He seemed greatly agitated. He informed me, 'that he had just learned that an accusation was to be brought against me; that he understood it ori-

ginated in the count. He advised me to destroy any letters I might have from my husband, or any paper whatever, that would strengthen suspicion of my corresponding with emigrants.'—He added, 'that I was to be arrested the following day, and confined in a house belonging to a creature of the count, where I would be entirely in his power.'

This last circumstance terrified me more than all the rest. I proposed leaving my lodgings directly, and trying to find refuge and concealment in the house of a poor woman, whose distresses I had occasionally relieved, and with whom I was not known to be acquainted.

Vilotte approved of this; but desired me to delay till the dusk of the evening, when he would himself conduct me; and, in the meanwhile, begged that I would take the precaution he had mentioned.

When I informed madame la Brune of this, she showed the strongest marks of sorrow, and, afterwards, of indignation; she poured forth execrations against the count: at last, after a minute's pause, she said, 'Perhaps I may still be able to save you from the power of this villain.' She ordered a coach to be called, assured me that she would return in a short time, and hurried into it without farther explanation.

I had no paper that could be thought dangerous, but several that I did not wish those wretches to peruse: these I immediately threw into the fire, and then employed myself in packing up what necessaries could be conveniently carried to the house where I intended to go.

Madame la Brune returned two hours before the time when I expected Vilotte.—I heard her singing a gay air as she came up stairs. She knew the state of anxiety in which I was, and wished to announce to me, as soon as possible, that there was nothing alarming in the news she brought. As she opened the door of my room—'You have nothing to fear, my dear madam,' cried she; 'you may remain here in perfect security.'

She then informed me, that 'she had been with her friend and protector of the military committee; had relat-

ed to him my story, which he was in part previously acquainted with, and had fully convinced him of the count's intention to gratify private malice and revenge, under the pretext of public zeal; that while she was enforcing this with all the warmth which her regard for me prompted, a servant had entered, and informed him that Collot d'Herbois waited in another room; that her friend had directly withdrawn, desiring her to wait his return; that, when he did return, he had assured her that he had taken effectual measures for my safety, desiring her to inform me that I was in no danger of being arrested, and had nothing to dread from the enmity of the count.'

When Vilotte arrived, I informed him of these circumstances, at which he expressed great satisfaction, saying, 'that though he had not the honour of knowing the deputy in question, he was well acquainted with his high reputation; and that the assurances he had given madame la Brune were completely to be relied upon.'

I remained, accordingly, at her house, undisturbed by fear of being arrested, or by any more visits from the count.

I afterwards came to the knowledge of the means by which my security was obtained.

The count had cultivated an intimacy with St. Juste, a member of the convention, and a great favourite of Robespierre. He was a young man of great intrepidity and considerable talents. After having said that he was a favourite of Robespierre, it is unnecessary to add that this St. Juste was a most consummate villain.

He had recommended citizen R—— (for that was the name the count had assumed) in so particular a manner, that *he* also was considered, at this time, as a kind of favourite of Robespierre. The count was so vain of this honour, that he neglected his old friend, Collot d'Herbois; and a coldness had taken place between them. The latter was piqued at the count's neglect; and he harboured besides some degree of jealousy, on account of his growing favour with the dictator. This was the state of Collot d'Herbois' mind when he called on madame la Brune's

friend, as has been mentioned. The latter was acquainted with the count's ancient intimacy with Collot d'Herbois, but knew nothing of the new coldness. D'Herbois' business was to request a situation for a relation of his, who was an engineer. Immediately after granting this request, madame la Brune's friend told the other that the count had conceived ill-will against an unfortunate woman, in whom he was interested, had a plan for having her arrested and confined, on pretences that were unfounded, and begged, as he himself was unacquainted with the count, that d'Herbois would prevail on him to drop all thoughts of that nature.

'You may depend upon it,' said d'Herbois, 'that it shall be done—I'll go to him immediately.'

'You are sure of persuading him? for I am a good deal interested in the business,' resumed the other.

'Absolutely sure,' replied d'Herbois.

He immediately waited on the count, told him he was sorry to understand that he had intentions of accusing me, and desired he would give up all thoughts of it, and leave me in tranquillity.

The count expressed surprise at his interference, said there was great ground for the accusation, and refused to comply with his request.

Collot d'Herbois said, with an air of menace, 'I would advise you not to push that matter any farther.'

The count, with heat, told him, 'that he would mention it to Robespierre himself that very day: adding, 'How will you answer to him for interfering in favour of a person under such a load of suspicion as that lady is?'

'How will you answer to him,' replied d'Herbois, 'for the letter you wrote to Danton a little before his arrest and execution?'

'That letter was burnt,' replied the count.

'When I told you so,' rejoined Collot d'Herbois, with an ironical grin, 'I did not recollect that I had, *from mere absence of mind*, slipped it into my pocket instead of the fire: I was surprised, therefore, to find it among my papers this morning.'

The face of the count, red-hot with rage the instant before, became cold and pale at this annunciation; he perceived that his life was in the power of a man he had neglected and braved, and with whose vindictive temper he was well acquainted. This reflection, after he had stood a moment motionless, began to shake his whole frame; when he attempted to speak, his teeth chattered in such a manner that he could not articulate a syllable.

After having for some time enjoyed his terror, 'I see,' said Collot d'Herbois, 'that you are a little discomposed at this intelligence; you may rest assured, however, that *your friend* Robespierre shall not see your kind epistle to *his friend* Danton, until I hear that the lady in question is arrested, or that you make some attempt to disturb her.'

When the count had recovered himself, he assured d'Herbois, 'that he might have obtained what he required of him by a single word; but that he had been impelled to affect reluctance merely by the abrupt and peremptory manner in which the request had been made; that he must be sensible that there was no man on earth for whom he had so great an esteem; that, as for the lady, she might rely on never being disturbed by him; that very probably the reports he had heard of her corresponding with emigrants were false; and that, if so, he would be very happy to do her all the service in his power; and that Collot d'Herbois might rely on his conducting himself in that business, as in every thing else, conformably to the friendship he had long felt for him.'

D'Herbois answered with declarations of friendship equally sincere; but, in the spirit of his original profession, as a buffoon, he could not refrain from embracing the count a little too much *à la pantalone*, which convinced the count that the other intended the reverse of what he said: that idea engrossed his thoughts,—the guillotine was constantly before his eyes; and, as Robespierre was the person from whose immediate mandate he dreaded death, he thought of nothing, from that moment, but how to overturn his power; and, having discovered that

some other of Robespierre's old friends, wretches who had been his accomplices in so many murders, were, from a suspicion of his intention to murder them also, now his enemies, the count joined in their plots.

Their conspiracy was hurried into execution by the intemperance of Robespierre himself. This man had so long sported with the lives of his countrymen, without meeting with resistance, that he lost all prudence or sense of danger; and, after having been obeyed implicitly in the murder of many thousands of innocent people, he lost his own life by threatening that of a few execrable villains.

While the contest continued, the count kept aloof. As soon as it was known that Robespierre, Couthon, St. Juste, and Henriot, were massacred, he appeared in the front rank of the victors, and was among the very loudest declaimers against the cruelties of Robespierre, whom he now represented as the greatest monster that ever the earth had produced. Barère and Collot d'Herbois attempted to play the same game, but with less success. Tallien unmasked the first; and the count was indefatigable in his endeavours to send the second to the scaffold. This man, however, who had deserved the wheel in a thousand instances, escaped with banishment.

A few days after Robespierre had been dragged expiring to the scaffold, amidst the execrations of a multitude who worshipped him two days before, I received a visit from Madame Cochon. In the days of Roland and the Girondists, this woman had always spoken of Robespierre as a madman: after their destruction she acknowledged that she had mistaken his character, for she then saw that he was a most disinterested patriot, and the only man in France who had sufficient energy for conducting the republic through the rocks, quicksands, and hurricanes of the revolution. Madame Cochon thought herself wonderfully eloquent, and dealt much in hackneyed metaphor. At this visit I found that she had resumed her original opinion of Robespierre, with the addition of his being the most mischievous and cruel of madmen. With

a view to acquire favour with those who had destroyed him, and gain importance, she gave out that the following memorandum was inscribed in his pocket-book.—*Madame Cochon, née Soupire. Guillotine.*

When she repeated this assertion to me, in the presence of madame la Brune, who was convinced of its falsehood, the latter could not help saying,—'It is a great pity that the pocket-book, which does you so much honour, could never be found.'

'Ah!' cried Madame Cochon, a little too hastily, 'he burnt it before his execution.'

'It is wonderful, then,' replied madame la Brune, 'how you came to know that such a memorandum had ever been in it.'

'It is by no means wonderful,' said the incorrigible hypocrite, 'since Providence has ordained, that plans of murder, as well as murder itself, are often brought to light in a miraculous manner; and I do assure you, my friend, that I was doomed to death by that monster Robespierre!' She said this in a doleful voice, and seemed ready to cry.

'*Let not the tear of sensibility tremble in your eye,*' rejoined madam la Brune; 'but recollect that it was the monster himself, and not you, that was guillotined.—Do not cry, my dear madam, your head is still upon your shoulders.'

I have observed, my dear Miss Clifford, (continued the marchioness), that vain people are exceedingly blind to the ridicule they excite. This woman was a very great hypocrite; she had all the desire possible to deceive, but her vanity put it out of her power. It was obvious that madame la Brune sneered at her: yet she continued to flourish about her sensibility a considerable time before she touched on the real business for which she had come: at last, however, she spoke about the count.—'She was exceedingly sorrow that any misunderstanding had taken place between him and me: to her knowledge he had the most sincere respect and friendship for me; wished to be of use to me; and then expatiated on the need that every

one, particularly a young woman in my situation, had of protection;' and finished by saying, 'that the count was intimately connected with those who had overturned Robespierre; that he had been acquainted with all their plans, and was likely to continue in trust and favour with them; and, even on the supposition that they, like others, should be turned out of power, (she added), that he possessed such address, and such an accommodating versatility of conduct, that she knew no man who stood a fairer chance of acquiring the favour of their successors, however opposite their system might be to the measures he now supported; that the friendship and protection of such a man was of great advantage at any time, but particularly at the present moment.'

Having urged those considerations at some length, she took her leave, in the hopes, no doubt, that they would have the effect she intended. She assured me, as she was going, that she would have the pleasure of waiting on me again very soon.

I afterwards was informed, on better authority than Madame Cochon's, that the count really was in considerable credit with those in power, but that madame la Brune's friend was under confinement. On this, my dread of being persecuted by the malice, or, what I dreaded still more, by the love of the count, returned in full force.

I began, therefore, to arrange matters for changing my lodging; but I concealed my purpose from madame la Brune, not from any want of confidence in her, but that she might be enabled to declare, *with truth*, that she knew not of my going, nor where I was.

Madame la Brune suspected my intention, and complained of me for harbouring it. I acknowledged my having resumed my former plan of concealing myself with the old woman, and that I had not mentioned it to her, on purpose to save her from being suspected by the count of any previous knowledge of my leaving her house; for I knew that she had given him reason to expect that she would inform him, in case I should ever think of taking that step.

She said, 'that she was convinced of the prudence of my immediately trying to conceal myself; but she questioned my being able to remain long so at the old woman's, where I should also be miserably accommodated. She therefore advised me to leave Paris.' She owned, 'that the count had exacted of her that she should give him notice in case I thought of quitting her house; but that he had no right to make such an exaction; that he could not have made it for any honest purpose; and therefore she would pay no regard to it. As for the count's suspecting me of assisting you to escape,' said she, 'that he will do at any rate; for villains are always suspicious: but, thank heaven!' added she, 'they are to be deceived as well as other people: and I have no scruple in deceiving them; being persuaded, that an over-delicacy in that point gives them an advantage over honest people which they have no right to. After you are gone, therefore, I shall have circumstances arranged, and a story prepared, that will tend to remove his suspicions of me more effectually than if I had really known nothing of the matter, and been unprepared to deceive him, as he deserves to be.'

I did not think madame la Brune's reasoning unexceptionable, more than her conduct in other respects; for it was impossible not to see that she was the mistress of the deputy with whom she had so much influence. What surprised me was, to find that, notwithstanding this latitude of reasoning and behaviour, she was scrupulously observant of certain religious ceremonies, of far less importance; an instance of which I will mention, because it is a strong proof of the inconsistency of sentiment on religious subjects, even in characters by no means devoid of sagacity in other matters.

One evening that I passed with her alone, after a good deal of conversation, in which she expressed a full belief in all the doctrines of the church, I could not help saying, 'With so firm a belief in all those things, how can you maintain the conduct you do in a certain point?' She answered, with the most perfect *naïveté*, and seemingly unconscious of saying any thing singular,—'Because, to be-

lieve costs me nothing; but to change my conduct, in the article you allude to, would cost me a great deal.'

The whole of her conduct towards me, however, was uniformly generous and friendly; and appeared the more so, because, at the very time that she was exposing herself to danger, and taking so much trouble on my account, she was under great concern and dread for the safety of her own protector.

I determined to follow her advice in leaving Paris; and, after much reflection, could think of no place where I could be more secure than in the house of that person who had paid up the debt due to my father. The domestic who had formerly attended me on the journey was at this time with one of the armies. I sent, therefore, for my never-failing friend Vilotte; informed him of my purpose; and he readily agreed to accompany my maid and me to the place of our destination. By his means we procured passports, under false names, and accomplished the journey happily, though not without a variety of dangers and risks, which I shall omit to enumerate. I was received in the kindest manner by my friend and his family. After having remained unmolested with them a considerable time, I received a letter from madame la Brune, in which she informed me, 'that Madame Cochon had called two days after my departure; had been surprised and irritated, on hearing that I had abruptly left the house without giving her notice; that the count himself had called the day after; that he had raged like a fury; accused her of being accessary to my escape, and had abused her in very gross terms; that this had furnished her with a pretext for refusing to answer any of his questions, by some of which she would have been very much embarrassed; that he had afterwards tried coaxing and bribing, to prevail on her to acquaint him with the place of my concealment; that she had not altogether seemed deaf to these arguments; but, after having convinced him that she had known nothing of my going away, and had with all diligence been endeavouring to discover where I was, she had given him a cue for finding me out,—which cue,

added she, ' *will direct his researches far enough from the place you are in.*'

About a fortnight after this, I received a second letter from madame la Brune, to acquaint me, that she had just learnt, from the count himself, ' that he had heard of my former journey; had some suspicion where I actually was, and proposed to send certain agents to discover whether his suspicions were well founded: that she, on her part, had done every thing she could to turn him from his purpose; but, as she was not certain of having succeeded, she gave me this notice, that I might be on my guard.'

This alarmed me so much, that I slept out of my friend's house the night on which I got the letter. By the very next post I received another, in which madame la Brune informed me, ' that she had waited on the count the day after their last conversation, and had told him, that, in consequence of having written to a friend at Lisle, to give her information of the arrival of any person at that town who answered to the description she had given of me, she had received an account of such a person having just arrived there: that, on this information, the count, as she wished, had immediately set out for Lisle.' Madame la Brune added,—' On his arrival there, he will be told, that the person he is in search of had gone to St. Omer's some hours before his arrival: he will of course proceed to St. Omer's; and, when he gets there, he will find that nobody knows what is become of the fugitive.' She concludes, ' that she gives me this information, that I may have time to make the arrangements necessary for removimg entirely from my present place of concealment, and finding another, where I could remain in security; for she was persuaded, that as soon as the count should return to Paris, he would resume his former suspicion, and set out for the place where I then was.

In consequence of this information, I resolved to go to Geneva. By the means of the excellant man with whom I had lodged, I performed this journey, and was received,

with my maid, into the house of a watchmaker, with whom my friend had long dealt, and to whom he had been of material service in the way of his business. His family consisted of his wife and two young children.

With this family I lived in the most private manner: they were worthy people. As I was pleased with their conversation, and was provided with whatever books I required, I seldom wished to go abroad; but my kind landlady, being afraid that too much confinement would injure my health, prevailed on me sometimes to take a walk with her. As we crossed the Plain-palais one day together, I saw, at some little distance, two men in French uniforms, one of whom struck me as having a resemblance to a fellow whom I remembered to have seen attending the count. I turned back immediately, begging my companion to attend me home as fast as possible. Being near the gate which opens to Plain-palais, we soon entered the town, and hurried home with all expedition. I informed my landlord and his wife of the cause of my alarm: they endeavoured to encourage me with the hope that I had not been noticed by this fellow, or that he might not be the person I took him for: those hopes were diminished that same evening; when my landlord was informed, that a French soldier had been inquiring, at the shop opposite to his house, 'Who the lady was who lived with him?—How long she had been at Geneva?—When she intended to leave it?—and other particulars.'

This account terrified me exceedingly, because of the dread and subjection in which the inhabitants of the once free and happy city of Geneva were held by the tyranny of France. When I demanded of my landlord, 'Whether I could depend on the magistrates for protection, in case any attempt were made against my liberty, through the influence of France,' he said,—'It would be best not to risk it.'

This man, though in other respects a man of sense and worth, had been a favourer of our revolution. He thought the French republic would, from sympathy, support the independence of Geneva. I knew his sentiments

and therefore repeated, with surprise,—'Risk it! Does the independence of Geneva run any risk from the republic of France? Can it countenance any attempt against general or individual liberty?'

He shook his head, and made an answer flattering, my dear Miss Clifford, to your country.—'I am now convinced,' said he, 'that power in republics, as well as in monarchies, has always a tendency to be oppressive; and that liberty, as well in monarchies as in republics, has a tendency to be turbulent: power and liberty, therefore, are seldom on good terms in either. I do not recollect any instance of their being combined, and limited so as to produce the general happiness of the people, in any republic, nor in any monarchy, except that of Great Britain, since the revolution in that country in the year 1688.'

He then told me, 'that he had a friend, advanced in life, who had been so disgusted with the dissensions and tumults of which Geneva had been the scene since our revolution, that he had taken a small house in a very retired and romantic spot near the village of Cluse, where he lived with his sister, a lady who had long before been disgusted with mankind in general; not, indeed, on account of a revolution in the state, but in the affections of one man, who had proved faithless to her:' adding, 'that they hardly ever saw or corresponded with any person, except when he himself paid them a visit, or had occasion to write to the brother.' To this person's house my landlord offered to conduct me, assuring me of a welcome. I agreed to the proposal with eagerness. We set out the following day; and, at my arrival, I received from this gentleman and his sister the welcome I had been promised.

Before I left Geneva, I had written to my husband, who was still with the prince of Condé, expressing my desire of passing to Germany, as soon as I could know where he wished me to reside; and desiring him to address to me, under cover, to my landlord at Geneva, who would deliver his letters, or transmit them to me, wherever I might be.

While I waited with impatience for an answer to this letter, I received one from madame la Brune, in which she informed me, 'that before the count returned from his expedition to Lisle and St. Omer's, she had prepared a very plausible story to amuse him, and remove any suspicion which might, naturally enough, have arisen in his mind, of her having intentionally deceived him; that, though she had never seen a man so vexed as he was at his disappointment, and at the thoughts of having for ever lost me, she had appeared to be as vexed as him; that she was not quite certain, however, of having entirely removed his suspicions; that his passion for me was as violent as ever; that he talked much of the happy situation in which it was in his power, as well as his inclination, to place me; that he would forget all the trouble I had given him, and enable me to live in opulence, uncontrolled, and entirely according to my own taste.' Madame la Brune observed, 'that his insisting so much on these topics looked a little as if he still suspected that she knew where I was, and would inform me of all he said.'

[This woman you must perceive, my dear, is exceedingly shrewd and cunning; but, though I must ever think on her with gratitude, and should be happy to render her any proper service, I should like her better if she had less cunning, and more true wisdom: cunning is very apt to grow into knavery, whereas wisdom tends to make people honest.]

The most interesting part of her epistle was the postscript, which acquainted me with her having just learnt that the count had left Paris, and that he was gone to Chambery, where a certain person who had been long looked on as a creature of his acted as a commissioner.

This intelligence alarmed me so much, that I immediately sent a peasant with a letter to my friend the watchmaker at Geneva, begging his advice, and informing him that I had heard this commissioner spoken of as a man devoid of principle, and devoted to the count; so that, if he should by any accident discover where I was, I might, by

the authority of the former, be arrested on the slightest pretext, and fall into the power of the latter.

The worthy Genevois saw my danger in the same light I did myself, and he was as eager to relieve me from it as if he had been my father. His answer was, 'that the safest place, in his opinion, that I could retire to was Vevay; that he would write to a trusty person of his acquaintance, who lived there, to be ready to receive and accommodate me immediately on my arrival;' and he desired me to meet him early in the morning of the day, after receiving his letter, at a certain village, from whence he would conduct me to the lake of Geneva, where a boat would be ready to carry my maid and me across to Vevay.

It afterwards appeared, however, that all my suspicions, from the time I had seen the fellow in the Plain-palais, had been well founded: he *was* one of the ruffians whom the count maintained, and always had at his command. This fellow had been sent by the count from Chambery to Geneva, for the express purpose of getting some accounts concerning me: he had remarked my suddenly turning from him, and hastening within the gate; and had afterwards made inquiries, which confirmed him in the notion that I was the person he was in search of. He had given this information to the count, who had directly come to Geneva, in the hopes of carrying me off by some means or other from that city, on his arrival there; and, finding that I had left it, he had taken pains to discover where I had gone, in which he succeeded; and, finally, had applied to the commissioner, who, subservient to all his views, had given an order for arresting me, on the pretext of my carrying on a correspondence with the enemies of France.

After every thing was arranged for our departure, according to the directions of my friend the Genevois, while I was conversing after supper with my worthy host and his sister, in the expectation of setting out next morning, a servant, entering the room abruptly, told us, 'that the house was surrounded by a party of French soldiers.' You may conceive what a thunder-stroke this was to me.

My landlord, whose natural steadiness of temper was fortified by the study and practice of philosophy, seeing the state in which I was, said, 'Fifty to one it is a mistake, founded on false information; they happen daily.'—'The person who commands the party is placing sentinels around the house; he seems a civil man,' said the servant to his master, 'and he desired me to tell you, sir, that you need not be alarmed, for he has orders not to injure you in the least.'

'I am glad that the party is under command,' replied our landlord aloud: 'in that case, as we are all innocent, *none of us* need be alarmed.'

As the officer was entering, I turned my back to the door, from the dread that he might be accompanied by the count. Addressing my landlord, he said, 'I am sorry, sir, that my duty obliges me to disturb you in the least; but my orders reach not you; they only regard a lady who lives in your house.'

I cannot describe how I was affected, when, struck with the voice of this officer, I turned suddenly and recognised the very person who had accompanied me on my journey from, and return to, Paris, when I went for the money.

He seemed as much astonished as I was. 'Good Heaven!' said I, 'St. Jean, are *you* come to arrest me?'

'To arrest *you!*' exclaimed he, with the accent of horror, shaking his head. He then paused, looked around, shut the door, and repeated, 'Arrest you! my dear madam, never, never, never.'

'Who then are you come to arrest?' said I.

'My dear lady,' replied he, 'let me recover my senses;' and, after looking first my landlord, and then his sister, stedfastly in the face, he said to me,—'Am I safe to speak?'

'I will answer for this gentleman and lady as for myself, St. Jean,' said I.

'Will you?' replied the good fellow; 'then I will speak freely.—In case you should escape from this, do you know of any place in which you could be concealed?'

'I was preparing to set out for such a place when you arrived,' said I.

'Would to heaven I had fallen and broken my leg when I was hastening hither,' said he.

'I believe you had best inform this good man of the whole of your scheme,' said our landlord, addressing me.

I did so directly.

St. Jean listened with attention; and when I had finished,—'It will do,' said he, rising with an air of satisfaction. He then desired to be excused, saying, he had some dispositions to make; but would return in a short time.

'Are you absolutely certain of this man's fidelity?' said the sister, as soon as he left the room.

'As much as of any man alive,' said I.

'That may be,' said the sister with a profound sigh; 'but no man alive is to be trusted.'

I recollected what the Genevois had told me, that this lady had in her youth been deceived by a man; and I had perceived that a long course of intervening years had not plucked the rooted sorrow from her breast.

'Do you not perceive, my dear sister,' said our landlord, 'that the time for distrust is past; we are in the man's power; the least appearance of distrust now would only irritate.'

St. Jean returned. We were surprised to see him accompanied by the footman and the two maids, the only servants belonging to the house. We were alarmed when he desired that they should be shut up in a room, and the key delivered to him.

This extraordinary request was immediately complied with. After which, St. Jean, shutting the door, addressed us as follows, in a low voice.

'You have acquainted me with the plan formed for the marchioness's escape previous to my unlucky arrival. I will now inform you of the measures I shall take for its being still carried into execution. The orders I have received are general, and simply to arrest a lady living with this gentleman;—little did I imagine that this lady, the

daughter of my benefactor, was the person. I will run any risk to secure her escape from the danger with which she is threatened; but I hope it may be effected without much. I have informed the party under my command, that the lady we were in search of is in this house; that it would be foolish to think of moving her until the morning. I have placed sentinels before and behind the house. At one o'clock precisely there will be a soldier at the back-door, whom I believe I might trust; but it is unnecessary, for I shall myself walk around the house at that hour, on the pretence of observing whether the sentinels do their duty. I shall then bring the man at the back-door to the front of the house, and there amuse him and his companion with repeated and minute orders, until the marchioness and her maid shall have full time to withdraw by the back-door, and to get at a distance from the house, so as to arrive at the place where the person you mentioned attends to accompany them across the lake. On the morning,' continued St. Jean, 'I shall be under the necessity of conducting this lady,' pointing to our landlord's sister, 'to a small town between this and Chambery, where the person who brought me the commissioner's orders waits my arrival. He will no doubt be out of humour when he sees the mistake; but he must impute it to the want of precision in the orders he gave me, and he must of course release the lady directly.'

The sister did not seem very fond of this part of St. Jean's plan; but when the brother declared his intention to accompany her, observing, at the same time, that it would afford her satisfaction the rest of her life to reflect, that, by a small piece of inconvenience, she had been the means of saving a person she esteemed from very great distress, perhaps from death, she agreed.

I could not help expressing a fear, however, lest St. Jean should be suspected of having connived at my escape; 'for, after all,' said I, 'the soldiers who are here will declare that there were *two* ladies.'

'The soldiers, my dear madam,' said St. Jean, 'can declare no such matter; they did not know that there

was so much as *one* lady here until I informed them, after I went last out of this room. That they may not be made acquainted that there are two is the reason of my having used the precaution of locking up the only persons who can give them that information.'

We all admired the prudence and address of St. Jean. After some consultation, it was thought expedient to liberate the man servant, whose silence and discretion his master declared he could rely on; and who was highly useful, at the appointed hour, in conducting my maid and me to the place, where we found the punctual Genevois in waiting. This worthy man had arranged every thing to my wish; and he never quitted us, until he had seen us established safely at Vevay.

I soon after had the pleasure of hearing from him, that our host and his sister had both been set at liberty a short time after the party had conducted them to the town from whence they set out; that St. Jean had shewed that he had adhered literally to his orders, and that no blame was attached to him. But I was informed, at the same time, of what gave me much inquietude, though I had all along suspected it in part, that the count was in Savoy; that the order for arresting me originated in him; that he remained convinced that the information he had received was true; but that he had been persuaded by St. Jean, that I must have left the house before his arrival with the party; that St. Jean had been ordered to Italy; and that the count continued his researches for me with redoubled assiduity.

All this intelligence my friend the Genevois had received from St. Jean, before he set out on his march. I should have directly left Vevay, had I not expected every day to hear from my husband, or had I known where I could be in more safety.

A short time after this I was again on the point of falling into the power of my persecutor. From that supreme misery I was saved by the generous interposition and intrepidity of one who, for reasons with which I am unacquainted, wishes not to be mentioned. When I shall

know that those reasons no longer exist, I shall acquaint you with the particulars.

The behaviour of all the English with whom I have had any communication, since my arrival here, confirms the opinion I have long entertained of your nation: and one acquaintance in particular, which I have made in London, I shall ever consider, my dear Miss Clifford, as one of the most happy incidents of my life.

LETTER XXXV.

The COUNTESS-DOWAGER *of* DEANPORT *to* JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq.*

DEAR SIR, *London.*

I ALWAYS thought Mordaunt of a generous disposition; but as he is, at the same time, both a younger brother and a man of fashion, I never could have imagined that he would have been either able or willing to have advanced such a sum as would enable you to clear off your debts, and leave Munich in a creditable manner. Men of pleasure seldom have cash sufficient to answer their own purposes; and I hardly ever knew any of them, except mere novices, at their first affecting that character, who were willing to accommodate a friend with money, whatever his urgency might be. But Mordaunt of late has, I understand, been more a soldier than a man of pleasure.

I am happy it was in my power to remove the chief obstacles that existed in this country to your return.

Your old friend, Brumton, stood out more obstinately than any of your creditors. He had heard that your relation in Wales was in an ill state of health; and was convinced that, by his death, you would be very soon in a condition to pay him the whole debt. Varnish, my attorney, is a precious fellow: he found means to persuade Brumton that your relation was out of danger, and that it was a very doubtful matter who would be his heir when he died; on which that affectionate old friend, losing

hope of receiving his whole debt, came into the same terms as your other creditors.

When he shall hear, however, that the Welchman has not only relapsed, but also that he is attended by a physician of your recommending, he will consider you as in possession of the estate, and curse the hour on which he agreed to the composition.

As I had been for some time extremely impatient for your arrival in London, you may imagine what a disappointment it was to me when I understood that, immediately on landing, you were under the necessity of setting out for Wales. I am sensible, however, of the propriety of that measure, and shall now acquaint you with the circumstances that made me peculiarly desirous of seeing you in town.

In one of your letters from the continent there is a hint which shows that you had some idea of my having a scheme to promote a marriage between my son and Miss Moyston. I do not give you credit for a vast deal of penetration on that account. You must naturally have imagined that I could have no other design the moment you heard that I cultivated an acquaintance with her and her aunt. On what other account could I have submitted to the penance of visiting and being visited by such women? You can have no notion of their vulgarity.

Knowing that they were engaged with a party to go to the play, I seized the opportunity of sending them an invitation to my box at the opera the same night. The niece had the good sense and good manners to remain with her party; but the hideous aunt actually broke her engagement, and came to my box. I was under the necessity of sitting next her the whole night, in the view of a crowded audience. You have seen the woman, and know the Gothic style in which she dresses. I declare that Azor was the least frightful monster of the two. You who know my aversion to be seen in public with any one of an unfashionable appearance, and have been witness to my shrinking from my own relations and old companions for no other reason, may have an idea of what I

suffered from the ostentatious familiarity of this woman; for she continued smiling, and nodding, and whispering to me, during the whole performance. The truth is, that while she seemed to be delighted with her situation, and eager to catch the eyes of the spectators, I was in agonies; yet I endeavoured to support my spirits with the thought, that, through my sufferings, my son might obtain for his wife the greatest heiress in England. Little do children consider what a tender and affectionate mother is capable of enduring for the lasting good of her offspring!

While I persevered in my attentions to these two women, I often spoke to them of my son, who at this time was visiting his estate in Ireland: I described him, you may believe, in the most flattering colours, taking particular care to suit my description to what I conceived to be the taste of the niece. One day, being alone with the aunt, I determined to open my views to her; but while in preparation for what I intended, I was enlarging on my son's fine qualities, the old lady anticipated my purpose, exclaiming—'What a charming match would such an accomplished young nobleman make for my niece!'

I received the hint graciously, but with becoming dignity.—'My sincere friendship for her, the high opinion I had formed of her amiable niece's character, were great inducements, and would remove many obstacles.' As I had not the assurance to pay the least compliment to the young lady's beauty, I thought it necessary to dwell the more on her good sense, her charming humour, and amiable manners, though I strongly suspect that her understanding, temper, and beauty, are much on a level. The aunt assured me that I had a just notion of her niece's character; that she had a great deal more wit than she was willing to display, and a taste for magnificence, which would render her an ornament to the nobility.

In a short time we came to an understanding on the subject, for which I had brought about the meeting; and the business was settled, as far as depended on the aunt and me.

I soon discovered that the niece was as impatient to be a countess as the aunt was to be more intimately connected with me.

When my son arrived from Ireland, I made frequent mention of Miss Moyston in his presence. This naturally turned the discourse on her fortune; and I took care that some person in the company was sure to make the observation—that she was the greatest heiress in the island. I was in hopes that this would have excited a desire in my son to be introduced to the young lady; but I discovered that his mind was at that time engrossed with the thoughts of purchasing a mare which had struck his fancy, and he could attend to nothing else. As soon as I understood that he had succeeded in obtaining the mare, I again introduced the subject of Miss Moyston, and gave him a pretty circumstantial detail of her fortune, having previously informed myself of the various forms in which her immense property is secured. I concluded the narrative with the phrase appropriated for women about to be married, 'that she had every qualification requisite for rendering the marriage state happy.'

'She is very handsome, of course,' said he.

I answered, 'that I was sure that great beauty could not be reckoned among those requisites by a man of his discernment, as he must be acquainted with so many instances of its having a contrary effect.'

To this observation he deemed to assent, by the habitual bow which he gives for an answer when he has no other ready.

I prevailed on him to accompany me to the aunt's house, where he was presented to both ladies; but I blamed myself, as soon as Miss Moyston made her appearance, for not having delayed the presentation until the evening; because she certainly is one of those young ladies who show to greatest advantage by candle-light.

I must do my son the justice to confess, that, though the smile which he had prepared for Miss Moyston was converted into somewhat of a stare when the young lady appeared; yet he soon recovered from his surprise, and, on the

whole, conducted himself fully as well, during this first visit, as I had expected.

As he continued the same behaviour when he met them at my house, and sometimes visited them at their own, I flattered myself that every thing was in good train for the accomplishment of my wishes. But something like backwardness, on the part of my son, has appeared since; of which I will give you an account in my next; for I am now obliged to dress for Lady Faro's assembly, from which I would not, on any account, be absent this particular night, as I have had a foreboding, ever since I rose this morning, that I shall be a very considerable winner.

You will laugh at my foreboding, and impute it to superstition; though I really never am superstitious, unless when I am in an ill state of health. My foreboding, at present, is founded on what you have often told me is the only just basis for betting, namely *calculation*. I have been a constant loser these four last nights; and, as it is at least ten to one against any person losing five nights running, it is clearly the same odds in favour of my winning to-night.

Adieu!

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER XXVI.

The COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT *to the Same.*

London.

I AM sorry to begin by informing you, that, in spite of the odds against loosing five nights running, I lost again last night. There is something unnatural in this; it looks like enchantment. You may say what you please, but I am convinced there is a great deal in seats. I am determined to be more attentive to this point in future.

I mentioned in my last that some degree of hesitation respecting the object I am so much set on had appeared on the part of my son. He abstained of a sudden from visiting Miss Moyston; and when she came to visit me

was generally engaged elswhere. When I spoke to him of the impropriety and imprudence of this conduct, he pretended that it was entirely accidental; that he really had been engrossed with business of importance of late. I asked, 'what business could possibly be of so much importance to him as that of securing his domestic happiness for ever, by uniting himself to Miss Moyston;' adding, 'that after a very careful inquiry respecting the fortunes of all the heiresses in England, I could assure him that she was the best wife he could get by fifty thousand pounds at least.'

He replied, 'that the abatement which ought to be made on account of her looks, and other articles, would reduce her fortune to a level with that of some other heiresses.'

In reply to this, 'I desired him to recollect of how very little importance the beauty of a wife was to a husband; and cited some of his own acquaintance, who, having been touched with the looks of girls without fortune, had made what are called love-marriages; and who, in the space of a few months, were as completely indifferent about their wives' beauty as any man could be who had married a woman of fortune without any regard to her looks.' To this he made no answer; though, from his countenance, I thought my remark made some impression on him.—Whether it proceeds from indolence or vacancy, (for I need not attempt to conceal from you that Lord Deanport has not a great variety of ideas), he seldom engages in an argument; and often, when he is entirely of a different opinion from those who endeavour to persuade him to any measure, he says nothing against it: so that many have imagined they had brought him round to their way of thinking, because he remained silent, which he did merely to avoid the fatigue of reasoning.

On the present occasion, however I thought him a little affected by what I said; and, with a view to gain him entirely, I added, 'That unquestionably his fortune was very considerable; that his English estate, in particular, had been greatly improved by the pains I had bestowed on it

during his minority: but that he still owed a great sum; that, by a marriage with Miss Moyston he would be freed at once from that burden, be in possession of a large sum of ready money, and a vast additional fortune in land, which, by an accession of influence with administration, would enable him to provide for his friends and dependents at no expense to himself' I also hinted, 'that the additional thousand pounds which he had added to my jointure, before so shamefully small, would no longer be felt; but that he would even be able to double it, and still have more than twice as much to spend as he could afford at present.'

You have had but too many proofs that Lord Deanport knows nothing of true generosity: what I have heard you remark, my dear sir, is certainly just, that he takes after the contracted character of his father. I hardly ever knew him perform one generous action from the genuine movement of his own heart: every thing of that nature he ever did was prompted by me, or some other person; even the addition that he made to my jointure was obtained by the repeated suggestions of those whom I employed for that purpose; and he granted it at last more to relieve himself from importunity than from any inclination to oblige.

After throwing out the hint above mentioned, I told my son, 'that I had heard (which I really have) that Lord Sordid, son of ———— had of late paid particular attention to Miss Moyston.'

This roused him more than any thing I had hitherto suggested. 'Do you imagine,' said he, with a tone of contempt, 'that I have reason to dread Lord Sordid as a rival?'

I told him, 'that he certainly had not, provided he paid nearly the same attention to the lady which that lord did'

'Less attention will do,' said he, and left me with an air of great self-sufficiency.

His want of due attention to the lady is my only fear; for, in point of person and countenance, my son has much the advantage of Lord Sordid, as indeed he has of most

young men of fashion. I do not recollect one who, in those articles, can be thought his superior, except Mordaunt; and he derives his superiority more from that graceful frankness and captivating ease of manner, which all the others attempt, but none have caught, than to the exclusive beauty of his face and figure. My son, on the contrary, to a supercilious address joins a repulsive look; these, with his natural indolence, being opposed to Lord Sordid's fawning assiduity, alarmed me so much, that I took pains to impress both Miss Moyston and her aunt with an unfavourable idea of Lord Sordid. I represented him as the slave of avarice, and commented at large on that passion as the most debasing for himself, and the most tormenting to a wife, that a husband could have. 'It is more teasing to a wife,' added I, 'than even jealousy; for that may be lulled, or the effects of it eluded, by a woman of address; but all the cunning of Hermes, and all the soporific power of his pipe, are not sufficient to divert the attention, or shut the watchful eyes, of a miser.'

Here the aunt observed, 'that though she was not acquainted with Hermes, yet she was fully convinced that nothing could be more mortifying to a woman of spirit than to have a miser for her husband.'

This poor woman, I understand, was not a little controlled in her expenses during the life of her husband; which made her enter very feelingly into my abuse of Lord Sordid: indeed I could hardly exaggerate, it is almost impossible to represent him as more a miser than he is. Additional fortune would not prevail on him to augment his expense in a single article; it would, in reality, instead of increasing his enjoyment, render him more miserable, by increasing his dread of losing it. The loss of fifty pounds gives more pain to a miser than the gain of a thousand affords pleasure.

Yet, though all the world plainly sees that avarice is this noble lord's predominant passion, he himself is so little sensible of it, that he is as ready to condemn in others the immoderate love of money as either you or I.

Indeed, I have often had occasion to observe, that the blindness of mankind to their own personal failings is truly astonishing.

As I see many advantages from my son's marriage with Miss Moyston, I am impatient to have it concluded before he becomes sufficiently acquainted with her to take so strong a disgust as would be quite insurmountable. I therefore beg, my dear sir, that you will write to him on this interesting subject: you always had a great deal of influence with him. State the advantages of the match in the strongest point of view, and banter him on the weakness of permitting any reluctance he may feel respecting the young lady's person to weigh at all in his mind against an object of so much greater importance. I remain, very truly, yours,

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER XXXVII.

The COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT *to the Same.*

London.

I WILL tell you, frankly, that you have disappointed my expectations, in your letter to my son. I see the reason of it: you had a favour to ask. You know my son's aversion to be importuned, particularly on a subject which you think is disagreeable; and therefore you almost entirely elude the topic I recommended to you, lest your insisting on that might indispose him from granting the other: but you must be blind indeed, if you are not sensible that, in promoting my son's marriage with Miss Moyston, you greatly promote your own interest. When he shall be in possession of her fortune, and the extensive influence attending it, you know enough of the unconquerable indolence of his character not to be certain that all this influence would naturally fall into other hands. Into whose hands do you think it would fall? and for whom would that person use it?

The very first effect of it would be, to recompense you

for your late disappointment, by placing you in parliament. I am sensible that a seat would be highly convenient for you at present: indeed, it is the only protection which several very worthy gentlemen of my acquaintance have against the insolence of tradesmen.

But, over and above that security, I am persuaded, that when you are in parliament, and known to have influence with my son, your next application to the minister will not be followed by the same cold neglect that your last was.

Your not being a speaker does not account for it: very few of his adherents are of use to him in debate; and, were it not for the immense power of his own eloquence, and the ingenuity of two or three others, his measures would often remain undefended. Yet so much wealth has been accumulated by some of the poorest of his retainers, and such rank obtained by some of the lowest, that it might be imagined a revolution had taken place in this country as well as in France. It is generally allowed, however, that the minister himself remains, in point of rank and fortune, nearly where he was before he came into power.

Since I have been led into a subject so different from the usual topics of our correspondence, I will indulge myself in a few thoughts, which are suggested by the occasion. I have often wondered that, with the ambition you possess, you have never cultivated a talent for public speaking; since nothing is so likely to raise a man to such elevated situations, in this country, as that single faculty. You must be sensible, that it is next to impossible for any man, however otherwise accomplished, to hold the place of prime minister without it; whereas, if he possesess that in a very eminent degree, every other requisite is taken for granted.

I am persuaded that it is not yet too late for one of your natural quickness and ingenuity: during the residence you are at present obliged to make in the country, you could not employ the time better than in composing

speeches, and pronouncing them before a mirror; by which you will acquire becoming gesticulation, and accustom yourself to retain a series of arguments and illustrations in your memory. You will do well to prepare harangues for both sides; because there is no knowing which party may be uppermost by the time you shall obtain your seat. And, after you have chosen your side, and shown under whose banner you mean to fight, though it will be expected that you should make some kind of declaration regarding your future conduct, it will be worth your while to make yourself master of as many equivocal phrases as the English language admits, and to use general expressions; that in case of your finding it for your interest to adopt opposite measures, you may have little difficulty in explaining away the obvious sense of your former declarations.

From a neglect of this necessary precaution, several persons of my acquaintance, in other respects of distinguished prudence, have found themselves in a very awkward situation.

I have been carried insensibly from my subject; and now, when I intended to resume, I am interrupted:—it is the aunt herself: she is in the drawing-room. She never visited me before without being accompanied with her niece. I must finish here, or miss the post. I shall write again to-morrow. Do not write to my son till you receive my next. Adieu!

E. D

P. S. Only write a short line, to tell me how old Phillips is.

LETTER XXXVIII.

The Same to the Same.

London.

The visit, by which my letter of yesterday was interrupted, adds to my former solicitude that you should

write in the most impressive terms to my son. I hope you are sufficiently convinced that the plan I am so anxious for, besides gratifying me, will greatly conduce to your own interest as well as that of Lord Deanport.

I will now inform you of the cause of the aunt's visit. I no sooner entered the room than I perceived something had disturbed the unmeaning simper that was wont to dwell among her round and rosy features. She told me, after a good deal of embarrasment and awkward circumlocution, 'that she was extremely sorry to be obliged to speak on such a subject; but that it was impossible not to be hurt at the coldness of Lord Deanport's behaviour towards her niece, which had appeared so very evident at an assembly the preceding evening; that it must have struck every body; for his lordship had hardly spoken to her during the whole evening, though she had kept herself disengaged from cassino, the game she most delights in, on purpose to converse with him.'

I assured her, 'that, if I could have any idea of indifference for her niece on the part of my son, it would give me the most sensible uneasiness, because I was certain he never could meet with another young lady of equal worth; that I knew he was of the same way of thinking; but that he was of an inattentive turn of mind, and often had an air of indifference to the people he loved most; that, in short, it was mere habit.'

She observed, a little sulkily, 'that it was a very bad habit.'

I acknowledged it; but added, in extenuation, 'that it was a habit which people of high rank were apt to contract without intention. You must have observed, my dear madam,' said I, 'how peculiarly *we* are liable to be absent and inattentive: I am convinced it must have occurred to yourself sometimes to have fallen into a kind of reverie, during which you hardly knew your intimate friends or acquaintance.'

Flattered with the class I had placed her in, her features relaxed somewhat of their fullness, and she said, 'that, admitting there was justice in what I urged, still

it seemed strange that a man should behave with more coldness to the woman he loved than to others.'

Endeavouring to remove the force of this observation, I began to hint at the effect of very respectful love, which sometimes produced a timidity and an appearance of coldness.—She interrupted me with impatience and indignation, saying 'that she had heard of excessive love and respect having been urged as an apology for the greatest insult a woman could receive; but that, in her opinion, men who were possessed of that kind of respect had no business to marry.'

I was alarmed at the air of contempt with which she pronounced this, and hastened to remove the unfavourable impressions that I had accidentally given.

'My dear madam,' said I, 'did you never hear of men who, after being very warm lovers during the whole of their courtship, proved very cold husbands?'

She answered, in a very feeling accent, 'that she not only had heard of such false deceivers, but had known some of them.'

'Well; and no doubt you must also have known or heard of men who, after having been very cold and inattentive lovers, became most warm and affectionate husbands.'

After a pause she declared she never had.

'This surprises me,' resumed I. 'But I can assure you that Lord Deanport will be as strong a proof of the fact as a thousand instances; because he has, from his infancy, had a kind of careless, negligent manner, to those he loves best. I myself, for example, have often experienced it, though, at bottom, he is the most affectionate and most dutiful of sons: and to people, on the other hand, for whom he has no real regard, and never wishes to see in private, he is always very attentive in public. But you must remember that it is in mere external behaviour, and in trifling matters, that he displays this attention; for, in essentials, he has no connection with them: and therefore, my dear madam,' concluded I, 'you may rely upon it, that, in the same degree that my son is negligent in matters of mere etiquette, he will be assiduous in things of

importance; and though you may think him rather a careless lover, your niece will find him an affectionate and dutiful husband; for I know that it is both in his power and nature to be so.'

This seemed to satisfy her; and we parted as good friends as ever. I have spoken to my son on the subject; but he is so very indolent, and so very apt to fail, in every resolution he makes, and every engagement he comes under, if he has not either some internal stimulant to excite him, or some external monitor to advise him, that I earnestly beg you will put the importance of this whole business, in as strong a point of view as you can, in your very next letter to him; for, in spite of all my insinuations against Lord Sordid, if he and his relations continue their attentions to the niece, and my son perseveres in his neglect of her, there is reason to dread the event. Yours, as usual,

E. DEANPORT.

I expected you would rally me on my notion, that fortune at play often depends on seats. You are so polite as to tell me that this is one of the few points in which I betray feminine weakness; but all the masculine reasoning in the world will not prevent me from believing what I have often seen confirmed by experience, though I cannot account for it.

LETTER XXXIX.

The Same to the Same.

London.

I HOPE you have got the short note I sent you immediately after your last to Lord Deanport was received. I had only time to inform you how infinitely I was satisfied with it: it was indeed a masterpiece. If you could acquire the same art and energy in public speaking, and took care at the same time to ply that art and energy on

the right side, there is no situation to which you would not have well-founded pretensions.

Your letter had the happiest effect. How could it fail? You touched every organ of sensibility in his frame —you struck every chord which could rouse his natural languor, and vibrate emotion to his heart: his interest, vanity, ambition, jealousy, were addressed in their turn.

The picture you drew of the triumph of Lord Sordid, and the magnificence he would be enabled to display on his marriage with Miss Moyston, determined my son to thwart him, by an immediate renewal of his own assiduities. He came and informed me of his determination. I cautioned him to do this in a manner consistent with the account I had lately given of him, which I knew had been faithfully repeated to the niece.

The aunt and niece were equally delighted with the whole of his behaviour. They now thought that the carelessness which had shocked them before, and which they believed they still perceived in his address, was on the whole graceful. The young lady's delight was increased by the splendour of our liveries, and the taste of my son's dress on the birth-day. His renown as a minuet-dancer you are no stranger to. It would be difficult to decide whether Miss Moyston was most pleased with the charms of his face, of his embroidery, or of his dancing; but she seemed quite in raptures with the united effect of the three. As he is now a little familarized to the coarseness of her features and the vulgarity of her manners, the impression they at first made on him begins to diminish, while *that* derived from a contemplation of her wealth sinks deeper every day. I have good hopes that the whole business will be happily terminated within a very short time. I regret much that you cannot quit your post, were it but for a few days. I should like to have a little conversation with you before I speak to the aunt on the subject of settlements. On this interesting subject I am not fond of writing.

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER XL.

From the Same to the Same.

London.

I AM sensible of the wisdom of what you suggest, in your last, respecting the settlements. Unquestionably, the more of the ready money Miss Moyston shall keep at her own disposal, after marriage, the better will it be for herself, and the more convenient for me. I am convinced, with you, that I shall find it easier to deal with her than with my son on certain points.

It is long since you made it clear to me, from the indolence, the everlasting *ennui*, and the total want of resources in his own mind, that he must always be under the management of another, most probably of one woman after another. It is evident, however, that Miss Moyston will never be of the number; she wants that degree of beauty, and of compliance to his favourite tastes, without which every other accomplishment and virtue a woman can possess would be unsupportable to him. I am sufficiently aware, that it will be difficult for me long to retain that portion of influence with him that would be agreeable to myself, or useful to my friends: on which account I was the more impatient to have the ceremony over as soon as possible; being pretty sure, that, at the present moment, certain arrangements, highly expedient for me, would be complied with, and rendered irrevocable; whereas, from the experience I have already had of my son's disposition, he might, at a future period, be less obliging.

When every circumstance seemed conducive to the speedy fulfilment of my wishes, a new and unexpected incident gave me inquietude, and was the cause of my postponing writing to you for so long a time.

I had hopes that it might prove an ill-founded alarm, and I wished to spare you an uneasiness you could not remove; but, as you express as much pain on account of my long silence as you will suffer from knowing the cause of it, I must inform you, that Lord Deanport is captivated

with a new face, to such a degree, that he again relaxes in his attentions to Miss Moyston. It must be admitted, indeed, that if great beauty in a wife could impart as lasting and solid happiness to a husband as great fortune, my son would act wisely in preferring this interloper; for she surpasses Miss Moyston as much in the alurements of face and person as the latter does her in those of fortune. But he has already given proofs, which I need not mention to you, that mere beauty never could fix him above a month; whereas his attachment to money seems to increase with his years: and besides, putting beauty entirely out of the question on the one part, and fortune on the other, Miss Moyston would be a much more commodious wife for my son than this new charmer. The former, poor creature, as soon as she finds herself entirely neglected by her husband, as most assuredly she will be, if Deanport proves to be her man, will directly fall to pouting, crying, and upbraiding, until, finding them of no effect, she will, at last, sink into tameness and submission, and become a slave for life, with the title of countess: whereas, from what I have already seen of the other, I strongly suspect that she is infinitely more likely to govern his lordship than to be governed by him.

The name of the damsel in question is Clifford: she is daughter of Northumberland Clifford, whom you must remember. He lived some time abroad after the death of his wife: he took this girl with him, and, I understand, returned about two years ago, and soon after died. He was cried up by some people as a man of strong sense, and even what they call genius. I was a little acquainted with him before his marriage; but I could not bear his wife, and so I dropped both. The girl resides at present with Mr. Darnley, who is married to her aunt. What does not tend to remove any prejudice I may have against this miss, is her being a favourite of that stately prop of stale virginity, Lady Diana Franklin, who, of all those whom I hate, is the person I hate the most. This is placing her ladyship at the head of a pretty numerous band.

When I perceived that Lord Deanport was more than

usually attentive to Miss Clifford, I thought it requisite to inform myself a little of her temper and disposition, and with that view drew her into conversation two or three times, at the assemblies where I occasionally met her: but observing that Miss Moyston could not bear to see me speak to her, I saw it would not be safe to continue so long as to enable me to form a judgment of her character, though I could not help being struck with her manner, which, it must be confessed, is at once easy and dignified, and as cruelly contrasted with poor Miss Moyston's vulgar and constrained address as the sweet countenance of the one is with the sour aspect of the other.

Knowing that Mrs. Demure, the rich handsome widow, visited Mrs. Darnley, Miss Clifford's aunt, and having observed that she made greatly up to the young lady, I thought I might learn something of her character and disposition from the widow: I therefore called on her, in the hope of obtaining the information I wished. On my mentioning Miss Clifford, she instantly set off on a full canter of panegyric—'Oh! she was the most delightful, most amiable, best-natured young woman she had ever known,' with many accomplishments which she was enumerating; when I stopped her in the middle of her career, by observing, 'that *no woman* in London seemed to be so much the object of admiration as her friend.' She changed colour at this remark; and, after drawing her breath a little longer than usual, said—'Miss Clifford, unquestionably, is very much admired.' 'Nay,' said I, 'I only mean *by the men;* for I know that the women in general prefer others.'

'And pray,' said Mrs. Demure, 'whether does your ladyship think men or women the best judges?'

'The women, without doubt,' answered I.

'I am completely of your ladyship's opinion,' said she.

'I mean,' resumed I, 'that women are infinitely the best judges of every thing that is truly worthy of admiration, of every quality that a woman of a well-formed mind can be solicitous about; in short, of every thing except mere external beauty: of that, to be sure, my dear madam, the

men are the best judges; and they, with one voice, give it in favour of your beloved friend, Miss Clifford.'

'I did not know,' said she, with a face which had suddenly changed from pale to crimson, 'that they were so unanimous.'

'O yes!' cried I, (for I love to torment envious people)—'O yes, my dear, quite unanimous, as to face and shape. I heard,' continued I, 'the duke of ——, and you know that nobody studies female beauty more minutely than his grace—Well, I heard him declare that nothing had appeared equal in beauty to Miss Clifford since the reign of the Gunnings.'

'The duke,' said she, checking a sigh and forcing a smile, 'is an admirer of the beauties of the last age, or of foreign countries.—It is sufficient for Miss Clifford to have lived some years in Italy and France to obtain *his* admiration.'

I said 'I was ignorant that his grace gave so great a preference to foreigners.'

'Did you not know,' said she, 'that he is in love with the whole French emigration? did you not know that these French women are attempting to give the *ton* in London as much as they ever did at Paris? and as for my friend, Miss Clifford, she has more the air of an emigrant than of an English woman.'

I owned I had not observed it; but she asserted that it was most apparent; adding, 'that she not only had acquired the air, but likewise the sentiments and manners, of the French ladies, which,' continued she, 'are far more *free and easy* than those of our countrywomen, and, probably, more *to the taste of the men*, whom your ladyship thinks the best judges of beauty.'

I was pleased to hear an insinuation of this nature; because Lord Deanport, with that equity which distinguishes your sex, while he allows himself the utmost latitude, is wonderfully rigid in his notions respecting the conduct of women. His delicacy in that point is carried to a height that you could hardly have conceived in a man who has so very little in his behaviour towards them.

With all the inclination in the world to believe Mrs. Demure's insinuations just, I confess I have some doubts on that head: first, because I know the widow to be as malicious as a monkey, and as envious as an old maid; and, in the second place, because I recollect a very judicious observation of yours, when Miss ——, then in the bloom of her beauty, was given as the author of a certain report to *my* disadvantage—'*The insinuations of one handsome woman,*' you said, '*against another of superior beauty, are never to be believed.*'

I will, however, make inquiries concerning Mademoiselle Clifford, from those whose testimony is more to be depended on than Mrs. Demure's. She is too handsome not to have been exposed to many attacks, and particularly to those of scandal; yet, unless it be the hints above mentioned, I have heard nothing to her disadvantage. I plainly perceive that both the aunt and niece are alarmed; and, I fear, with too much reason. How provoking, after all the trouble I have taken, if this thoughtless young man should throw himself away at last! I am much at a loss how to proceed, and heartily wish you could come to town, were it but for a week. I have things to consult you on which I cannot trust on paper. You will come, I am sure, if you possibly can.

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER XLI.

From the Same to the Same.

I CANNOT help observing, my good sir, that your letters have been wonderfully laconic of late: your last was in the mercantile style, precisely confined to the *needful.* In your present confinement you must have much time on your hands: pray correct in your next letter the fault of which I complain.

I am still uneasy on account of this Miss Clifford; it is evident that my son becomes every day more attached to her: what will surprise you, however, she seems to be

indifferent about him. This, in all probability, proceeds from affectation: if so, miss is a little out in her politics; she would have succeeded better with Lord Deanport by affecting to be in love with him. This stratagem would fail indeed with a woman so very plain in her appearance as Miss Moyston, or any other who did not, to a certain degree, please his fancy; but I am convinced, from what I have observed in his disposition, that a woman who pleased him, though ever so little at first, and who would infallibly lose him by apparent indifference, might gradually draw him on to matrimony merely by affecting an irresistible passion for him. You could hardly have an idea how many women of my acquaintance have obtained very comfortable marriages, by making men, who would not otherwise have ever thought of them, believe that they secretly languished for them. A large share of vanity, with a moderate portion of good nature, disposes a man to fall into this snare. You lords of the creation have in general a far greater proportion of the first than of the second: yet I know a remarkable instance in which there appeared an equal share of both. A man of fortune, a relation of my husband, arrived at the age of fifty without the smallest inclination to marry. He had been long acquainted with a maiden lady, about ten years younger than himself, with a considerable fortune, but with a disagreeable countenance, and a disposition resembling her face. The man thought no more of proposing marriage to her than to the Dutch pug she always had in her lap.

By the failure of a house in the city she lost three-fourths of her fortune. A female acquaintance of hers happened to lament this misfortune to my husband's relation; adding, as an aggravation, that, as she had now lost all her money, her old friends would no longer admit her into their loo-parties, and the poor woman would not know what to do with herself: she concluded by assuring him that this unfortunate lady had long harboured a secret fondness for him.

My husband's relation made proposals of marriage to the lady, and of course married her next day.

My husband was greatly astonished, and a little provoked, at this step of his relation.

'Did you marry her for her fortune?' said my lord, ironically, to the husband.

'Certainly not,' answered he.

'Was it for the sake of her beauty?' added my lord.

'No; I cannot say it was,' replied the other.

'Did you marry her for the sake of her sweet temper?'

'Not in the least,' answered the other.

'In the devil's name, for whose sake did you marry such a woman?' exclaimed my lord.

'I married her for God's sake,' answered the husband, with resignation.

My son, it is true, is in little danger of acting from the same motive; but he is assuredly fond of Miss Clifford; and were she to show a partiality for him, I should tremble for the consequence.

I understand that she rides uncommonly well; that, in the north, she used sometimes to hunt. It is surprising that such excursions have not given rise to some stories that would be worth communicating to my son: perhaps some such may exist, though confined to Northumberland; if so, I am in a fair way of hearing of them. I have learnt that a certain Mr. Proctor had for many years the management of Clifford's estate, and lived in great intimacy with his family. The man, however, I am told, is rather on ill terms with young Clifford, and of course will not be disposed to conceal any thing he knows to the disadvantage of the family. This man is in opulent circumstances, a widower, about the age of fifty, and has the reputation of being a very prudent man. You will probably suspect the truth of the last article, when I inform you that he lately made a proposal of marriage to a blooming lass of twenty-two. You must remember Peggy Almond, the handsome girl you have seen with me in Yorkshire. As she has little or no fortune, her aunt, and other relations, were all eager for her accepting so advantageous an offer; and, the girl herself having more love

for his fortune than aversion against his person, the match would have taken place, had I not interfered. I certainly was of more use to Mr. Proctor, on this occasion, than all his prudence; for I persuaded the girl to decline the offer; representing him as a morose, vulgar old man, who would coop her up in a gloomy house in Northumberland, and prevent her from ever seeing London, or fashionable life, any more. My reason was, that if the man had really been so mad as to marry her, I should have lost her company, which I find rather an amusing resource when I go to the seat in Yorkshire. I, understanding that he is soon to be at York, when of course he will visit the aunt, with whom Peggy lives, I have written to her to draw from him all the information she can respecting the Clifford family, and particularly the private history of mademoiselle. That she may do this with the more zeal, I have given her reason to hope that I may send for her soon to the capital. You cannot have an idea of the power of this bribe on the mind of a girl deep-read in plays and novels, who is constrained to live in the country, and is intoxicated with admiration of the amusements of the town. If Mr. Proctor had offered to carry her, for two or three months every season, to London, she would have accepted his hand, in spite of all I could have said or done. Indeed, it was by assuring her that I would take her thither with me last season that I prevailed on her to reject his suit; which I no sooner knew she had done, than I wrote a most affectionate epistle, in which I stated to her an insurmountable reason for leaving her behind; and poor Peggy was obliged to return to her aunt at York, disappointed of a husband; and, what she felt as severely, disappointed of a journey to London.

Though this girl is a real resource to me in the country, I have not the least need of her in town, and have therefore always found pretext for leaving her behind. On the present occasion, however, I thought it expedient to throw out the old lure to her, which, whether I may find it convenient to verify her expectations or not, will render her happy in the meantime; for I am convinced she thinks

and dreams of nothing but London ever since she received my last lettter.

You shall know, in good time, the effect of her inquiries concerning Miss Clifford. In the meantime, I endeavour, by every means in my power, to keep Miss Moyston and her aunt in good-humour: the latter is the most troublesome of the two. She insists on making me acquainted with her most intimate friends and relations, all of whom she characterises as the best kind of people in the world, and perfectly genteel; and all of whom I find of the most disgusting vulgarity. The unconscionable woman insisted on my accompanying her to Lady Mango's rout, to which I had previously determined not to go, having already found it a service, not only of great fatigue, but also of some danger.

But, you will say, 'Who is Lady Mango?

That is a question which requires an answer at some length.—If I find leisure, you shall have it; for this woman's history is singular enough.

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER XLII.

The COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT *to* MISS ALMOND, *York.*

MY DEAR PEGGY, *London.*

You were witness to the pain I felt on our separation:—the same cruel circumstances which prevented me from bringing you with me to town have also prevented my answering any of the kind letters I have received from you since my arrival. You cannot imagine how I have been worried with business; but it is now almost over, and I am in some hopes that I may still have it in my power to send for you before the end of the season. I hope your aunt, to whom I beg you will present my affectionate compliments, will be prevailed on to part with you. We shall return together to Yorkshire; and, after you are tired with the amusements of the town, I an-

ticipate the rural felicity we shall enjoy at Willow-Bank.

In one of your letters you inform me, that it is universally believed in Yorkshire that Lord Deanport is immediately to be married to Miss Moyston; and in your last you say that you have just heard of his having fallen in love with Miss Clifford of Northumberland; which it was thought, would break the intended match. You have too much good sense, my dear, to believe all the idle stories that are circulated; and I hope you have a better opinion of my son's understanding, than to imagine that he would act contrary to reason and propriety. Miss Moyston is a virtuous young lady, worthy of the hand of the first nobleman of this kingdom. As for the Miss Clifford you mention, I know little or nothing about her; but I will own to you, as a friend, that you have excited my curiosity to know somewhat of that damsel. They tell me she has been a good deal abroad, and has much the appearance of a French woman. I should like to know on what account she went abroad so *unexpectedly*, what *rumours* were excited in the country on that head, and how she spent her time in Northumberland after her return: I hear she used to hunt a good deal. Of these and other particulars concerning her, you may procure me a circumstantial account from your old friend Mr. Proctor, who lived on an intimate footing with Miss Clifford's father, and had the management of his affairs when he was abroad. I approved of your refusing Mr. Proctor, notwithstanding his supposed wealth; because he is a retired kind of man, and lives not in that sphere of life in which you are formed for shining. I am glad, however, to hear that he still continues the victim of your eyes; because he may have it in his power to be useful to you in various ways.

I hear he is soon to be at York; and will no doubt be frequently at your aunt's during his stay. You will then find opportunities of getting the information I want.

I dare say that you will manage the business with your usual address, and without letting it be known that I am the person for whom you make the inquiries. You shall

know at meeting on what account I am desirous of having this information; for which I am the more impatient, because the sooner it comes the sooner will it be in my power to send for you. I remain yours affectionately,

E. D.

LETTER XLIII.

The COUNTESS *of* DRANFORT *to* JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq.*

London.

LADY FARO was seized with a violent indigestion, after supping very heartily on capon stuffed with truffles. This terrified her to such a degree, that she has changed the night of her assembly from Sunday to Monday. She is still very ill, but I sincerely hope she will recover; for it would be very hard were she to make her escape before I had one other chance for the money she won from me last week.

Meanwhile, as none of my acquaintance who have card-parties on Sunday are as yet come to town, I shall employ this evening in endeavouring to amuse myself and you with the history I promised. Lady Mango is the offspring of a respectable grocer in the city, who, having a variety of daughters, thought it a prudent speculation to send the handsomest, and most troublesome of them, on a matrimonial venture to Bengal; where she had the good luck to hit the fancy of Mr. Mango, just after he had made an immense fortune by some very advantageous contracts. He paid assiduous court to the girl, made her splendid offers, and was in hopes of bringing the intrigue to a happy conclusion without marriage; but, profiting by the experience she had had previous to her leaving London, she rejected all terms in which that ceremony was not an article. After a hard struggle between his prudence and his passion, the latter obtained the victory, and Mr. Mango was married to Miss Figgs.

He was one of those men who put a great importance

on whatever contributes, even in the smallest degree, to their own ease; and little or none to what conduces, even in the greatest degree, to the ease of others. This disposition is by no means very uncommon; but Mr. Mango possessed it in rather a greater degree than usual. In him, however, this did not proceed from any positive cruelty of temper; but merely from an indolence of mind, which prevented him from ever thinking of any body's sensations but his own. In the East Indies, where men of his fortune travel in palanquins, have slaves to fan the flies from them while they repose, and are surrounded by the most obsequious dependents, this kind of indulgence of self, and forgetfulness of others, may be carried greater lengths without a check than in England. Mr. Mango was obliged to his wife for instructing him, that another person in his own family, besides himself, had a will of their own; and that it would tend to his tranquillity to follow that person's will instead of his own. This she accomplished without the assistance of genius; and without any talent whatever, except obstinacy; for in all other respects she was a weak woman. She made it a rule to insist, with unremitting perseverance, on every measure she proposed, until it was adopted: and, by adhering to this simple rule, all her measures were sooner or later adopted; for, what point will not a man give up, rather than hear an eternal harping on the same string?

After Mrs. Mango had obtained the great object of her voyage to the East Indies, her next was to prevail on her husband to return to England; where the splendour in which she proposed to live was more flattering to her imagination than the luxuries at her command where she was. Mr. Mango informed her, 'that the situation of his affairs required that his family should remain another year in the East Indies;' and she informed him, 'that it would be better for him and his family to return that very season to England.' She repeated this every day, and every hour of the day, for a month: after which the whole family embarked

On their passage home, the wife was observed to be in

good spirits, even when the weather was bad; whereas the husband complained of sickness, even when the weather was good: and a little before they arrived at Portsmouth, he acknowledged to one of the passengers, that his last *contract* was the most unfortunate one he had ever made.

He had hardly any acquaintance in London; and he was not much flattered by that of his wife's relations. Mr. and Mrs. Mango were, therefore, seldom together; and he appeared rather low-spirited for some time after their arrival: yet, when she asked him how he liked London, he had the politeness to answer, 'that, on the whole, he preferred it to living aboard a ship.'

By habit, London became less disagreeable to him; and as he saw little of his wife, and had formed some new acquaintance whose society amused him, he began to get the better of his dejection, when his spouse opened on him a new source of vexation, which lasted all his life.

Mr. Mango's Christian name was Jeremiah. When a boy at school, his comrades, for some whimsical reason, when they wished to tease him, used to call him *Sir Jeremiah.* Nothing provoked him so much; and he held in utter abhorrence the appellation ever after. He never signed Jeremiah, but always J. Mango. His correspondents were instructed to address their letters to him in the same manner. If he received one with *Jeremiah* at full length, it put him out of humour the whole day.

Most unfortunately for this gentleman, the husband of one of his wife's acquaintance was knighted; and his spouse, of course, instead of Mrs. Lotion, was called Lady Lotion. This was a great mortification to Mrs. Mango, who considered herself as the superior of this acquaintance, because her husband was richer, and because, as she asserted, she was sprung from a more ancient and honourable family of grocers than the other.

Mr. Mango having come home one day in a gayer humour than usual to dinner,—after a little preface, his spouse said, 'that his friends were surprised that he did not apply to be created a knight.'

The poor man turned pale in an instant, and burst into a cold sweat: he well knew the consequence of having that dignity conferred on him would be to have the detested name of Sir Jeremiah sounded in his ears for the rest of his life. He had often thanked his stars that this idea had never entered his wife's head, and had once cautioned one of his friends never to mention, in her presence, the name of a relation of his, who made a continual display of a foreign badge upon his breast, and had *Sir* pronounced before his name. The same friend told me, that Mr. Mango, in the fulness of his heart, on this affecting subject, had expressed himself, with some variation, in the words of Othello:

> ——'It has pleased heaven
> To try me with affliction,
> To steep me in marriage to the very lips,
> To give to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
> Yet still I find, in some place of my soul,
> A drop of comfort.—I am not yet
> A fixed figure for the time of scorn
> To point his slow unmoving finger at'——

'For,' continued he, in a less emphatic tone, 'though I hear frequently of wives teasing their husbands to apply to be made knights, yet that cursed fantasy has never occurred to mine: and I hope to slip quietly out of the world without being branded with the horrid appellation of Sir Jeremiah.'

Such being Mr. Mango's sentiments, it is easy to imagine how much he must have been shocked at what his wife said. He made no immediate reply, having some faint hope that it was a transient idea which she might never resume. But when Mrs. Mango repeated what she had said, he meekly represented to her the horror he felt at the thought of having the odious name of Sir Jeremiah continually resounded in his ears, and earnestly begged that she would not insist on a measure which would subject him to such a mortification.

To this Mrs. Mango replied, 'that he was to blame in disliking the name of Jeremiah; that, though not a royal name, like those of David, and Solomon, and Rehoboam,

and others, yet it was a scripture name as much as any of them, and the name of a great prophet; that although the French revolution had decreased the number of kings, and increased that of prophets, yet a great prophet was as great a rarity as a great king, and in a short time, perhaps, would be a greater; that the appellation of Sir Jeremiah, therefore, was at least as respectable as that of Sir any thing else. She also represented that every alderman, contractor, apothecary, physician, and broker in London, who had scraped together one-half of his fortune, applied to be created a baronet or knight; that the difference was nothing to her; and, as he had no children, was as little to him; but that it was indispensably necessary that he should be the one or the other.'

Mr. Mango was too well acquainted with the persevering temper of his wife to have any hope, after this declaration, of prevailing on her to renounce her whim He well knew that the same representation, in more acrimonious terms, would be made to him at breakfast, dinner, and supper, as well as in bed, until the point was carried: he therefore thought it best to contest the matter no longer; but, making a virtue of necessity, applied to a friend who had some small interest at court, and he was soon after created a knight, and was, to his sorrow, denominated Sir Jeremiah; and his wife, to her great satisfaction, became Lady Mango.

After this, she gave entertainments more unmerciful by than ever: she invited all the West as well as the East Indies to her routs and assemblies, at which she glitters with gold and jewels, like the queen of Sheba at Bartholomew-fair, and never fails to gather such a crowd, that her company are as well squeezed as at any assembly or rout within the bills of mortality. I was present at one in very hot weather, when several women fainted; and a corpulent lady, dressed in black with a mass of white plumage on her head, happening to enter at the instant, Mr. Travers, who stood by me, said, 'Thank heaven! here comes a hearse to carry off the dead bodies.'

But poor Mr. Mango did not long survive the name of

Sir Jeremiah: it gave a knell to his heart, and a kind of hectic suffused his cheek as often as he heard it pronounced. He dwindled and died at no distant date after he received the honour of knighthood.

Though his fate was evident several weeks before it took place, Mrs. Mango would never admit that he was in any danger, nor ever altered her own way of living. She told her company, that he delighted in seeing every body merry around him: but, when she was told that her husband was actually dead, she made as great display of surprise and sorrow as if, in the midst of perfect health, he had dropped down in an apoplexy.

Her sorrow, however, became real, when his last will was examined. She knew that he had made *one* will, by which she was left a large sum; but she did not know that he had afterwards made another, cancelling the first, and leaving the whole of his fortune among his relations; so that she has nothing but the jointure granted by her contract of marriage. *That*, however, is sufficiently ample to enable her to indulge her only passion, by giving frequent entertainments, in all of which she is sure to appear as ridiculous, though not so magnificently dressed, as in the days of her husband. The Moystons assure me that I am a very great favourite of Lady Mango.—I cultivate her partly as a subject of laughter, but chiefly because she is admired by the Moystons. The outlines of the foregoing portrait I had from the aunt. The colouring you will, at first sight, perceive to be that of your humble servant,

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER XLIV.

JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq. to the* COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT.

Phillipshall.

NOTHING could be more destructive of all your ladyship's projects, with regard to Lord Deanport, than his attachment to Miss Clifford. I saw her first as I passed through

Lausanne, where she then resided with her father. She was even then universally admired, not only on account of her beauty, but also for the acuteness of her understanding. I was afterwards informed, that a young Englishman, of immense fortune, had fallen in love with her, proposed marriage, and offered settlements, which few peers could, with less inconvenience, have made good. Her refusal of this gentleman was the more surprising, because he was of a character which women in general wish most to find in a husband; handsome, liberal, and of so pliant a temper, that she could not have failed to have had the entire disposal of him and his fortune. What do you think was the girl's objection? She discovered, that, notwithstanding his having had an university education, he had not the least taste for reading; of course, was rather ignorant; and, in her opinion, forsooth, greatly beneath the intellectual standard which she thought indispensable; and she viewed him with a kind of compassion, bordering on contempt. The most surprising part of the story is, that the father, instead of combating the childish and romantic notions of his daughter, rather encouraged them. Thus this man of *strong sense and genius* lost an opportunity of marrying his daughter advantageously; which a man of common sense, without a particle of genius, would have seized.

This very singular prejudice of the girl in favour of pedants, I presume, did not last long; for in France and Italy she was distinguished for the graces and accomplishments peculiar to her sex; seemed to know the full value of even her *external* charms, and to have the same taste with other beauties, for admiration on their account.

There can be no doubt of her having severely repented the egregious folly of her conduct at Lausanne, which indeed nothing but youth and inexperience could render at all excusable. The more sensibly she feels for her error, the more anxious will she be to rea ir it, when a similar opportunity occurs.

As for her airs of indifference respecting Lord Deanport, they proceed, I am convinced, from coquetry, and are in-

tended to fan his flame up to the marrying point; for, though naturally of a lively temper, yet I understand that she is of a very different character from her brother, who is one of the most rash, headstrong young fellows alive, everlastingly in one scrape or another.

But, though she may deserve the character of being far more circumspect than him, it is by no means improbable that, during her residence abroad, or since her return, she may have been sufficiently unguarded in her conduct to leave room for constructions which would have a strong effect on the suspicious mind of Lord Deanport: but this must be managed with great delicacy; any attempt to prejudice him against her, without being successful, would rivet him more to her than ever. Nobody knows, better than your ladyship, how easy it is for a woman to convince her lover of her innocence, and to turn his rage against her accusers. Whatever accounts you may receive from Miss Almond, therefore, I dare say you will be cautious respecting the manner and terms in which they are communicated to your son.

Your ladyship may think the idea whimsical; but I cannot help being of opinion, that your son might be cured of his partiality for this lady by insinuations of a different nature. You must have observed, that he never could endure the company of persons of distinguished genius; and, though nobody can be more fond of the reputation of wit, or more ready to display every spark of that kind that occurs to his imagination, yet he hates the same disposition in those who are more successful than himself. He can bear *no rival near the throne:* he shuns all companies in which he is not considered as supreme, not only in rank, but repartee. He finds little difficulty with respect to the first; but when he adheres rigorously to the last article, his society is confined to admiring dependents, listeners, and others, whom your ladyship used to express uneasiness at seeing him connected with. This prejudice against the society of men of talents or genius he has in a still stronger degree against women of the same description. He cannot bear the company of a female who has

the least pretension of that kind: and I am very much mistaken, if all the passion he feels for Miss Clifford could maintain its ground against the dislik he has to women of distinguished wit and understanding, which he cannot always suppress, even to his nearest relations. I am not absolutely convinced that you yourself are, on all occasions, an exception.

In my humble opinion, therefore, you have a better chance of breaking his connection with Miss Clifford by representing her to him as a woman of spirit, highly accomplished and intelligent, than by insinuations to the prejudice of her character in any respect; besides, her whole conduct and conversation will tend to confirm your representations respecting the first, and to destroy the credit of the second.

I understand, indeed, that though Miss Clifford really possesses a good deal of wit, she is not so apt to exhibit it in mixed company as most people of wit are: it may be necessary, therefore, to engage some of your female acquaintance to provoke her in the presence of his lordship, by an attack on some of her absent friends; this will certainly throw her off her guard, and she will defend them with a spirit which will show her in her true colours: or, if you should not have an opportunity for this, it would answer the same purpose to invent a few *bon-mots*, (an easy task for your ladyship), and have them repeated to your son as the happy effusions of Miss Clifford's wit.

I have heard of the Mr. Proctor you mention: he is a weak man. He rejected very tempting offers for his interest at an election, though he had no other connection with the candidate he supported than his having been the friend of Clifford, the father: this seems next to idiotism; for Mr. Clifford was, at that time, dead.

However his love to Miss Almond, and hatred to young Clifford, may prompt him to disclose circumstances, respecting his sister, which may promote your ladyship's scheme, I must repeat, that you cannot be too cautious of avoiding any insinuations against the young

lady, whose falsehood is likely to be discovered to your son.

I am extremely concerned that I cannot leave this place at present. Besides his bodily disease, my poor cousin is in so very weak a state of mind, that he could be swayed to any thing by those around him; and I can trust none of them. I do not believe that any deed he could execute, in his present state, would be valid in law; but I am *not* certain that it would not; and still less what he might be induced to do if I were absent: I am resolved, therefore, not to quit my post till all is over. There is no knowing how long he may linger, for the doctors cannot persuade him to take any of their prescriptions.

I hope Lord Deanport is fully sensible of the obligations he lies under to your ladyship for the great attention you have always paid to his interest, and that he will show his gratitude in the most substantial manner as soon as his marriage with Miss Moyston is concluded; but I do believe *that*, or some other event of the same nature, must previously take place. He may, I imagine, be prevailed on to part with what he feels superfluous; but I question greatly whether any sense of obligation will make him yield to another what he thinks in the smallest degree necessary to himself.

I admire the portrait prodigiously that your ladyship was so obliging as to send me, especially the colouring, which, in my opinion, is exquisite. It is long since I knew that you were a very ingenious artist, but I was unacquainted with your chief excellence before. There is one other use, however, which you might make of Lady Mango and her East-India friends, besides that of turning them into ridicule: they generally play deep, and some of them very inattentively. I dare swear your ladyship would win from most of them, in whatever *seat* you were placed. I remain your ladyship's most obedient and faithful servant,

J. GRINDILL.

P. S Your ladyship is so admirable a painter, that

I should be highly obliged for a sketch of the fair widow Demure, from your pencil. You seem to think me better acquainted with her than I am.

LETTER XLV.

LADY DEANPORT *to* JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq.*

London.

I WILL not be so uncandid as to dispute the validity of your reasons for remaining fixed to your post. I should never forgive myself, if in consequence of your yielding to my solicitation, your cousin were influenced by those around him to make settlements prejudicial to your interest. Whilst I regret your absence, therefore, I cannot help approving of your perseverance.

You shall have the sketch you desire, of the widow Demure:—though she tries to conceal some of her strongest features, I think I have caught them all.

I beg you to take notice of my goodness, in complying with your request, at the very instant when you refuse mine.

Mrs. Demure's father had a large estate in one of our West-India islands: her mother was a native of that country. When they quitted it, to establish themselves in England, their family consisted of two sons and a daughter; so that, although the father was rich, this daughter had but a moderate portion.

The Christian-names, of Mary, Ann, Elizabeth, &c. which it was anciently the custom in this island for parents to bestow upon their daughters, began, some years ago, to be changed for Maria, Anna, Eliza. Those, with other royal, imperial, and poetical names, came afterwards so much in fashion, that Carolinas, Charlottas, Augustas, Julias, and Sophias, are now to be found in every alley of London; and particularly, as I have been told, in the environs of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane. This being the case, it was not surprising that the mode was transported to our West-India islands.

The name of Mrs. Demure's father was Black; and the Christian name of her grandmother, from whom he looked for a legacy, Grizzel. The old lady expected that the child should be named after her; and both the parents agreed that it would be dangerous to disoblige her: they told her, however, that they wished to add two other very delightful names: and the old lady had the complaisance to say,—'That she had no objection to their giving their daughter as many names as they pleased, provided hers was one of them.' They had already prepared the two names which they thought best calculated to correct the vilifying impression of Grizzel. Mrs. Demure's maiden-name, therefore, was Angelina Celestina Grizzel Black.

She was only nine years old when she came to England. At twelve or thirteen, when English females are generally considered as children, Angelina Celestina had much the appearance of a woman. She was already beautiful. The advance of time promised perfection to the rising beauties of her person, and opened fresh charms in her countenance. The effect of time, on the charms of the mother, was directly the reverse.—She did not perceive this in her looking-glass; but she became sensible of it in a manner still more mortifying, by an evident diminution in the attentions of the men, which began to turn from herself to her daughter; and the beauties of the one seemed to bloom in proportion as those of the other withered. The mother, at last, considered her daughter in the light of a thief, who stole from her those goods on which she put the highest value; and she felt an aversion for her accordingly.

With all the stress which some people put on what they call natural affection, this does not seem to me at all extraordinary; for what is more natural than to hate those whom we see enjoying what we have lost. I have heard the mother condemned, on that account, by men who had an abhorrence to the sight of their own nearest relations, for no other reason than because they were heirs to their estates: as if it were not more provoking to see another enjoying what you have been deprived of, during

your life, than merely to know that he is to possess it after your death And I shall leave it to any beautiful woman to judge, whether it would not both mortify and provoke her more, to see her beauty, than to see her estate, transferred to another. Yet men are astonished that Mrs. Demure's mother should have a prejudice against her own daughter! It must be confessed, Mr. Grindill, that of all the inconsistent animals on earth, men are the most so. Your whole sex is a composition of vanity, caprice, and contradiction. I will not deny, however, that there are exceptions.

But to return to the history of Miss Angelina Celestina Grizzel Black.

Her father was an extravagant, thoughtless man, but extremely indulgent to his daughter. The mother had never loved her husband, and now disliked him more than ever, on account of that indulgence: she became daily more peevish and morose to her husband, and treated her daughter with augmenting severity. Young Angelina's disposition did not improve by the example of that mutual detestation which existed between her father and mother. She coaxed and laughed at the one, dreaded and hated the other, and tried to deceive both. The extravagance of the sons ruined the father's affairs, and brought him to his grave. Narrow circumstances increased the malignant tempers of the mother and daughter, who now lived in a state of most acrimonious discord with each other. The former was sometimes overheard pouring reproaches of a singular nature upon her daughter. Some people imputed these entirely to the intemperance of the woman; but it is not likely that a mother would accuse a daughter without foundation. The young lady, no doubt, heard of the rumours which those accusations gave rise to, for she became at once wonderfully circumspect, hypocritical, and prudish.

Having seen the distress which the ruinous state of her father's affairs had thrown his family into, she grew so fond of money, (a disposition she had never before manifested), that, in her opinion, life was not worth holding

without a great deal of it. To secure so essential an article, therefore, and to be relieved from the vexations of her mother, she accepted the hand of Mr. Demure, a man extremely rich, and extremely infirm, of the same character and the same age with her father, and of an appearance more disagreeable than men usually are at any age. He was generally confined one-half the year with the gout. She displayed a great deal of care and sympathy about this poor man, nursed him in his confinement, warmed his flannels, smoothed his pillow; and made him believe, at last, that she really had some affection for him.—What is so extravagant and inconsistent, that handsome women, assisted by men's vanity and self-love, cannot make them believe?

Some of those who were witnesses to her behaviour were so imposed on by the tender and sympathizing manner in which she performed those disgusting offices, that they adopted the opinion of her husband: as if it were not infinitely more likely, that a young woman should act the part of a hypocrite, which is so natural, and which the prejudices of men has rendered so necessary to young women, than that she should have an affection for an infirm man.

Besides, Mrs. Demure, from particular circumstances, had been even more habituated to dissimulation than young women usually are. She had been under the necessity of concealing her feelings from an earlier date than common. She had served a long apprenticeship to hypocrisy and simulation.

After she took the intrepid step of marrying such a man as Mr. Demure, it was incumbent on her to overcome her disgust, however strong it might be, and seem to love him: it was equally incumbent on her to persevere till his death; had she relaxed in her caresses, he might have served her as Sir Jeremiah Mango did his lady.

Still some people were astonished that even those considerations could prevail on a woman, so formed for pleasure, to submit to so long a deprivation; for the man held out a full half year after her marriage; which, no doubt, was a longer period than she had calculated on.

But this difficulty is removed, by supposing that she submitted to no such thing; which is my fixed opinion.

On the death of her husband, Mrs. Demure had too much sagacity to over-act the part of the sorrowful widow in the ridiculous manner Lady Mango had done. She knew very well that every person of common sense was persuaded that she internally rejoiced at the event; she therefore exhibited no greater signs of affliction than decency required. It is true that she continued her weeds longer than was absolutely necessary; but that was because she had been told that Mr. Mordaunt had said she never had looked so beautiful and interesting as in them.

Her partiality for him was discovered, or strongly suspected: though she had deceived her husband, she could not conceal it from her sharp-sighted rivals. She hoped, however, to overcome his well-known aversion to marriage; but he gave no hint of any change of sentiment in that article. She tried what coldness would do; and affected a reserve, of which she had never before made him sensible: he bore this with equanimity, and turned his attentions to other women:—this she could not endure:—and therefore drew him back, by a display of all her former partiality. About this juncture, as I am fully persuaded, he was indulged in the strongest possible proofs of her kindness. At no very distant period after this, however, a complete rupture seems to have taken place between them. Some imputed this to Mordaunt's usual inconstancy; others thought it was, in a great measure, owing to an occurence which made some noise at that time.

Mrs. Demure had a negro-maid, of the name of Phillis, who, from her childhood, had been attached to her person, and had always given every proof of affection to her mistress. The girl once forgot to execute some order which her mistress had issued: the neglect was of no importance; but it was discovered when the lady happened to be in a very ill-humour. She threatened to have the girl punished with all the severity that is used in the West-

India islands. The girl hinted, that the law of England stood in the way of such an outrage. Mrs. Demure became instantly sensible, that what the girl insinuated was true. She said nothing more on the subject; and appeared to have forgotten the affair, and to be reconciled to her maid.

About two months after, however, Phillis was decoyed on board a ship just ready to sail for the West Indies, with directions that she should be delivered to the manager of her brother's estate, who was instructed to turn her among the field-negroes.

So far from being sensible that she had behaved cruelly, Mrs. Demure boasted of this, as an ingenious and proper manner of punishing the sauciness of a slave.

People's opinions were divided on the subject. The West-India merchants, and those concerned in the slave-trade, who certainly ought to be the best judges, thought that Mrs. Demure served Phillis right: others were of a different way of thinking. Every body allows that Phillis is a sweet-tempered obliging girl; but, after all, she was a slave; and if slaves are treated with what they call humanity, how are we to have sugar?

People ought to allow themselves to reflect seriously on consequences before they decide in matters of this kind.

I have been assured, however, that Mr. Mordaunt was shocked when he heard of this transaction; for, though he is by no means a weak man in other respects, he is exceedingly compassionate, and rather romantic in his ideas. Whether this was the chief cause of his breach with Mrs. Demure cannot be ascertained: but what gives some weight to that notion is, that he wrote to a friend in the West Indies to purchase Phillis as soon as possible, and send her back to England by the first opportunity; which was done accordingly. The girl is now free and happy, in the family of Mr. Mordaunt's friend, Colonel Sommers.

When Mrs. Demure came to the knowledge of this, it redoubled the wrath she had already conceived against Mr. Mordaunt. Her usual caution and dissimulation are apt to forsake her at the bare mention of his name; the

least allusion to their ever having been friends disturbs her. I sometimes touch on the tender part on purpose, and she winces immediately. At my instigation, Lady Blunt has pressed upon it more roughly, which never fails to set her a fretting, to the satisfaction of all who know her. This tends to confirm all that is whispered; but, as I am solicitous to have such confirmation of this as would satisfy others, I have frequently endeavoured to draw it from Mordaunt. I never expected that I could bring him to a direct avowal; but I had some hopes that he would deny it, as is usual enough with certain fine gentlemen, in such manner as would leave no doubt of its truth. In this, however, I was disappointed. I tried to tempt him by informing him of a strong instance of Mrs. Demure's malice against himself. Even this had no effect; and, if I had nothing to form a judgment from but the words and behaviour of Mr. Mordaunt, I should be under the necessity of concluding that my suspicions are groundless.

I understand that it is a principle of his, that no instance of rage or malice on the part of a woman can justify a man for betraying the confidence she once placed in him. I believe Mrs. Demure knows this, which emboldens her to use the freedom she does with his character.

I will now acquaint you with the particular reason I have for hating this woman. After she had lost all hope of subduing Mordaunt's aversion to marriage, she turned her eyes on Lord Deanport. I was a little surprised at the very obsequious manner in which, of a sudden, she paid her court to me, till I discovered that my son was as obsequiously paying his court to her: the one explained the other. I was seriously alarmed, though this occurred before I thought of Miss Moyston. I knew Mrs. Demure to be a most deceitful, intriguing, ambitious, and interested woman, a character which, above all others, I abhor. I was convinced that, from the moment she should become his wife, I should have no influence over him: that he would be lost to me as much as if he were

in his grave. Besides, what renders the idea of such a marriage preposterous, independent of every other circumstance, is her being so much older than my son; though she had the impudence to assert that they were nearly of the same age: as if it were possible that any body could believe that I am as much older than her as I must admit myself to be older than Lord Deanport. You cannot be surprised that I determined to break his connection with a woman capable of such a gross calumny.

I do not assert that his passion for Mrs. Demure was as violent as that which he felt for Miss Clifford; but still I found that I had undertaken a difficult task. It is easier to prejudice men against plain-looking women, of the very best character, than to alienate them from beautiful women whose characters are equivocal, or even positively bad. The story of the negro-girl, which had frozen the passion of Mr. Mordaunt, had little or no effect on Lord Deanport.

After various attempts to disentangle him from the snares of Mrs. Demure, I at last hit on a device which succeeded.

It was not Mrs. Demure's disposition, nor any thing respecting her mind, that bewitched my son: though it would have been easy, it would have been superfluous, to have attacked her moral qualities. Her beauty, and the high idea he had of her personal charms, were the only spells by which she bound him to her. My aim, therefore, was to weaken or dissolve these; for which purpose I had it distantly insinuated to my son, that, in spite of her apparent health, she was tainted with a certain hereditary distemper, for which I knew he had the greatest horror. I adopted this expedient with the less scruple, because, for any thing I know to the contrary, the insinuation may be true:—be that as it may, it entirely cured my son of his love.

From this sketch you will form a pretty just idea of my sweet friend Mrs. Demure. You may observe the influence of a little flattery; the praise you bestowed on my portrait of Lady Mango tempted me to this last task,

though I really have more important business on my hands.

I expect to hear from Miss Almond every hour. In the expectation of seeing you soon in London, in consequence of the Welshman's setting out on a longer journey, I remain, yours, &c.

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER XLVI.

MISS ALMOND *to the* COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT.

York.

As the favour and protection with which your ladyship honours me form the chief happiness of my life, the fresh proof of your confidence, which appears in your last letter, affords me heartfelt pleasure.

Your ladyship does me no more than justice in thinking that I would not readily believe your son would act with so much impropriety as to forsake a young lady of such shining virtues as Miss Moyston possesses, for one who has, perhaps, little else but personal charms to boast of.

It would be astonishing, indeed, if a nobleman, so accomplished, and, permit me to say, though I know you hate flattery, but this is not flattery, one who owes his best accomplishments to the best of mothers—I say it would be astonishing if he should act unlike a man of quality in the important point of marriage. He ought to remember that he has to support the dignity of his ancestors; for he is not like the new-made lords, who, they say, have hardly any ancestors at all; whereas every body knows that few men in England, or even Wales, have more ancestors than his lordship.

My Lord Deanport has made the tour of Europe, and seen a great deal of the world; but, by making only the tour of Yorkshire, he might have learned to make a good bargain, and have discovered that nothing supports the dignity of an ancient family so much as money.—I once

saw Miss Moyston at the play-house in York, when Othello was acted. To be sure that young lady's countenance cannot be called exceedingly beautiful; but I hope his lordship will view her visage in her vast fortune, just as Desdemona says she viewed the black visage of her lover in his mind.

I have delivered your ladyship's affectionate compliments to my aunt, who desires me to return the same to you; and I am sure she understands politeness too well to refuse your request, that I should wait on you this season in London, where I can enjoy as much rural felicity as in the country; so that your ladyship will not need to leave it for Willow-Bank sooner than is quite convenient. Indeed, I must confess that my aunt could part with me now more easily than at any other time, because she has just began a very long romance, and likewise expects a visit from her sister-in-law, who will stay with her at least three weeks; and over and above, she has just received a present, which never fails to comfort her when she is nervous or in low spirits.

As for Mr. Proctor, whose proposals your ladyship took so much pains to prevail on me to refuse, on account of his age and being morose, and living in Northumberland, I own I have suffered a good deal of ill-humour from my relations on that account. They are continually telling me of young women like myself, who, notwithstanding their being married to men older than Mr. Proctor, are the mothers of several children; that, so far from being morose, he is a cheerful, good-natured man, with whom I could do what I pleased, and might easily persuade to live a good part of the year in London. I am determined, however, never to repent having followed your ladyship's counsel, though he should never renew the same proposal, which surprises me a little that he never has; but I am fully convinced that your ladyship will never allow me to be a loser by having followed your advice.

My aunt informed me yesterday that she understood that Mr. Proctor's journey to York was delayed; and heref ore I shall not have an opportunity of speaking to

him on the subject your ladyship mentions: but, that I may show my obedience to your commands, and do all in my power to procure you the information you require, I wrote to him directly, and have no doubt of his answering my letter speedily.

Had it not been to oblige your ladyship, I should have scrupled to have written to any man that is not a near relation, and far less to him, particularly as he has never repeated his proposal, which several of my relations think, in politeness, he ought to do; because a lover that takes the first refusal, they say, is no lover at all. But as for that, he may do as he pleases; for I am quite certain, as I said before, that your ladyship is too generous to allow me to be a loser by following your advice, being all from one who is, and ever will be, your ladyship's most faithful, most obedient, and most obliged, humble servant,

MARGARET ALMOND.

LETTER XLVII.

Miss Almond *to* Daniel Proctor, *Esq.*

SIR, *York.*

My aunt desires me to return you thanks for the potted shrimps you were so good as to send, as well for the six bottles of cherry brandy that came by the same coach.

I am obliged to you for the favourable opinion you still retain of me, as expressed in your letter to my aunt. I can assure you that my declining your proposal did not proceed from any objection to your person, or even to your age; for, I must confess, I never was an approver of those giddy women who have a taste for husbands that are too young.

My hesitation respecting your proposal of marriage arose entirely from a kind of delicacy, which, as I am sometimes nervous, produces a dread of matrimony, that I cannot, all at once, overcome. From the friendship you still express for me, I dare say it will afford you plea-

sure to know that I have less of this nervous complaint since I took steel-pills, by the advice of young Dr. Ironsides, who has great skill in women's complaints: he is the son of your acquaintance, the old doctor, who has left off practice. But, to prove to you that you possess a great deal of my confidence and esteem, I will inform you, that a person of high rank in the state has applied to me for as many circumstances as I can collect respecting the family of the late Mr. Clifford of Northumberland, against some of whom, particularly the daughter, it is easy to perceive that my friend has received unfavourable impressions. As you were long acquainted with that whole family, and, I have heard, have been ungratefully used by them, I thought you the properest person I could apply to for such an account of her as will be agreeable to my friend, whom I have it much at heart to oblige.

Miss Clifford is said to have something the appearance and air of a French woman; but that may be her misfortune more than her fault; for, no doubt, she would rather look like an English woman, if she could; though, it must be owned, the French dress the neatest.

It is also said, that in Northumberland she used to go a-hunting with men, and that her father carried her abroad very suddenly, which occasioned various rumours through the country. I hope you will be able, soon, to send a satisfactory answer, as to the above particulars, to, sir, your most obedient servant,

M. ALMOND.

P. S. We hear you intend to live, for the future, one half of the year, at least, in London; which gives great pleasure to my aunt, and many of your friends at York, because they will have the pleasure of seeing you as you go and return.—It is also reported, that Miss Proctor is just going to be married, and, therefore, to leave your house for that of her husband. This must give great satisfaction to her as well as her husband; for I hear she is very pretty. So I give you joy, with all my heart, and hope you will let me know if the report be true.

LETTER XLVIII.

MR. PROCTOR *to* MISS ALMOND.

DEAR MISS ALMOND, *Morpeth,*

I AM glad that the shrimps and brandy arrived safe. The last time I had the pleasure of dining with you, I remember your having praised a dish of the former, which made me order some to be potted for you. And, as your worthy aunt complained of a pain in her stomach, which obliged her to take a glass of cherry-brandy before she could venture to taste the port after dinner, I presumed to send a few bottles for her particular use. This explains the reason of my choosing these two articles, which otherwise might seem unsuitable presents to ladies.

As to the requests conveyed in your letter, now lying on the desk before me, I assure you that you cannot be more earnest to oblige any person, however high in point of rank, or of whatever importance in the state, than I am to fulfil your desire; for which reason, that I may fulfil it in the circumstantial manner you require, I shall postpone all other business until I shall have finished this letter, which I foresee will be pretty long. I begin this task the more willingly, because it will remove the prejudices of your correspondent against a worthy family; and few can be more worthy than that of my late honoured friend Mr. Clifford, with the exceptions however that shall be hereafter excepted.

To avoid prolixity, without farther preface, for brevity's sake I must acquaint you, that Mr. Clifford was a gentleman of a respectable family and good estate in Northumberland.

Soon after he returned from his travels he married Lady Horatia Fitzherbert, a young woman of quality, with a very moderate fortune; but, were I to enumerate all the good qualities of this admirable lady, my letter would extend to a very great length indeed; and therefore, for brevity's sake, as a worthy old friend of mine used to say, and I said before, I shall only assure you that she was

universally acknowledged to be the most accomplished woman in all Northumberland, which is the largest county in England except Yorkshire.

For the space of ten years after their marriage, Mr. Clifford and Lady Horatia spent a few months every year in London, and the rest in the country. At the end of that period, their family consisted of a son of nine years of age, and a daughter of six, for whose education Mr. Clifford and his lady resolved to live entirely at London; a resolution which occasioned much sorrow in the neighbourhood they quitted. I was then intrusted with the management of Mr. Clifford's affairs, and had always opportunities of seeing him when I went to London; which was as seldom as I could, because I greatly prefer Morpeth: not from any foolish partiality to my native city, or because there are not agreeable society to be met with in London, but merely on account of the other being on the whole the pleasantest place of the two.

Mr. Clifford's son was put to Westminster-school: the daughter received the instruction that was thought necessary under the eye of her mother; and the progress she made in various accomplishments, in the space of two years, are said to be wonderful. At that period Lady Horatia died. This affected her husband so much, that, leaving his son at Westminster-school, he retired with his daughter to his house in Northumberland, and never entirely recovered his spirits afterwards. So far from resuming that style of hospitality in which he had lived formerly, and for which his family had long been distinguished in the county, he now entertained only a very few friends, and those but seldom.

It has been said, that men who are passionately fond of hunting have no great relish for books; but Mr. Clifford had a very great relish for both: from which you will observe, my dear young lady, that there is no rule without an exception. But it must be acknowledged, that, for a considerable time after the death of his lady, Mr. Clifford entirely left off hunting, and spent most of his time in his library; and his chief pleasure was to ob-

serve the improvement of his daughter's understanding, who, young as she then was, spent several hours every day in reading to her father, and in conversing with him on what she had read: by which means she acquired a taste for some parts of literature that are seldom cultivated by women. Now, it is generally said, that this renders women pedantic and disputatious in company: but here again I must repeat, that there is no rule without an exception; for Miss Horatia Clifford is extremely modest and unpresuming in company, which is what cannot be said of some very ignorant ladies of my acquaintance.

Among other accomplishments, Miss Clifford was at great pains to acquire that of playing on the harp, an instrument of which her father was exceedingly fond, and which she accompanied with her voice, which was wonderfully sweet. She generally chose plaintive and mournful airs. In this, I confess, I think she judged wrong, as merry tunes would have been more likely to cheer up his heart; whereas most of those she played and sung to him were so very sad, that they would have made the most cheerfully-disposed people melancholy. This was the more surprising, because the young lady is naturally of a cheerful temper, with a great deal of vivacity; but I *suspect* that she preferred mournful airs not so much from her own taste as to humour her father's melancholy.

I remember once, that when she was in the middle of one of those sorrowful tunes, the very tears burst from my eyes before I knew where I was. I never was so much ashamed in my life, and I endeavoured to conceal it as much as I could; but whether Miss Clifford perceived it or not I am uncertain; for it is so contrary to the disposition of that young lady to hurt any person, or to put them in the least out of countenance, that, I am sure, she would have seemed not to have observed this instance of my weakness, even although it had struck her.

A little before his son left Westminster-school for the university, Mr. Clifford put him under the particular care of one of his friends, and then set out with his daughter

for Switzerland. This did not happen suddenly, as has been represented to you, nor yet unexpectedly; for he talked of it a full year before they went. I remember of no conjectures or rumours upon the occasion, unless the sorrow of all who knew them, and the lamentations of the poor, are thought such.

After passing two years in Switzerland, and making the tour of all the cantons, Mr. Clifford proceeded with his daughter to Italy; where, I believe, they staid nine months, and returned through France to England about the time that young Mr. Clifford left the university, and soon after went on his travels to France and other foreign countries. You say it is reported that Miss Clifford looks very like a French woman; as for my own part, I can neither confirm nor refute this report, having never had any personal experience of French women. Indeed I never saw any, knowing them to be such, except one who danced on the tight-rope at Sadlers-Wells when I was last in London. She was, to be sure, remarkably nimble; but as for her taste in dress (begging pardon for differing in opinion from you), I must confess I did not much admire it. I therefore think you are much in the right in choosing to look like an English woman; as for my own part, I cannot conceive any human creature more beautiful than Miss Clifford was after she returned to England.—You will please to remember, my dear Miss Almond, that the present company are always excepted.

I ought to have mentioned before, that the sedentary manner of life which Mr. Clifford adopted, immediately after the death of his lady, had so much affected his health, that he was directed to ride several hours every day; and, as he could not bear to be deprived of the company of his daughter, she generally accompanied him: by which means she became an expert and fearless rider; which when her father perceived, he resumed what had formerly been his favourite diversion, and his daughter sometimes accompanied him when he went out with the hounds. This I do suppose is the only foundation for the report that has reached your ears of her going a-hunting with men, and

which I suspect to have been propagated by evil-disposed persons; for how can we otherwise account for the plural *men* being adopted instead of the singular *man*, and the omitting to mention that the man was her father?

I cannot help remarking, my dear miss, that you make no inquiry concerning the pecuniary circumstances in which Mr. Clifford left his family. This I suspect to be an omission on your part, which I will now supply, to prevent your being put to the trouble of writing another letter for information on that essential article. Mr. Clifford was possessed of a landed estate of near three thousand pounds a year, and of a considerable sum in the public funds; twenty thousand pounds of which was intended for his daughter's portion, and all the rest of his fortune for his son.

I am sorry to add that the son behaved very imprudently, (for he is the exception alluded to at the beginning of this letter). Notwithstanding the generous allowance he had from his father, this thoughtless young man contracted much debt before he had been full two years abroad.

Mr. Clifford desired him to give in a list of all his debts, which were immediately paid. This exhausted all that Mr. Clifford had in the funds, except the twenty thousand pounds, which he had by will destined for his daughter's portion, and which he had determined should not be affected by the son's extravagance.

This young man from his childhood had given signs of a head-strong impetuous disposition, and he was naturally endowed with uncommon strength and agility of body. The first often engaged him in quarrels with his companions at Westminster-school; and the second obtained him the victory very frequently, when, in strict justice, he deserved to have been beaten. And perhaps this was the origin, or laid the foundation, of that proud and haughty temper which he has since manifested in various instances, which I could recapitulate if it were necessary. But hypocrisy and deceit formed no part of this young man's character; therefore, his having got a physician to write a false statement of his health to his father, and his hav-

ing pretended that the air of Naples was requisite for a disorder in his breast, when he really was passing the carnival at Venice, surprised every body: but it was afterwards known that those devices were the suggestions of a certain lady, who shall be nameless, who was at Venice at that time, and whom I have heard called a woman of easy virtue, in my opinion by a misnomer; for I strongly suspect that, notwithstanding her rank, she was in reality a woman of no virtue at all. It also appeared that he had given a false statement of his debts, for he actually owed five thousand pounds about a year after all was supposed to have been cleared.

Mr. Clifford was shocked at his son's extravagance, and still more at this deceit; and, on account of those and other instances of his son's ill-conduct, he threatened to disinherit him, and leave his whole fortune to his daughter, with the exception of a moderate annuity, to be placed in the hands of trustees, for the young man's use. This would have taken place, had it not been for the repeated solicitations of Miss Clifford; by which she prevailed on her father to pay all the debts, by taking up a mortgage of five thousand pounds, part of what had been secured for her own patrimony. Without the knowledge of his daughter, however, he made a new will, and burdened his estate with this five thousand pounds, as a debt due to her at his death.

The ill-conduct of his son greatly affected not only the spirits, but also the health of Mr. Clifford, which declined visibly, in spite of the medical skill of those who attended him. Miss Clifford, being greatly alarmed, proposed that he should go to London, and put himself under the care of the most celebrated physicians there. The practitioners in the North thought this improper, because of the fatigue of the journey, which, they said, would be attended with great danger: and they also hinted, that he would receive no benefit from the prescriptions of the London doctors. Mr. Clifford himself was averse to the journey; but, perceiving that it would afford satisfaction to his daughter, he resolved to set out. I accompanied

them to the metropolis.—So far from being the worse for the journey, he grew evidently better all the time we were on the road. But though the northern practitioners were mistaken in thinking that the journey would do *harm*, they were right in their other prognostic, that the prescriptions of the London physicians would do *no good*. Indeed, it is a very singular circumstance, in this case, that the patient should have mended as soon as he was taken from the care of the doctors in the country, and that he should have grown worse soon after he was put under the care of those of the town. This seems altogether unaccountable.—Mr. Clifford died about a month after his arrival in London. One of those practitioners who attended him in Northumberland has since assured me that he would infallibly have recovered if he had remained in the country under his care. I concealed this very carefully from Miss Clifford, as it would have augmented her grief, which was already excessive. I was at one time apprehensive that it would have thrown her into the same complaint of which her father died.

I really believe she was saved from this by the friendly and affectionate behaviour of Lady Diana Franklin, a woman of extraordinary good sense, who was the only person Miss Clifford could bear to converse with for a considerable time after her father's death. Lady Diana had been the intimate companion of her mother, had always lived in great friendship with her father, and loved the young lady herself with the affection of a mother.

She has a very pleasant house, within twenty miles of London, to which she carried Miss Clifford, and where they remained for several months without seeing any company, except Miss Juliet Fortescue, an intimate friend and school-companion of Miss Clifford. This young lady was a very considerable heiress; and she has since bestowed her hand and fortune more wisely than many heiresses do, being now the wife of Colonel Sommers, a brave officer, with whom she lives most happily at her estate in the bishopric of Durham.

Lady Diana Franklin is not only a woman of exraordi-

many good sense, which I told you before; but, which I did not tell you before, she is also of a very cheerful and sociable disposition, notwithstanding that she is an old maid: for, as I have already remarked more than once, there is no rule without an exception.

As she still is a very agreeable-looking woman, and was very handsome in her youth, it seems surprising that she has remained unmarried; yet I have known other women of that description who never had an offer of marriage in their life: but Lady Diana had a very ample patrimony besides; and I confess I never knew a woman of this description who had not a great many.

Though your inquiries are confined to the Clifford family, yet, as I have mentioned this worthy lady, I will add another circumstance concerning her, which, I dare say, you will think interesting, notwithstanding that it occurred many years ago. At the age of twenty-two, Lady Diana was actually betrothed to a young man of rank and of very great expectation; he was seized with a fever, of which he died on the very day that had been fixed for their marriage.

One of your tender disposition, my dear Miss Almond, will naturally sympathize with a woman, though a stranger, on so severe a misfortune. It is said that, in the violence of her affliction, she determined never to marry. This is not so extraordinary as that she should have adhered to her resolution, notwithstanding her having been often solicited to depart from it. She did not, however, remain very long in absolute retirement, but returned to the society of those whose friendship she had formerly cultivated; for, as Lady Horatia once told me, 'though her friend Lady Diana's heart was, by this cruel event, for ever shut against love, it was still open to friendship.'—She lived, accordingly, in the most intimate friendship with Lady Horatia and Mr. Clifford until their death; after which, all the tender attachment she had for the parents was devolved on the daughter; and her parental solicitude to prevent the young lady from becoming a prey to continued sorrow was crowned with success. She was

gradually brought to bear company, and to join in conversation. I do not take upon me to assert, however, that time did not assist the endeavours of Lady Diana in alleviating the sorrow of Miss Clifford; for time is a great destroyer of grief, as well as of other things, as I myself experienced since the death of my wife.

What may seem to you very singular is, that, although this young lady is generally cheerful, and sometimes in very high spirits, yet she can seldom refrain from tears, and always is seized with a fit of melancholy, when the name of her father is mentioned. There are people who insinuate that this proceeds from affectation, because she is able to resume her natural gaiety soon after; but those people certainly mistake her character, which is above affectation: and I should think they also mistake human nature in general; for is not the life of man a tragi-comedy? At least it is still so in England; though I am told, indeed, that in France it has been of late a continued tragedy.

Young Mr. Clifford returned to England when he heard of his father's death; at which, from what I have hinted already, perhaps you may imagine he would feel little concern: but in that you would do him wrong; for though this young man had been inconsiderate and headstrong enough to disoblige and vex his father when alive, he was not hardened enough not to feel sorrow and remorse, therefore, after his death.

Though his sorrow was sharp, however, it was not lasting: the company he imprudently kept effaced it too soon, and he returned to foreign countries, where he now is. It is to be hoped that he will reform, for he is still young.

Having now, with as little prolixity as the nature of the case would admit, answered your inquiries in a manner which, I make no doubt, will be satisfactory both to yourself and your noble correspondent, I shall, for brevity's sake, only add, that I am glad that you have experienced so much benefit from young Dr. Ironside's pills. As for my own part, I have had an opposite experience,

being now convinced that my own state of health is not so vigorous as I thought it, though as much so as most men of my age.

Of this, however, you may always rely, that you will find me disposed to render every service in my power, not only to my old acquaintance your aunt, but also to yourself.

I beg you will make my affectionate respects to her. I hope the redness in her nose, with a tendency to purple, for which she was taking the infusion of white poppy flowers, has the desired effect. My anxiety for my old friend induced me to take the opinion of a very experienced practitioner of this place; and he assured me, that, if it did no good, it could do no harm; which is more than can be said for some medicines much vaunted.

I shall now, for brevity's sake, finish this long epistle; being, my dear young lady, with due esteem, your well-wisher, and most obedient humble servant,

DANIEL PROCTOR.

P. S.—There is no foundation for the report of my intending to remove from my own quiet habitation near Morpeth to such a tumultuous town as London; and there is as little for the report of my daughter's marriage. It will be time enough for her to think of a husband when she comes to be a little nearer your age, which, if I am to judge by looks, she still wants two, or perhaps three, years of.

LETTER XLIX.

MISS ALMOND *to* DANIEL PROCTOR, *Esq.*

SIR, *York.*

I AM sorry you have given yourself the trouble of writing so very long a letter; all I wished any information about might have been mentioned in a few lines: but I suppose you were fond of an opportunity of enlarging upon the wonderful qualities of this same Miss Clifford,

whom you seem to be in love with, though such a thing is scarcely credible to those who know of the declarations you made when you were last at York. I cannot conceive what you saw in my looks that could lead you into so gross a mistake with respect to my age: but though I must confess that I am much younger than you think, I hope I should have more sense, at any age, than to play old mournful tunes upon a harp to my father when he was in affliction, which could only serve to increase his grief; and far less could I return immediately to gaiety after shedding tears, which you say Miss Clifford did, as if her father's death had been a tragi-comedy.

I am glad to hear that you are inclined to believe that English women are the handsomest in this world, (indeed the curate of Willow-Bank once told me that there was no reason to doubt of their being the same in the next), which makes your partiality for this Miss Clifford the more surprising, because she seems, even from your own account, more like a foreigner than an English woman.

As I hinted, in my letter to you, that the person for whom I was desirous of getting an account of the Clifford family had reason to be prejudiced against them, and was a person of quality, I could not imagine that you would have sent a long letter of the nature of your last; for you must have observed that people of quality never listen to long letters; indeed they cannot bear to be informed of any thing, long or short, that is not agreeable to their wishes.

I first remarked this at the house of a fine London lady, a near relation of Lord Deanport, who was allowed to die quietly, because, to have insinuated that she was in danger, or to have proposed a drug that was disagreeable to her taste, would have alarmed and disturbed her. Two of the chambermaids recovered from the same disease, by taking the bark, and being blistered; for the apothecary, who was all smiles and simpers when he spoke to the poor dying lady, and never gave her any thing but palatable draughts, told *them*, with a grave countenance, and in

plain words, that nothing but blisters, and large doses of bark, could save them.

I have remarked also, that the curate at Willow-Bank, who in winter preaches to the country-people about preparing for death, never touches on that subject in summer, when my lady is present, because nothing is so offensive to her ladyship as reminding her of death, except it be mentioning hell, which she says her nerves cannot bear.

Indeed I was witness myself to the truth of this; for her ladyship once carried me, for a frolic, to hear a methodist-preacher: unluckily, the man preached about the rich man and Lazarus, which terrified her to such a degree, that she was carried out in violent hysterics: and though, formerly, she made it a rule to go to church once every season, to show a good example to the ignorant vulgar, yet, after that accident, she never ventured to hear any preacher whatever, except the curate of Willow-Bank, on whose discretion she can rely, because his only hope of preferment is in her ladyship. And I once heard my lady herself say, 'that, notwithstanding his being only a country curate, he might be a London bishop for knowledge of the world.'

Now, perhaps, you will say, like Juba in the play of Cato—'If knowledge of the world makes man a villain, may Juba ever remain in ignorance.'—But although such sentiments do very well in tragedies, they are not to be acted upon in real life; besides, Juba being only a black, is not a very fit example for whites, especially Christians.

I own I see no villany in having a knowledge of this world, and making the most of it while we are in it, though it may be proper to act otherwise in the next; for, as I have heard you yourself observe—'When we are at Rome, we must do as Rome does.'

You see, sir, I do not forget the reflections I have heard you make, having always had a very high opinion of your sense and judgment; which made me so fond of your company when I saw you last at York, and makes me regret

that we have never seen you since: but I suppose you can think of nobody, now, but Miss Clifford; though I own that she, nor no other woman, can be more concerned than I am to hear that you are in a weaker state of health than when we saw you here. My aunt thinks that your being of that opinion proceeds entirely from low spirits, owing to too much solitude; and that, if you saw more society, whether it were in London or York, or even at your own house near Morpeth, you would be more healthful and happier. Though your daughter is, I am told, a very beautiful young lady, and also very sensible, yet perhaps some cheerful companion would render both your lives more agreeable; but of that you are the best judge.—My aunt desires me to return you her thanks for the attention you had to her, in consulting the doctor on her complaint.

The infusion of the flowers of white poppies has had no great effect as yet; but she is resolved to continue, because, she says, it stands to reason that those flowers should do good, on account of their whiteness: but I fear their colour is considerably altered before they come to her nose.

With my kindest compliments to Miss Proctor, though unknown but by character, I am, sir, your most obedient and obliged servant,

MARGARET ALMOND.

I shall be very glad to hear from you when you have liesure: but you need not give yourself the trouble of saying any thing farther of the Clifford family, because the *nobleman* who applied to me has now received all the information she wanted.

LETTER L.

MISS ALMOND *to the* COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT.

MY LADY, *York.*

I HAD the honour of informing your ladyship in my last letter, that I had, without delaying a single moment,

written to Mr. Proctor. It was natural for your ladyship to think that his resentment against young Mr. Clifford would have enraged him against the whole family, and inclined him to divulge every thing he knew or suspected to their disadvantage: but he is an odd kind of a particular man, who knows no more of the world, particularly the genteel, than a child. Though he served an apprenticeship to an attorney, he has the character never to have taken the advantage of any body; which makes it so unaccountable how he is in such good circumstances. He seems to have no resentment; or else the favours he received from Clifford, the father, makes him forget the injuries of the son, and renders him unwilling to say any thing against him, and still less his sister: yet in spite of all his pains to set her off to advantage in his letter to me, it is easy to see that the character you have received of her is pretty exact. There is no doubt that she both looks and acts like a French woman; and you know how some of them act. Mr. Proctor acknowledges that she lived several years abroad among foreigners and emigrants, and understands all their languages; and, I dare say, is a member of the blue-stocking-club of learned women, whom your ladyship hates, though she may wear white stockings above her blue.

Mr. Proctor also owns, that Miss Clifford was addicted to go a-hunting with men in the day-time, and playing on the harp to them at night. What she did besides he does not mention.

He pretends to be ignorant of the reason of her father's taking her abroad so suddenly, and does not divulge the nature of the rumours that were spread over the neighbourhood on that occasion.

But he acknowledges that Miss Clifford lives in intimacy with Lady Diana Franklin, which must be the same with her that your ladyship hates so much, and who I take to be one of the most censorious old maids living; both on that account, and from what I heard Counsellor Banter say, at the last York assizes, in a large company of ladies, at a tea-drinking, (among whom was a Londoner,

on her return from Scotland, where she had fled from her parents to be married to a very genteel officer of dragoons —I believe he was quarter-master),—so, somebody saying something to the praise of Lady Diana, the new-married lady observed that she was an old maid, and of course very censorious. 'Very censorious, indeed, madam,' replied the counsellor; 'her whole life and conduct is a libel on many of her own sex!'

This was thought, by some of the company, too severe; but, after what I have heard your ladyship say of her, is, I am convinced, no more than she deserves.

This is all the intelligence I could procure from Mr. Proctor, which I hope your ladyship will think satisfactory, as it may be depended on. But I am certain, that if I was in London, I could procure still more; and, therefore I have informed my aunt, that she would probably receive a letter from your ladyship, desiring that I might set out very soon. For my own part, I should not be in the least afraid of going in the mail-coach, as it goes so quick; and my heavy trunk might come afterwards in the waggon.—In the hope of having the honour of another letter from your ladyship soon, I am, your ladyship's most obedient, faithful, and obliged humble servant,

MARGARET ALMOND.

P. S. I have taken particular care that your ladyship cannot be suspected of having set me on those inquiries, for I wrote to Mr. Proctor that they were not for a lady, but for a noble-*man*.

LETTER LI.

The COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT *to* JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq.*]

London.

I HAVE had no need to avail myself of your precautions against communicating Peggy Almond's discoveries respecting Miss Clifford too abruptly to my son. She discovered nothing but what was either of so innocent, or so

general, a nature, that no use could be made of it. I have therefore abstained from all insinuations against what is called—her virtue. But, in consequence of your observations respecting my son's prejudice against clever women, or women of superior understanding, which I know to be well founded, I once thought of culling a few witticisms from Joe Miller, and repeating them to Lord Deanport as repartees of Miss Clifford; but recollecting that his lordship was better acquainted with that book than with most others, I judged it would be safer to draw from a fountain into which he never dipped; and, after having spoken of Miss Clifford as a lady of uncommon erudition and sagacity, I actually repeated two of the proverbs of Solomon as observations of hers. This had not the effect I expected; he saw nothing alarmingly sagacious in either, and said, 'If Miss Clifford can make no wiser observations than those, she runs no risk of being drowned for a witch.'

Disappointed in this, I remarked, 'that I had heard she was a young woman of rather an imperious temper; that I was not sufficiently acquainted with her to decide, but I owned that she had, on some occasions, a great deal of fire in her looks.'

To this he coolly replied, 'That she had certainly an animated countenance, and he believed she was a young lady of spirit.'

I was so provoked by this answer, that I rejoined, with warmth, 'If spirit be what you admire in her, she will show you enough of it—I am told she is a complete termagant. How she may accommodate herself to her lovers I know not; but I am assured that her obstinate temper broke her father's heart.'

To this he made no reply; but, afer a few minutes of musing, introduced another subject, and in a short time left me.

I hope what I threw out was the cause of his musing. I shall take care to furnish him with more seeds of reflection of the same kind; and I have a notion that the lady herself will also supply him with some.

I have observed, with pleasure, that she does not behave with that degree of attention to him that would, I believe, secure her conquest. I am happy that her supreme adviser, Lady Diana Franklin, is absent; because, were she in London, she would advise the young lady to adopt a plan of conduct that would be more likely to succeed. Where do you think her ladyship is?—You never can devise, therefore I'll tell you.—But I am interrupted, and must postpone the information.

This cousin of yours drags on a most unreasonable length. How can the man have the conscience to live so long? What are his physicians about? Those country doctors have not half the dispatch of their brethren in the capital. Yours,

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER LII.

The Same to the Same.

London.

I was interrupted when I was just about to inform you where Lady Diana Franklin (to the great grief of the blue-stocking tribe, those admirers of madame de Sevigné and her associates, who attempt to substitute conversation to cards) is at present—Why, in Devonshire. Devonshire at this season of the year! And whom do you think she has gone to visit in Devonshire? Some *grateful* young officer, you will guess, promoted by her interest, and whose regiment is quartered in that county. You may have hit on the *real* motive of her journey for ought I know—but the avowed one is to see Mrs. Denham. Perhaps you have forgot Mrs. Denham, for she has not been heard of these several years; but you must remember the sprightly Charlotte Brighton, whom you have so often seen at my assemblies, when her beauty and vivacity drew half the young fellows in town after her.

I believe you were at Spa when the catastrophe of Charlotte's romance took place, and therefore may never

have heard it. After rejecting two offers of marriage, both highly advantageous; one by a Mr.—Mr.—I cannot recollect the man's name—an awkward-looking creature.—He has been made a peer since—I cannot recollect his title neither—no matter. The other proposal was from a person whose fortune gave him a claim to the same honour. He offered immense settlements—to no purpose—the giddy girl refused them both.

What made her folly the more to be lamented, and must have filled her with remorse for refusing the latter, is, that the man died about nine months after. Some people attempt to excuse her, by asserting that she was in love with Tom Denham when those two men paid her their addresses. I leave you to determine the weight of such an apology.

She afterwards married Tom, who was, to be sure, one of the best-natured, gay, thoughtless young fellows in the world, but with a very moderate fortune; one-half of which was mortgaged before Charlotte was acquainted with him; the remainder, with all his wife's patrimony, he spent, it must be confessed, entirely like a gentleman, and in the best company. When it *was* spent, however, he and his wife seemed, for some time, as destitute of friends as if they had kept the worst.

An old companion of his, who had some interest with the minister, procured him at last a situation in the East Indies. It was expected he would have opportunities of pillaging a competency for his poor wife and children. But though few people could spend a fortune with a better grace than Tom, it is doubtful whether he had any talents for acquiring one: the experiment, however, was not fairly made; for he died, poor fellow, soon after his arrival in India, so that he had not time to do that justice to his family that was expected, however well-disposed he might have been.

His widow, with two children, lived some time in London after the accounts of his death arrived. Hitherto I had visited her occasionally; but rumours were circulated to her prejudice: as she had always been rather inatten-

tive to appearances, they gained strength, I have been assured, without foundation: but as I had not leisure to ascertain the truth, I thought it prudent to leave off visiting her. Others followed my example; and she would, most probably, have been forsaken by all her female acquaintance, had not the virgin Diana arrived precisely at that time from abroad. Though she had seen less of Mrs. Denham, after her marriage, than any of her former companions—for the rapid rate at which her husband and she drove through life ill-suited the slow and solemn step of a vestal—yet, on finding Charlotte likely to be abandoned by others, she clung to her through sheer vanity, and that crossness which prompts her in what she calls *essentials*, to brave the opinion of the world. She pretended that she had investigated the scandalous reports; and not only to have found them false, but also that Mrs. Denham, having derived prudence from her misfortunes, had conducted herself in a most exemplary manner, devoting her whole attention to the education of her children: on which she was visited and received as before by a few of her old acquaintance; but her circumstances kept the greater part from her as completely as if all that had been said of her was true. Unable, however, to maintain her family in London, she retired with her children to Devonshire, and has hardly ever been thought of since, till Lady Diana, hearing that she was in a declining state of health, set out lately to visit her: and there I hope she will remain: for I understand she has more influence with Miss Clifford than any body else, and if she were in London, would assuredly engage her *protége* to adopt a conduct more likely than that she follows at present to secure the heart of my son. To tell you the truth, I rely more on the marked coldness and indifference which the girl shews for him than on all I have hitherto been able to contrive for the purpose of giving him a thorough dislike to her.

In the meantime, you cannot figure how I am harassed by the murmurs of the aunt on account of Deanport's coldness to Miss Moyston; for she is more enraged than

the young lady herself. I am also vexed by the new proofs I daily receive of his growing passion for Miss Clifford—Would to heaven you were here! I never stood in need of your sage counsels so much.

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER LIII.

Miss Horatia Clifford *to* Mrs. Sommers.

London.

You are seriously hurt, then, my dear, because I have never said a word of Lord Deanport's attentions to me, of which, it seems, some more communicative correspondent has favoured you with so many particulars. You consider it as an instance of unkind reserve to a friend, whose confidence in me has been unbounded. I dare swear you suspected, that in this season, so fertile in peerages, I was endeavouring, while the sun shone, to secure, for my own use, part of the harvest: and that, having succeeded, I meant to be suddenly announced to you as Countess of Deanport, to dazzle your eyes with the brilliancy of my coronet, and mortify your heart with the idea of an old companion raised to a situation so far above you.

Ah! Juliet, how could you suspect me of such malice? Had I been capable of it, I should have deserved all that your friend Miss —— suffered, by being made a duchess.

Now, in answer to your accusation,

> 'I will a round unvarnished tale deliver,
> Of what reserve, deceit, or mighty plot
> (For such proceedings I am charged withal),
> I have been guilty.'——

The first time I ever saw Lord Deanport was at the duchess of ——'s assembly. I was sitting between my aunt and Mrs. Demure, when her grace presented him to me: he remained with us till we left the room. As he was an acquaintance of Mrs. Demure, I placed this piece of attention to her account. I afterwards met him at other assemblies: he sometimes came into my aunt's

box at the opera. I saw nothing particular in this, nor did I perceive any thing remarkable in his lordship's address, except an affectation to whisper, which I discouraged by a look of surprise, and by always answering aloud. Most people, who are uncommonly handsome and genteel, are thought conceited; sometimes, no doubt, unjustly; but there certainly is nothing in Lord Deanport's manner that tends to remove such a suspicion.

There is somewhat of constraint that could not have been expected in a man of his rank who has travelled; this is accompanied with a stately kind of obsequiousness, a protecting bow, often repeated, which seems to proceed from pride, and that species of pride that springs from high birth, without the consciousness of any other superiority: for, when a person is also conscious of being superior, or even equal to the company in other respects, it generally produces more ease, and less reserve.

His lordship, however, cultivated an acquaintance with Mr. Darnley and my aunt: I saw him of course. His visits becoming more assiduous, she one day told me, with an air of great satisfaction, that I had certainly made a conquest of the young peer. I was by no means so much convinced of this as she seemed to be; and it would not have afforded me so much satisfaction if I had. I confess I did not think it worth while to mention this notion of my aunt in my letters to you; but pray, my dear, if they are not already burnt, will you take the trouble to look over them again, and see if, trifling as they are, they do not treat of subjects of just as much importance?

Yet, since you shew a partiality for this, I will give you a little more of it. I could not help remarking, that the noble lord's mother, the countess of Deanport, to whom, I believe, I was hardly known till very lately, seemed to view me with an evil eye: this I should have borne without complaining. I knew that people are sometimes offended without reason: I also knew that people of rank are as subject to this weakness as the lowest vulgar; but I did not know that they could manifest it in

the same manner :—Lady Deanport made this clear to me.—My uncle's relation, Mrs. Courtney, had carried me to Lady A——'s assembly. Towards the end of the night, after she had ordered up the carriage, she recollected something she wished to mention to her ladyship; and went for that purpose into another room, leaving me seated opposite to Miss Moyston, the great heiress, and her aunt. In that instant, Lady Deanport came, and seated herself between them; then fixing her eyes on me, she whispered them in a very significant manner. They turned their eyes also upon me, tittering, and sometimes laughing aloud. The company had left the side of the room in which I sat, so that I was in a very awkward situation, the eyes of every body being directed towards me, by the rudeness of these three women. Had they addressed any discourse to me, perhaps I might have made some retort; but I could neither object to their laughing, nor their looking at me. Old General Randal, who was playing at whist, observing my distress, laid down his cards, came to me, said he believed Mrs. Courtney waited for me, and led me into another room, where she was talking with the duchess of D——. 'Your young friend was impatient to see you, madam,' said he to Mrs. Courtney: then, addressing the duchess, he added,—'Your grace has been accustomed to find great beauty an object of envy: had you been in the next room, you would have seen it, for the first time, the object of laughter.'—This behaviour of the general is more in the style of the old than the new court. But you will allow, that what applied to her grace was more than mere compliment; particularly when, on the duchess's accosting me, with her usual condescension, he added,—'No one ever experienced a happier transition from malice to benevolence than the lady your grace takes by the hand.'

I was at a loss to find out in what I had offended those women, particularly the Moystons, with whom I am not acquainted.

Mrs. Demure (I believe you are acquainted with that lady) called on my aunt the following day. My aunt

being abroad, she stayed great part of the forenoon with me. She is at once considered as the friend of Lady Deanport and of the Moystons. I hinted to her what had happened at the assembly. She smiled, and said —' I could easily give you the key to that cabinet of secrets, my dear, if it were proper.'

' If it is not proper, I beg not to be intrusted with it,' I replied.

Finding that I pressed her no farther—' Come,' resumed she, ' I believe I may safely trust you. My friend, Lady Deanport, is one of the most prudent women on the face of the earth, and one of the most attentive of mothers. She naturally wishes her son to obtain a great fortune by marriage, because she considers his interest to be also hers, and has been using all her address to promote one between her son and Miss Moyston; but the young lady and her aunt having taken offence at the attention her son shows you, her ladyship is alarmed, lest it should prove an obstacle to a scheme her heart is greatly set on; on which account she is irritated, and disposed to mortify you. This is certainly beneath a woman of her rank; indeed of even a plebeian, of any degree of elevation of soul. But the best of people have their weaknesses; and, I must confess, my friend is not entirely exempt from them.' She afterwards repeated some very spiteful things that she had heard Lady Deanport say of me; begging me, at the same time, not to mind them. She then added some expressions, equally malicious, which she had heard her utter, concerning Lady Diana. This, I do assure you, provoked me more than the other; and I resolved to vex the malicious woman in the only way in my power.—' You ought not, my dear Miss Clifford,' said Mrs. Demure, ' to be provoked at my friend, Lady Deanport: it is not from ill-will against you, or Lady Diana, that she speaks so; it is merely because she fears that you will seduce the heart of her son from Miss Moyston: she cannot bear the loss of all that great fortune. She expects, if her son were in possession of it, that she herself would be much more easy in her

own circumstances. My friend is fond of money—very fond of money: it is her greatest fault:—she has it in common with many worthy people. She is also exceedingly fond of play; and, though in other respects a shrewd sensible woman, superstitious to childishness on that subject. Indeed, the whims that very acute people are influenced by, in gaming, are hardly credible. I must do my friend the justice to say, however, that she is not in the least superstitious in religious matters, except when she is in ill health. Her enemies accuse her of being avaricious, and extremely fond of money; but that is, in a great measure, owing to her often losing at play. I am persuaded, that if she were always to win, she would be more generous; but what can a woman do who frequently loses more than she can pay? Her son cannot always supply her, which makes her so set on his marriage with Miss Moyston.'

This elegant and friendly harangue had no effect in turning me from the resolution I had formed: and which I found an opportunity of putting in practice very soon after at the duchess's, where Lord Deanport accosted me, in the presence of his mother and her two accomplices. I listened to the *douceurs* he whispered in my ear with an air of far more complaisance than I had ever before shown. They endeavoured to conceal their vexation by writhings and constrained smiles,—such as a person on the rack, if he thought himself obliged to smile, might exhibit. I hope I was more successful in *my* smiles; though, I confess, they were forced also; but I was determined to look as pleased as possible.

After I had teased the three ladies sufficiently, I told my aunt that I felt myself a little indisposed; which was really the case; for you have no idea how fatiguing it is to be continually constraining one's features into a simper when they have all the inclination in the world to be indulged in a yawn. My aunt withdrew immediately. My lord attended us to the carriage; and, as he was leading me past her ladyship and the heiress, I could not help enjoying the rage that was apparent on the coun-

tenance of the one, and the mortification in that of the other.

The marchioness is still at Richmond. Her friends will not part with her. I drove there yesterday, in the intention to wheedle her from them: but what chance has an English woman to get the better of the French in the art of wheedling? They prevailed on her to stay, in spite of all my skill. She promises, however, to come to London after her return from Bath, where the lady intends to carry her.

Lady Diana is in good health and spirits. Poor Mrs. Denham, she informs me, is somewhat better.

Adieu! my sweet friend. Do not forget to present my love—I mean my respects, to your husband.

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER LIV.

Mrs. Sommers *to* Miss H. Clifford.

Ashwood.

I should be seriously displeased, indeed, my dear Horatia, if you could suspect that seeing a coronet on your head would raise the least particle of envy in my heart. Have I not been sensible of your superiority, in almost every accomplishment, without any sentiment but that of increasing affection? The woman who, having some pretensions to beauty, perceives that another is considered in every company as handsomer than herself, and yet retains the warmest friendship for that other, is assuredly incapable of repining at any other species of superiority she may have. I can never love you better, my dear, than I do at present, when you are only a plain spinster: but you may rely upon it I should not love you less though you were raised to the rank of duchess to-morrow. I wish you to be my equal, my dear, in nothing but in happiness; and that, because I believe no woman can be happier than I am.

I am much obliged to you for your 'round unvarnished tale,' which has amused me very much; and, in return, I will give you a piece of advice. People do not remain long in debt when they can pay their creditors in this manner. Besides, I am entitled to give you advice: am I not a full year older than you? and am I not a married woman? Listen, therefore, to the voice of a matron; for 'Wisdom dwelleth with Age.'

I would not have you put implicit faith in the information you received from Mrs. Demure. Can you put confidence in a person who, calling herself Lady Deanport's friend, spoke of her in the style she did?

Her ladyship may love money too well; but I have heard that Mrs. Demure is hypocritical and revengeful, which are worse faults. She once showed a disposition to form an intimacy with me; but my husband gave me a hint not to encourage it. I believe he knows more of her history than he chooses to communicate. I shall never ask him a question on that, or any other subject he is disposed to avoid.

But I wish, my dear Horatia, that you would forego the resolution of tormenting Lady Deanport. What was represented to you was probably exaggerated, perhaps entirely without foundation; and, at any rate, declaring yourself her enemy will make her more actively yours, and justifies her in some degree for being so, and can do no good. Besides, my dear, I cannot approve of the means you have used to vex her. In my humble opinion, you ought to be open with the young lord. Since you are determined not to have him, you ought to tell him so at once. No woman can be more decisive than you when you please. A young woman may be forgiven for not saying *aye* to the man she loves, when he first proposes marriage to her; but there is no excuse for not saying *no*, in the most unequivocal manner, to him she is determined to reject, should he make the same proposal. On reflection, I am certain you will be of my opinion, and will act accordingly.

My husband sends you his respectful love. I remain, dear Horatia, ever most affectionately yours,

JULIET SOMMERS.

LETTER LV.

Miss Horatia Clifford to Mrs. Sommers.

London.

Without waiting for an answer to a letter I wrote to you two days since, as my aunt is engaged for the evening, I will endeavour to amuse you, my dear, with a curious conversation, which I overheard last night at Mrs. Courtney's.

She generally keeps one room entirely clear of card-tables, where they who decline playing may converse, without disturbing or being disturbed by the players.

When my aunt's party was made up, I went into that room with Lady Blunt, a young lady, her niece, whom she wished to make me acquainted with. Mrs. Demure soon after seated herself by me, with two other ladies; and several gentlemen stood around us. Your husband's friend, Mr. Mordaunt, was mentioned.

'I understand,' said Sir George Topley, 'that he is at his brother's in Hampshire, and expected in town soon.'

'When he comes, George,' said Lady Blunt, 'you will do well to retire to the country.'

'Why so?' the baronet asked.

'Because,' replied she, 'copies appear to disadvantage when placed near the original.'

This remark raised a laugh, in which its rudeness would have prevented me from joining, had not the baronet himself laughed as much as any body, without making any other reply, except saying,—'All the world knows that your ladyship is a wit;' and then laughed more heartily than before.

'There is no great wit, George,' rejoined Lady Blunt,

'in remarking what is obvious to all the town: but, in my opinion, you had better choose another model; for there are people, and good judges, too, who think Mr. Mordaunt inimitable.' As she pronounced this, she fixed Mrs. Demure, who affected to take no notice, till Lady Blunt added,—'Do not you think so, madam? You know the gentleman.'

'Know him!' said Mrs. Demure, with affected indifference, but evident emotion,—'a man who is *every*-where must be, in some degree, known to *every*-body; but I know very little of the man, and only as a common acquaintance.'

'Nay, now, my dear madam, I own you surprise me,' said Lady Blunt; 'for I could have sworn that any woman who knew him at all would have thought him rather an *uncommon* acquaintance.'

'I do not understand what your ladyship means by an *uncommon* acquaintance,' rejoined Mrs. Demure, a little sharply.

'I mean,' said Lady Blunt, 'an acquaintance with one of the most accomplished men in England.'

Mr. Clement, the clergyman, thinking the dialogue was in danger of becoming too warm, and with the sole view, as I am convinced, to prevent that, and give it a pleasanter turn, said,—'Your ladyship needed not have confined yourself to England; you might have added *Scotland, and even the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed.*' Then observing a Mr. Macdonald, who had risen from one of the card-tables, and joined our circle, he added,—'I hope the addition might have been made without offence to any of the company.'

'As you seem to direct this to me, sir,' said the Scot, 'I must inform you that I am neither apt to take offence where it is not intended, nor to pass it over when it is.'

'In the present case,' replied Mr. Clement, 'you must be sensible that none could be intended.'

'Without accurately examining what *could* be,' resumed the other, 'I am willing to take it for granted

that none was intended; and I am the more disposed so to do on account of your being a clergyman; for I honour the profession, chiefly, indeed, because my own father belonged to it.'

'You are extremely obliging, sir,' said Mr. Clement, bowing.

'It is always my intention to be obliging, sir,' replied Macdonald.—'But to return to the original assertion made by her ladyship, namely, 'that Mr. Mordaunt was one of the most accomplished men in England,' to which you said that she might have added Scotland, (as for Berwick-upon-Tweed, I leave it out of the argument, as a neutral),—I must observe that the assertion might be just simply as her ladyship made it, without its being equally so conjoined to your appendage.'

The precise manner in which this was pronounced, as well as the terms, seemed to put all the company in a gay humour.—Mr. Clement replied, with a smile, 'that it possibly might be so.'

'I only speak of possibility, sir. To say the thing is probable, though that may be my own private opinion, would not be civil in this company: but I must add, that I have heard the gentleman in question spoken of by the gallant Colonel Sommers, under whom I served, in such terms as convince me that he is a very accomplished as well as a very brave man.'

'I have heard Mr. Mordaunt accused of being a very *romantic* character,' said Lady Blunt's niece.

Her ladyship has this young lady much with her, to prevent her from being witness to the discord that exists between her father and mother. She is, I am told, a great reader of romances, particularly the ancient.

'Mr. Mordaunt being of a romantic character, my dear, will appear no heinous accusation in your eyes,' answered the aunt. 'Like the heroes of romance, he is always in love; and, like them, too, he never marries: but he has not the least resemblance to the *preux chevaliers* in constancy—he is rather addicted to change, to the great affliction of some distressed damsel.'

As she said this, she glanced at Mrs. Demure, who seemed again a little disconcerted.

'But the heroes of romance,' resumed the young lady, '*do* marry at the end.'

'Yes, my dear,' said Lady Blunt, 'as you justly observe, *at the end;* for, when the man marries, he is no longer a hero, and his mistress still less a heroine; they become plain husband and wife, just like your papa and mamma.'

'Gracious me!' exclaimed the young lady, spreading her hands, and casting up her eyes.

'Though Mordaunt's romance is not likely to come to so humiliating a conclusion,' resumed Lady Blunt, 'it was very near being cut short in Italy, when he served in the Austrian armies opposed to Bonaparte, where, I am told, he exposed himself to many dangers.'

'He had no more business to join the Austrians,' said Sir George Topley, 'than the knights you were talking of had to go to the Holy Land.'

'There is, surely, a difference between the cases,' resumed Mr. Macdonald: 'for though volunteering in the Austrian army is, perhaps, one of those things in which you would not like to imitate Mr. Mordaunt; yet, as he happened to be in Italy at a time when the French were carrying every thing before them, he might naturally think that, in joining our allies against them, he was serving his country: not but I am of opinion that he would have judged better in coming home, and engaging in the militia, or in some volunteer corps, as you, sir, no doubt, did.'

'Indeed I did not, said Sir George; because, in spite of all the vapouring of the French about invading England, I was convinced they would never attempt it, and fully persuaded of their being all sunk or taken by our fleets if they did.'

'What might have had some effect also, my dear Sir George, in preventing your adopting the measures the gentleman mentions,' added Lady Blunt, 'was your be-

ing very deeply engaged in several horse-races in different and distant parts of the country.'

With the same good-natured intention that had before induced him to interpose, Mr. Clement said—'From all I have heard of Mr. Mordaunt, he is, certainly, a very gallant man; but, perhaps, like the *preux chevaliers* that have been mentioned, he is sometimes fond of danger for danger's sake.'

'I humbly beg your pardon for differing from a gentleman of your cloth,' resumed Mr. Macdonald.—'I must say I take Mr. Mordaunt to have too much good sense to love danger merely for danger's sake. But I can conceive that when a great degree of intrepidity is united to an ardent desire of distinction, that a man may be fond of presenting himself to hazardous situations, which he might, without dishonour, have avoided; and this forms the difference between an officer who barely does his duty, that he may avoid reproach, and another who is actuated by zeal for the service, and an ardent passion for honest and well-merited fame. Mr. Mordaunt having gone a volunteer into the Austrian service, on motives which would have weighed with few, thought it would be unbecoming the character of an Englishman to keep aloof from danger, and therefore offered himself, on a variety of perilous occasions, in consequence of which he drew the admiration of the army, and obtained the praises of the general. But, previous to this, he was advantageously known to many Austrian officers of distinction, by a very singular adventure he had at Vienna with an Italian lady, who followed him from Rome to that capital.'

Lady Blunt expressed a desire to know all the circumstances of this adventure; but Mr. Macdonald said, 'that he had heard it mentioned only in general terms by Colonel Sommers, who had declared that his friend had displayed great intrepidity and presence of mind on the occasion, without communicating the particulars.'

'Perhaps,' said Lady Blunt, 'Mrs. Demure can favour us with the particulars?'

'I do not conceive,' replied that lady, with a look of

resentment, 'how your ladyship comes to imagine that I should be acquainted with the gentleman's adventures.'

'I merely thought it possible, my dear madam,' said Lady Blunt; 'and had not the least idea that my supposition could have offended you.'

'Offended me!' replied Mrs. Demure, forcing a smile: —'your ladyship never was more mistaken in your life, if you imagine that the supposition *offends* me—though I must acknowledge it *surprises* me a good deal.'

'There are people,' rejoined Lady Blunt, 'who are very much offended when they are surprised.'

Mrs. Courtney joined us at that instant, and pressed Lady Blunt to a card-party, which put an end to the altercation. But I have some curiosity to know the circumstances of the adventure to which Mr. Macdonald alluded—Your husband undoubtedly knows the whole. He must be a singular kind of man, this friend of the colonel.—Pray, my dear, invite your husband to tell you the particulars; and at your convenience transmit them to me—the sooner the better. What a long and circumstantial epistle this is!—I hope your next will be in the same style.

Lady Diana informs me that poor Mrs. Denham is still in too feeble a state of health to be left. Her eldest son has obtained a commission in the army through her influence. The young man is to join his regiment directly. The marchioness has set out for Bath. Farewell!

H. CLIFFORD.

I hope the Vienna adventure will be the subject of your next.

LETTER LVI.

MRS. SOMMERS *to* MISS HORATIA CLIFFORD.

MY DEAR HORATIA, *Ashwood.*

WHEN I received your last letter, my husband was going to a county-meeting, and not to return till the following day. I spoke to him on the subject you desired.

He immediately took from his bureau a paper, which he said was a narrative of that affair. I had previously been informed that he was at Rome when Mr. Mordaunt first formed an acquaintance with the Italian lady in question. That gentleman was then only about twenty years of age. His graceful appearance and address produced the same effect in Italy that they had previously done in France and Germany. He was very much distinguished by the ladies. This one in particular used all her art, and she was mistress of a great deal, to captivate him. She succeeded in such a degree as to alarm all his friends, particularly my husband, who was his greatest intimate. She was graced with a title, was of a majestic person, and beautiful. I have heard, however, that, on certain occasions, something a little too masculine appeared in the expressive features of her countenance. She possessed many accomplishments, and all the powers of seduction. Though she affected to be passionately enamoured of Mr. Mordaunt, yet she maintained a reserve of behaviour with him, which it was pretty generally believed she had not always preserved with other men. She was involved in debt, was five years older than Mr. Mordaunt. Her aim was to entice him into marriage. She would have gained her point, had not my husband, who is also older by two years than his friend, at the risk of mortally offending him, prevented. He succeeded in opening Mr. Mordaunt's eyes with regard to the character of the woman, and in convincing him of the folly of marrying a woman who had nothing but beauty, and a few showy accomplishments, to recommend her. But, even after my husband was convinced of all this, he still dreaded the lady's powers in case of an interview. He prevailed on his friend to leave Rome without informing her of his intention. The two friends passed with rapidity to Venice; from whence, after a short stay, they proceeded to Vienna, where they intended to spend the summer.

But my husband at that time having only the rank of captain in the army, and hearing that there were some new levies to be made, and a chance of actual service,

returned suddenly to England, leaving Mr. Mordaunt at Vienna.

This much of the story, my dear Horatia, I knew before; the written narrative delivered to me by my husband begins at this period.

On giving it to me, he said, 'Having heard indistinctly of this affair, I wrote to Mordaunt for the particulars; but whether it proceeded from a dislike to what so many people are fond of, namely, being the hero of his own tale, or from a natural impatience of temper, which hurried him into new scenes where he expected new enjoyment, and deprived him of both leisure and inclination to writing, I never received any thing but a few general expressions in his letters to me on the subject. The narrative I now give you,' my husband continued, 'was sent to me by a friend of Mordaunt's and mine, who remained with him at Vienna after I left it, and had been informed of all the particulars. This adventure, with some others he has since met with, have given my friend an unlucky prejudice against marriage. Had he been as fortunate as I have been in female acquaintance,' added the colonel, 'he would at this moment be convinced that matrimony is the happiest of all states.'

There, my dear Horatia, is a gallant husband for you! As soon as he left me I began to copy the narrative, as follows.—

[As the comtessina was persuaded that Captain Sommers had always opposed her views on his friend, and that it was through his influence that Mr. Mordaunt had quitted Rome so abruptly, she no sooner heard of the captain's having returned to England, than she determined on a journey to Vienna, in the view of regaining the hold she formerly had on the affections of Mr. Mordaunt. To this she combined a plan of intimidation, in case the other should fail in accomplishing her end.

With these views she made the journey from Rome to Vienna, accompanied by a tall, fierce looking, Neapolitan officer, whom she called her brother.

Mr. Mordaunt was more surprised than displeased when he heard of her arrival.

Though he was fully convinced that her ostentatious tenderness was all art and dissimulation, and, of course, he was in a great measure cured of the affection and enthusiastic admiration he had at one time entertained, she still interested him to a considerable degree.

When they met, after complaining, with a pathetic accent, of his abrupt departure from Rome, she said, 'that a few days after he disappeared her brother had arrived from Sicily: his scheme being to proceed to Germany, on purpose to improve in his profession by viewing the discipline of the German armies, he had persuaded her to accompany him as far as Vienna, where she intended to remain while he should visit the Austrian and Prussian garrisons; and, on his return to Vienna, her brother and she proposed to go back to Rome together.

The brother thanked Mr. Mordaunt, in the politest terms, for the attentions which, he understood, he had paid to his sister at Rome; expressed a high admiration of the English nation, and great satisfaction in the thought of his sister having so accomplished a cavalier to accompany her to the public places while she remained at Vienna.

Mr. Mordaunt was not without suspicion that there was some secret design under all this; but, as he found pleasure in the lady's company, and was sufficiently determined against her principal object, he continued to visit them.

The lady appeared as alluring, and rather more complying than ever. One evening, which Mr. Mordaunt passed with the brother and sister, she let fall, as if accidentally, that her brother was to assist at a review of some regiments of Hungarian cavalry that was to take place the following morning. 'Very true,' said the brother: 'and I hope you will accompany me,' added he, addressing Mordaunt; 'but it will be rather too early for my sister.'

Mr. Mordaunt was just going to agree to the proposal,

when he felt his foot gently pressed by that of the lady. So strong a hint could not be misunderstood: he said, 'that he recollected a business which would put it out of his power to be at the review.'

The next day he visited the lady.—They were surprised by the brother, and another ferocious-looking fellow in an officer's uniform.

The lady shrieked, and then exhibited a fainting-fit pretty naturally.

The stranger in the uniform said, with seeming emotion—'Alas! signor, your sister is dead.'

The Neapolitan's countenance, which before expressed rage, now assumed the appearance of despair. Mordaunt, collecting his presence of mind, was attentive to all their movements.

The lady, slowly opening her eyes, looked around with an air of amazement, as if she had forgot what had passed.—'Where am I?' exclaimed she, in a solemn tragic voice. 'Good heavens! my dearest brother, is it you!' continued she, with an affected look of wildness.

This being over-acted, convinced Mr. Mordaunt of what he had suspected from the beginning.

'Yes, wretched woman! it is your brother,' exclaimed the Neapolitan; 'in what a situation have I found you! Have you disgraced your noble family? have you sullied the purity of your illustrious blood?' Then, observing a smile on Mr. Mordaunt's countenance, he added, with a furious look, 'What! does your undoer smile at the ruin he has produced!'

Mordaunt burst into laughter.

This kindled the Neapolitan's rage more fiercely. After a flourish of oaths, he expatiated on the crime of seducing a woman.

Mr. Mordaunt coolly said—'Seduction is certainly a crime, whether the seduced be man or woman.'

The Neapolitan, raising his voice, declared—'that his sister's honour could not be repaired otherwise than by marriage.'

Mordaunt replied—'that he had no objection to her

repairing it that way, or any other, that would answer the end.'

'It is well, signor,' said the Neapolitan, in a gentle tone, being deceived by what Mordaunt had said. 'I could not doubt of your acting like a man of honour.'

'You shall have less reason to doubt it now than ever,' resumed Mordaunt. 'You shall find that I am neither to be deceived by an infamous conspiracy, nor bullied by a couple of bravos.'

The Neapolitan looked at his companion, who seemed confounded at the resolute behaviour and words of Mordaunt.

Perceiving the Neapolitan to put his hand to the hilt of his sword, Mordaunt, who, at the first alarm, had sprung from the couch and seized his own sword, which he held undrawn in his hand, addressed the two men in these words:—'If you intend assassination, you may perhaps succeed; but not before I shall have had the satisfaction of killing the first of you who makes the attempt; and I am convinced that my friends have interest enough to get the other broken on the wheel.'

Having said this, he moved to the door, and withdrew, without interruption, from the Italians, who were overawed and confounded to such a degree, that they remained silent and motionless for some minutes after he had left the room. The woman was the first that recovered the use of her tongue, which she employed, until she was out of breath, in vain execrations, and in abuse of her two companions, as poltroons, particularly the stranger in the uniform. This man was a Dalmatian, whom they had picked up at Venice, and whom they dropped at the same city on their return to Rome.

I afterwards met this very Dalmatian at Venice; and, without much difficulty, prevailed on him to tell me all he knew of the story; without which, I should not have been acquainted with some of the particulars above enumerated.]

After copying this long paper, you will not expect that I should add much from myself. I cannot help, however,

expressing a wish, my dear, that you may follow the counsel I gave at the end of my last.—Adieu! my dearest Horatia; believe me ever yours,

JULIET SOMMERS.

LETTER LVII.

The COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT *to* JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq.*

London.

I AM more provoked at this girl Clifford than ever. She behaved in the most insolent manner possible at an assembly, since the last time I wrote. I sat by Miss Moyston and her aunt:—my son entered,—I endeavoured to catch his eye, and draw him to them; but the moment he saw Miss Clifford, regardless of my beckoning, he made up to her. As I had reason to think she was not very much pleased with me at that time, I had some hopes that, from spite against me, she would have behaved coldly at least to him; but, on the contrary, she received his assiduities with the most flattering complacency: she seemed to attend to none of the young fellows who surrounded her but him. She certainly perceived me make signs to him to approach us. As often as he seemed ready to comply, she addressed herself with such smiling earnestness to him that he could not quit her. She evidently enjoyed the grimaces of the aunt, the mortified looks of Miss Moyston, and the rage which, I fear, was but too apparent in my countenance. You cannot conceive with what a triumphant air she past us, as he led her to her carriage. If I ever forgive her the look she threw on me, I hope she will immediately after marry my son, and govern him as she pleases for life.

It is clear that she has consulted her oracle; and the entire change of her conduct towards Deanport is in consequence of the response of the Great Diana. From the hatred which I bear to that goddess I cannot doubt of hers to me; for it is not likely that an old maid should have more good nature than other women. I consider

the vestal, therefore, as the first mover of the late insult, and shall act accordingly.

It is in vain to attempt to turn my son from his present pursuit, especially as long as the object of it encourages the chace; but it is not impossible to give it a termination very different from what the damsel herself, or her chaste instructress, dreams of. In the meantime, I shall endeavour to cajole the Moystons, and keep them in as good-humour as I can.

The very day after Miss Clifford had enjoyed her triumph, though my breast was still glowing with resentment, I met Deanport at breakfast with a gay countenance.

I wished to put him in good-humour, which, by the way, is no easy task, particularly at breakfast. I don't know whether you have observed it; but people who are naturally ill-humoured show it more at breakfast than at any other time. Besides, he knew I had some reason to be displeased with *him;* of course he looked rather sulky at *me.* I took no notice of that, and proceeded to converse in the most easy and cheerful style on indifferent subjects. When I saw that the gloom on his countenance was dispersed,—'Apropos!' said I, 'you go on triumphantly in your affair with that girl.'

He stared, and asked, 'What girl?'

'Why, *the Clifford,*' answered I. 'Every body remarks that you have already turned her head, and may do with her what you please.'

'Lord!' said he, his eyes sparkling with vanity, 'what idle conjectures people make! Miss Clifford behaves to me only with common politeness.'

'Nay, Deanport,' said I, 'I have no design to penetrate into what you, as a man of honour, ought to keep secret; nor do I wish to be your confidant in such affairs. I have no particular affection, it is true, for the girl, yet I am sorry to see attentions paid to her which lead to *her* ruin; though, according to the unjust notions of the world of gallantry, they may add to *your* reputation. I wish you no fresh laurels at such expense.'

'I do not believe,' said he, 'that any thing of that nature is suspected.'

'What else, my dear Deanport,' said I, 'can be suspected? Nobody thinks so meanly of you as to suspect you have any serious views on such a girl; and you are blamed for persevering in your attentions to her, because it may prevent some man, more suitable to her rank, from paying his addresses to her. You are accused of acting the part of the boys in the fable of the frogs: what was sport to the former was death to the latter. The more reason there is, therefore, from the levity of this girl's character, and your reputation as a man of gallantry, to imagine that you may carry your point with her, I am the more solicitous that you should give up the pursuit. You may depend upon it, my dear Deanport, that such an instance of self-denial would afford you more solid and permanent comfort than your success can possibly do. But, if these reflections should fail in deciding you entirely to abandon your designs on this girl, I hope a proper regard for your own interest will induce you to suspend them at least. Your attentions to Miss Clifford alarm Miss Moyston; and, if continued, may provoke her to that degree, that she may throw herself into the arms of Lord Sordid, or some other; for, depend upon it, she may choose a husband from the whole unmarried peers of the realm. It will afford you endless remorse, should a transient phantasy, which will be over in a few months, preclude you from the means of gratifying every wish of your heart during your whole life.'

It was evident, from the attention he paid to this harangue, that some part made a strong impression. He hinted, 'that I was in an error with respect to Miss Clifford; that, notwithstanding her natural vivacity, he knew no woman whose conversation and manner gave less encouragement to any attempt of the nature I had alluded to.'

With a smile, expressive of compassion and contempt, I said, 'I was extremely happy that he was of that way

of thinking, because it would prevent him from making any such attempt, and of course from ever feeling the remorse which would ultimately attend his being undeceived.'—To this he made no answer, and we separated.

If he was ever so silly as to have matrimony in his head, I am pretty certain that I have shaken his purpose. He will now, at least, make an essay to carry his point on easier terms. I confess I have no very sanguine hopes o his success. The girl seems to have firmness as well as pride, and a comfortable degree of respect for herself: all these are against my son. If she had less sense and spirit, I should have better hopes; however, there is no knowing what may happen: any woman may be caught napping. But if, from her own pride, and the admonitions of the chaste Diana, she should be on her guard, in that case, depend upon it, the young lady will give herself high airs of indignation: her purity, no doubt, will be wonderfully offended; and she may chance to say or do something that will wound his lordship's vanity: and I should not be surprised, if, in his wrath against Miss Clifford, he made proposals of marriage to Miss Moyston.—You smile at the folly of a man proposing marriage to a woman about whom he is indifferent, on purpose to vex the woman he loves. Absurd as it seems, I have known more than one of the wise lords of the creation commit this very folly. And as my son's conduct is as often regulated by caprice as that of any of his brethren, why should I think him secure from the same folly?

But, should it happen otherwise in the present instance, should he bear the rebuff with patience, still it will occasion a temporary breach, that will require time, and the art of the chaste Diana, to repair.

But do you know, that, after having put this attempt into his head, I am by no means clear that I ought to wish him success (and, to my knowledge, he has been successful with women higher born than this Clifford)? For, though it would gratify my hatred against her present directress, as well as that I feel against the insolent gipsy

herself, to see her my son's mistress, she might even then retain too great ascendency over him. In short, I am not absolutely certain that she might not persuade him, after all, to make her his wife.—What say you?

I heartily wish that this cousin of yours would conclude the business one way or the other. I sympathise with you very sincerely. I know what horrible constraint it is to attend a dying relation, from whom one has expectations, during a tedious illness:—to be obliged to wear the most melancholy aspect, to speak in a sympathising accent, to raise his head, to smooth his pillow—Ah! how disgusting! I went through the whole nauseous process in the very flower of my youth, in the last illness of my grandfather; and, after all, the ungrateful dotard left his whole fortune to my brother, who never handed him a cup of water-gruel! Farewell!

E. DRANPORT.

P. S. I had almost forgot to inform you, that your old acquaintance, Mr. Townly, is a good deal with my son at present. Townly has long lived a painful life, to maintain the reputation of a man of pleasure; and though now unfit for the practice, he is thought to be profoundly skilled in the theory of gallantry. As my son has been accustomed, from his childhood, to consider him in that view, and at the top of fashion, what he suggests would have great weight with his lordship. I do not choose to commit myself so far as to give any hint to Townly, but you may.

Send me your notions at large, on all I have written.

On reflection, I have resolved on a complete alteration in my behaviour to Miss Clifford. I intend to make up to her with every appearance of esteem; as much, if I am able to assume it, as I feel of real resentment.—Do not you think this proper? It will facilitate the views of my son, put the nymph off her guard, and dispose her to receive his advances with more indulgence.

LETTER LVIII.

Mrs. Darnley to Lady Diana Franklin.

London.

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of informing your ladyship that young Lord Deanport has of late shown so much attention to my niece Horatia, that I am convinced he means to make her a proposal of marriage.

Independent of his rank and fortune, he is handsome, extremely polite, and was pretty generally allowed to have danced the second best minuet at the last birth-day ball. He never speaks in parliament, not being of a talkative disposition: besides, I am told that all speaking there is considered now as superfluous. His lordship has no great taste for politics—partly, I believe, because it has of late been the prevailing taste of the vulgar. There is a report that he is speedily to be appointed to an important office; but whether in the cabinet or household is not certain.

Your ladyship must be sensible of the many advantages of such a match to the dear girl in whose welfare I know you take so sincere an interest; but you will be surprised and concerned to hear, that, with all her understanding, she herself seems to be less moved by those advantages than her best friends could wish; though of late, indeed, she behaves with more respect to the young nobleman than she did at first: but in a private conversation I had with her last night, she betrayed so great a disregard of his endowments, and a blindness to the other advantages of such a connection, as distresses me extremely. Your ladyship knows that Horatia refused a man of still greater fortune than his lordship when she was abroad with her father. He was only a commoner, indeed, though rich enough to have made three peers. But it was not on account of his not being a peer that she refused him. I have reason to believe it was merely because she thought rather meanly of his understanding; though, in other points, an exceeding respectable man.

As my dear brother never blamed his daughter for this, I shall not take on me to condemn her: but this I must say, that if several women of my acquaintance, who are very comfortably married, had possessed a particle of the same scruple, they would never have been united to their present husbands. So Horatia ought not to allow a prejudice of this nature to have too much weight.

As your ladyship has more influence with her than any body, I thought it right to acquaint you with what I conceive to be Lord Deanport's intention, that you may prevent her from falling into an error similar to the former, if the former was an error; because it would be more inexcusable now, when she is of a riper age, and ought to have acquired more wisdom.

I have not spoken on this subject to my husband, because I cannot say that Lord Deanport has directly made a proposal of marriage to my niece; but I have a thousand reasons for believing that it is her fault, and not his. Those reasons I am not fond of stating circumstantially to my husband, because men in general do not fully comprehend such matters, and no man in particular less than Mr. Darnley, though, in most other things, he has a very clear judgment.

I am convinced, from your ladyship's acknowledged good sense, and from the friendship you have always shown my niece, that you will not delay to warn her against the folly and danger of keeping a person of Lord Deanport's rank long in suspense, particularly as I have reason to believe that his mother wishes him to court the rich Miss Moyston, who, in conjunction with her ladyship, is doing all in her power to engage his affections.—The countess, I know, is reckoned a proud and designing woman; and, notwithstanding her polite behaviour in your presence, I dare say you are not ignorant of her real sentiments respecting you. But, when Horatia is married, she will certainly have more influence with her husband than the countess can be supposed to have; and she will then, no doubt, be proud to live on a good footing with your ladyship.

I am extremely glad to hear that Mrs. Denham is better.—I beg you will present my best compliments to her. I remain, your ladyship's most obedient humble servant,

E. DARNLEY.

Do you not think that Horatia would be using your ladyship and her other friends very ill, if she were to give Lord Deanport, or any other man who may pay his addresses to her, a refusal, without informing them, and taking their advice? If that is your ladyship's opinion, I dare say you will think it right to express it in your letter to her.

LETTER LIX.

LADY DIANA FRANKLIN *to* MRS. DARNLEY.

MY DEAR MADAM,

As the person you mention has not hitherto made any proposal to our young friend, it would be improper for me to write or speak to her on the subject. Indeed, I should take no notice of it to her, though I were hereafter to be informed that he had actually made proposals, unless she herself asked my opinion or advice. From what I know of the character and disposition of your niece, I am persuaded that she will not give her hand to any man, without informing Mr. Darnley and you, and endeavouring to obtain your approbation. This, I think, ought to satisfy all her relations and friends; especially as she really never has given any proof of caprice, or want of discernment, in her likings or dislikings. As for the gentleman to whom you allude, whom she refused to marry when she was only seventeen, the debasing tastes which he has since displayed, and the wretched figure he makes in life, should prevent either herself or her friends from regretting her rejection of him. Assuredly, my dear madam, you have not been informed of his present style

of life: and you have too much penetration not to have observed that the most affluent fortune would be no compensation to a woman of Horatia's turn of mind, for having a ridiculous, an ignorant, or even a well-meaning weak man, to her husband. She never will marry, I am fully persuaded, until she is asked by a man whom she highly esteems, independent of his fortune, his rank, and his disposition. She must have a man of understanding for her husband.

You hint that I have reason to complain of Lady Deanport's sentiments of me. While she refrains from injurious actions I shall remain indifferent about her sentiments.

If ever Horatia should consult me on the subject of your letter, you may rest satisfied that my advice shall be given without any consideration of that lady's prejudice against me.

Mrs. Denham is better, but not so well as to allow me to think of leaving her. She has supported a severe and tedious illness with resignation and fortitude; and has given proofs of a most amiable,—and, what is more, of a Christian disposition. She will have reason to say, 'it is good for me that I have been afflicted.'

I remain, my dear madam, with respectful compliments to Mr. Darnley, your most obedient humble servant,

DIANA FRANKLIN.

In answer to the question in your postscript, I think no young woman ought to give her consent to a proposal of marriage without consulting her friends. But, if she is determined to refuse the proposal, she acts with delicacy to the man in concealing it; because no man likes to have it known that he has been rejected. She also acts with delicacy to her own relations; because, though they should think her objections frivolous, she might feel them to be insurmountable.

LETTER LX.

JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq. to the* COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT.

South Wales.

I ENTER warmly into your ladyship's resentment against Miss Clifford.

Your having appeared in good-humour the morning after the scene at the assembly was necessary for retaining your influence with Lord Deanport, and for giving weight to the inuendos you threw out. Had you seemed displeased, or permitted any upbraiding expression to fall from you, on account of his attachment to Miss Clifford, the effect would have been to have made him pay his court to her more assiduously than ever. Your ladyship must have observed that nothing is so apt to make some people adhere to whatever whim they take into their head than opposing it. Argument, however strong, instead of convincing, irritates: and, even when convinced that the measure they are inclined to is pernicious, the pleasure of crossing the disapprovers, though they may be their best friends, overcomes, in the minds of people of this character, every consideration of decorum, or even of interest. But why do I mention this to your ladyship, who understands character so well; and who, I am sure, will never be so much off your guard as, from heat or want of temper, to provoke a person it is so much your interest to manage? The motive to which you imputed all his attentions, and the hints that they would be successful, flattered his vanity without showing disapprobation of his taste, and will, probably, stimulate him to what he might not otherwise have had hardihood sufficient to undertake. Notwithstanding the cautions in my last against any rough attack on the lady's character, the ingenious manner in which you conducted it, I imagine, will answer one or the other of the purposes you proposed. I also approve of your abstaining, on that occasion, from all praises of the lady's wit or understanding, because they might have given him a suspicion of your having a personal ma-

lignity against the girl, and of having some private view in making her peculiarly odious to him. Panegyrics of that insidious nature may be found expedient on some future occasion however; and, I am convinced, will not fail of the intended effect. The discernment with which you have perceived, and the sagacity with which you intend to repair the small mistake you committed in showing resentment against Miss Clifford, is most admirable. I have not the least doubt that your former behaviour has piqued the damsel, and that she has given herself the airs you mention, merely to vex you, and in revenge for your preferring Miss Moyston. Whether the late change in Miss Clifford's behaviour to your son proceeds from her being more struck than formerly with his lordship's appearance, or from resentment or caprice, it is laudable in your ladyship to render the circumstance subservient to your own views, which are those of a prudent mother, anxious for the permanent happiness of her son.

Miss Moyston and Miss Clifford are as different in character as in appearance; yet the difference in one material part of their character, very probably, has depended, in a great measure, on the difference in their appearance. A large proportion of prudes are to be found among women decidedly ugly; whereas, in general, the handsome, or, which forms a greater number, those who think themselves so, have a tendency to coquetry. We might expect it would be so, even though we had not observed that the truth of the remark is confirmed by experience. The consciousness of beauty naturally inspires gaiety, and a desire of exciting admiration by a display of personal charms. The consciousness of a total want of personal charms is apt to inspire discontent, envy, and censoriousness. From this may have sprung that moroseness and prudery which is remarked in Miss Moyston; as well as the gaiety, versatility, and occasional coquetry, of Miss Clifford's behaviour. But, though different in those respects, each of those ladies is possessed of attractions for a young nobleman like Lord Deanport. What alone is desirable in the one, unquestionably, is her fortune, which

cannot be obtained otherwise than by marriage; but what attracts him in the other may be enjoyed without that degrading ceremony. I wish him success in both. But if he is to fail in one of his objects, it had better be in that to which he is prompted by a transient inclination, than in the other, which is founded in a passion for money; a passion of which his lordship has already given indications, and which generally strengthens with age.

Your ladyship, with admirable penetration into the secret sources of human conduct, expresses a fear that the pride you observe in Miss Clifford's character will prove a defence against his lordship's attempts; but what I imagine will contribute to the same effect, is that species of pride which belongs to his own character, which is too visible in his manner, and hurts the self-love of others. There is a certain loftiness in his address, even to women, which gives the impression that he is prepossessed with the notion that his notice does them honour. There is reason to dread that this will be a bar to his success with Miss Clifford, who, with less stateliness, has the presumption, I suspect, of being as proud as his lordship. It may, however, have the effect which your ladyship also foresees, of making her repulse him with an arrogance which will convert his love into hatred. There is no knowing how it may affect her. No experience of your charming sex, my dear Lady Deanport, can enable one to decide how any individual woman will act, on particular emergencies; as no experience of ours can make it certain how any individual man, who is under the influence of love, will be affected by the scorn or caprice of the woman he loves.

Your ladyship justly remarks, that any woman may be caught napping; but it is also true, that some women have a greater disposition to be drowsy than others: and those who are endowed with that pride, which you suspect to belong to the character of Miss Clifford, are the most wakeful.

I own I do not much dread a danger, which you seem to apprehend might be the consequence of his victory;

namely, that, after being his mistress, she might persuade him to make her his wife, and retain an ascendancy over him that would annihilate all your ladyship's influence. I beg leave to remind you of what you have often complained, in your son's disposition, that, though eager to obtain whatever strikes his fancy, and miserable if he misses it, yet, when obtained, and in his possession, it directly begins to lose its charms, and soon becomes insipid. You may rest assured that this versatility is never more sudden than in the connection of men of that disposition with women. Favours are said to be the food of love; yet, in my opinion, it often dies of that aliment. But I imagine that, on this occasion, your ladyship confounds the conduct of such men in their youth with what is often their fate in the decline of life. If at that period they chance to be bachelors, they are apt to be the slaves of mercenary mistresses, who rule them with a rod of iron. In youth they are ever in search of variety; in age they are governed by habit.—I confess, that if Lord Deanport was verging towards old age, or if his constitution was so broken by excesses, that he had anticipated its imbecilities, I should have the same apprehensions with your ladyship; and think it probable that any woman who could accommodate herself to his caprices, and bear occasional fits of ill-usage, would have the management of him, and finally prevail on him to marry her: but from a woman of Miss Clifford's character nothing of that kind is to be dreaded, either in his present state of health, or in that above supposed; because, in the first case, she would soon lose all hold of him from his natural fickleness, and, in the second, she would not bear to live with him, even were he to offer her marriage.

You will observe, that my best hopes are founded on this damsel's giving herself such airs as will wound his lordship's vanity, and occasion, at least, a temporary breach between them, which your ladyship may then render irreparable.

I have the pleasure to inform you, that appearances in this quarter of the world are more favourable than ever;

and I am in full hope that this tedious business is very near a conclusion; after which, you may depend on my abridging all ceremonies here, that I may have the happiness of waiting on your ladyship as soon as possible. I remain, your faithful and obedient servant,

J. GRINDILL.

P. S. I shall write to Townly by this very post, in the style your ladyship wishes:—it may be of service. He is wonderfully flattered by being thought an adept in the science of gallantry. He will boast to my lord of his own successes; and perhaps stimulate him to an attempt, which, whatever way it ends, must be favourable to your views.

LETTER LXI.

JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq.* to ROBERT TOWNLY, *Esq.*

You, my dear Townly, have, through life, sacrificed what is called business, and every other object, to the pursuit of pleasure; and no man alive is supposed to have been more successful in the chace.—However ambitious I may have been to imitate you, I am, at present, as you may have learned from Lord Deanport, reduced to the necessity of sacrificing the pleasure of being with those I love in town to the painful occupation of attending a dying relation in Wales.

It is to be hoped that my penance draws near a close. In the meantime, I am going to write to you confidentially on a subject, in which, from your friendship to the earl of Deanport, I am persuaded, you will feel yourself as much interested as I am.

The relations of that young nobleman, as I am informed, are extremely uneasy on account of his attachment to a Miss Clifford of Northumberland. How, indeed, can they be otherwise, considering the number of young men of rank and fortune who have thrown themselves away of

late on girls who have neither; in some instances, not even beauty; or, at least, not more than may be purchased for a few guineas. The girl, I understand, is artful, and is using every means in her power to draw his lordship into a marriage:—nothing can be more equitable, therefore, than to make her the dupe of her own artifices. And who is so able to instruct him how to elude the snares laid for him, or to entrap the ensnarer, as yourself? Who can boast more knowledge of the world? Who has applied his talents more successfully to that half of it which it is most pleasant to study, and most difficult to understand? Though I could not help partaking of the uneasiness which the young lord's relations feel on the present occasion, yet, on my part, it has been a good deal alleviated, since I was informed that you were so much with his lordship of late. I have no doubt of your having sufficient influence to prevail on him either to renounce his present pursuit altogether, or to attempt bringing it to an issue on easier terms than those designing persons who have drawn him into it expect.

I hope soon to hear of the good effects of your sage advice; and remain, my dear sir, your sincere friend and servant,

J. GRINDILL.

LETTER LXII.

MISS HORATIA CLIFFORD *to* MRS. SOMMERS.

London.

I HAVE many thanks to return you, my dearest Juliet, for the trouble you took in gratifying my idle curiosity to know the particulars of Mr. Mordaunt's adventure. Whatever regards so intimate a friend of your husband must interest me in some degree: but if I had foreseen that my request would have subjected you to the task of copying so long a narrative, I, perhaps, should not have made it, though the circumstances are in themselves interesting. What a shocking creature, with all her beauty, must that

Italian woman be! What an horrid idea, to endeavour to terrify a man into marriage! But it appears that Mr. Mordaunt is not a man to be terrified.—Don't you think there is something very striking in that gentleman's character?

With regard to Mrs. Demure, similar reflections with those you suggest, on what she said of Lady Deanport, occurred to myself; and therefore I would have laid little stress on her testimony if it had not been confirmed by that of others, of whose candour I had a better opinion.

I strongly suspect that she is fond of detraction, and that there is little reality in the sensibility which she is so fond of professing.

I believe I formerly informed you, that I had remarked that she was apt to betray ill-humour as often as Mr. Mordaunt's name was mentioned.—I don't know what tempted me, this very morning, to ask her if she was much acquainted with that gentleman. She replied, with peculiar acrimony of voice and countenance, 'that she would be sorry to be much acquainted with a such profligate.'

Though I had some inclination to know on what her opinion was founded, I was discouraged by her manner of receiving the first from putting another question. Besides, I was convinced that, if the gentleman deserved the character she gave him, he would not have been the chosen friend of Colonel Sommers.

My aunt, however, is delighted with the refined and noble sentiments of which Mrs. Demure makes a frequent display—though she could not help being somewhat shocked at what occurred yesterday. Mrs. Demure happening to call as my aunt and I were stepping into the coach to go to Kensington-gardens, she went with us. After walking for some time, we went into one of those covered seats, or boxes, near the palace. My aunt spoke with high esteem of a nobleman lately deceased. She enumerated many of his good qualities.—

'What I admired above all, in your friend,' said Mrs. Demure, with a very theatrical air, 'was, that

'He had a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.'

She had no sooner pronounced this, than a pale emaciated man, who had, perhaps, heard her, presented himself at the open side of the box, and implored her charity.

What made her lose her temper I cannot imagine; for nothing in the poor man's appearance and manner was calculated to excite any sentiment but that of compassion. Mrs. Demure, however, turned on him with anger, called him an idle intruding vagabond, and added, 'that she thanked God she knew how to bestow her money better than on lazy fellows like him!'—The man bowed with a look of resignation, and, without making any other reply, withdrew.

Mrs. Demure then resumed her eulogium on the deceased nobleman, which she concluded by saying, with a plaintive tone of voice, 'she was much afraid that few men alive could be compared to him for genuine benevolence of heart.'

My aunt stepped for a minute out of the box.—I afterwards discovered that it was to send her footman with a guinea to the poor man.

I wished to have had some discourse this morning with my aunt on Mrs. Demure's conduct on that occasion: she only said, 'she was persuaded that her friend had mistaken the poor man's character;' and then changed the subject, which is her constant practice, when she has nothing advantageous to say of the person spoken of.

I wish, however, my aunt may not be more mistaken in Mrs. Demure's character than that lady was in the man's.—What could be a surer indication of character than what I have just related?—At the very instant, when she seemed enraptured with sentiments of benevolence, an occasion presents itself for putting them in practice: she not only shrinks from it, but is enraged at the miserable object who furnished her with the opportunity she appeared to be so desirous of.

For the sake of some people of my acquaintance, I

should be sorry to think that all whom I have observed to be fond of expressing heroic and disinterested sentiments are deficient in the practice of benevolence; but I acknowledge that I am a little suspicious of those who are profuse of such declarations.

The fears you express in your last, lest my openly braving the countess of Deanport should expose me to her vengeance, are worthy of your friendship, and of a piece with that forgiving mildness of disposition which I have long admired in you, my sweet friend, without always being able to imitate it. In the present instance, however, I have followed your counsel.——I have——No; let me not try to deceive you in the most trifling particular—let me not hang out false colours to my friend—let her regard me just as I am. If I thought any part of your affection was derived from your believing me to be possessed of qualities I have not, it would abate in some degree the pleasure I have in reflecting on your friendship. I should say, It is not me that Juliet loves and esteems, it is a better woman. In asserting a truth, I was on the point of leading you to believe a falsehood: it is true that I have done exactly what you advised; but it was not in compliance with your advice, as I was leading you to believe, for I had begun to do so for other reasons, before I received your letter.

I accompanied my aunt, a few nights since, to the ambassadress's. Lady Deanport was there. You will naturally believe, that all I wished was, that she might take no notice of me. You cannot conceive my surprise, when, after addressing Mrs. Darnley in the usual terms of politeness, she spoke to me in the most obliging manner. I answered her at first a little drily; but she continued with such an easy air, and in so affable a style, that it was impossible for me to preserve the coldness I had assumed. You know, my dear, that however strong my resentment may be, it never could resist the first symptoms of repentance in the person who had raised it. The countess spoke in so conciliating a tone, that I really thought she was sensible she had behaved to me improperly, and was so-

licitous that I should forget it. She inquired when I had heard from my friend Lady Diana. This was near rekindling my resentment It brought what Mrs. Demure had told me back to my recollection; but, before I had time to give any answer, she added so many obliging expressions concerning Lady Diana, that I began to think Mrs. Demure's representations must have been founded on mistake: my coldness dissolved, and I met her ladyship's advances, not only with a conciliating countenance, but with real good-will. My lord joined us while we were conversing in this cordial manner. He seemed delighted to find his mother and me on such terms. My behaviour to him was more frank than it had ever been; more so even than his to me; for when he attempts to be frank he has the air of condescending: besides, it is difficult to keep up a conversation with him, because what one is to say depends upon what was last said; but he is exceedingly apt to give a simper for an answer; and then, if one has not the talent of Lady Voluble, whose discourse admits no commas, colons, nor stops of any kind, one must of course be a little at a loss; for far am I from being able to interpret the meaning of all his simpers or smiles, if you please, that I sometimes cannot decide whether the most expressive of them mean *yes* or *no*.

With regard to your advice, 'that I should give him an unequivocal answer,' you may depend upon it he shall have it; but he must first put the question, which he has never yet done; and which, now that my resentment against Lady Deanport is dissipated, I sincerely hope he never intends to do.

I am better pleased to be on a good footing than a bad with Lady Deanport: and I feel some sense of obligation to her son for the civilities he shows to me: but I do not wish to be connected with either by any other link than that of general acquaintance. What gives me uneasiness, and really mortifies me a good deal, is to perceive that my aunt Darnley is mightily elated by the attentions of this noble peer. My aunt, you know, is one of the most benevolent of women; she loves me with the affection of

a mother: her partiality to me convinces her that I would make a good figure as a peeress; my partiality to myself, you may suppose, inclines me to the same opinion. She ardently wishes that I may marry a peer. Perhaps I wish the same, though not so ardently. She would prefer a duke, but would be for my accepting of an earl, if he should make the offer at present,—because delays are dangerous. Unfortunately, not so much as a baron has, as yet, had that complaisance; and the noble earl, on whom her hopes are now fixed, is not to my taste. In case he really has the intention, which I evidently see she supposes, I should dread some disagreeable scene between my aunt and me on that account, were it not for my uncle, who, with equal benevolence, is of a different character, and, I am certain, would approve of my preferring a commoner, with a moderate fortune, to a peer with the most opulent, provided I esteemed the former most. I do not know that you are thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Darnley, my dear. He is a man that—But I am interrupted. In my next I shall give you a pretty distinct notion of what sort of a man my uncle is. Farewell!

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER LXIII.

Miss Horatia Clifford *to* Mrs. Sommers.

London.

When I was interrupted, I was going to tell you, my dear Juliet, that Mr. Darnley is a man whom few things can much elate or depress—whose *blood and judgment are well co-mingled:* he has taken *Fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks.* He seems to have been formed by Nature for a Stoic philosopher. No consideration will make him deviate from what he thinks the line of integrity. In other matters he is yielding to the humours of others, particularly to those of my aunt.

At her solicitation, he lives eight months every year in

town, and only four at his estate in Oxfordshire. He said nothing could be more reasonable; because, though his library was in his country-house, yet he could have the use of any book he pleased while he was at London; whereas, his wife could not have assemblies, and operas, and plays, which were to her what books were to him, in the same perfection in the country as in London. He had, originally, a very good estate; which he has not diminished, nor ever had a wish to augment.

He was forty years of age when he married my aunt, who was about ten years younger. He once told me—'That he had been, in some degree, attracted by her beauty, more by her cheerful and accommodating temper, and most of all by his friendship for my father and mother. I was more ambitious to be connected with them,' added he, 'than with any duke or duchess in England. I certainly love you for your own sake, my dear Horatia; but, I believe, in my conscience, still more for theirs. You will be a good woman, indeed, my dear, if you should ever be thought equal to your mother.'

Though he uttered this with fervour, his eyes were dry: that was not the case with mine.—'I did not mean,' resumed he, 'to distress you, but to give you pleasure. Is it not an honour, and ought it not to afford you pleasure, to be the offspring of two of the worthiest people in England? We see people proud of their birth and titles, even when those titles were obtained without merit; but you, my dear, have a legitimate claim to the *pride of birth*. You must, however, always keep in your mind, that if the daughter of such a father and mother as you can boast has only an ordinary share of merit, she will be thought to have degenerated.'

I cannot describe how I was affected by this discourse of Mr. Darnley. In spite of the sadness which the recollection of the loss of my parents always occasions, to hear them praised was delightful,—it was *the joy of grief—pleasant like the shower of spring, when it softens the branches of the oak, and the young leaf lifts its green head.*'*

* Ossian.

I will conclude this rambling letter with an anecdote at once characteristic of both my uncle and aunt. She, you know, my dear, is of a very hospitable disposition; she loves to give frequent entertainments, and is peculiarly gratified by having people of rank at her table. But, though she annually exhausts the sum which he, with more regard to her taste than his own, most liberally allows for household expenses, yet she endeavours not to exceed it. A person who possessed a considerable annuity from my uncle died lately. My aunt, willing to add a little more splendour to their present establishment, before she would make the proposal, observed to my uncle, one day at breakfast, that this annuity made such an augmentation of their income, as would enable him, without inconveniency, to increase their expenses, unless he chose rather to lay it up.

'I have no intention to lay it up, my dear,' said he.

'Indeed,' replied she, 'I should think it hardly worth while.'

'I am glad you are of my opinion, my dear; and shall now inform you, that I have destined one-half of that annuity to the maintenance and education of the orphan children of our late curate in the country, and the other half to that distant relation of yours who was struck with the palsy; unless,' continued he, 'you have thought of some more useful way of employing it.'

A very deep blush spread over my aunt's countenance: she threw her eyes on the ground; and, after a pause, she said—'Indeed, my dear, I can think of no way of bestowing it that is half so good: I should now be extremely sorry to see it employed otherwise. But, alas! few in the world have so much generous reflection and benevolence as you.'

'That remark is by much too severe on the world, my dear,' said my uncle; 'but, as we are of one mind respecting the disposal of the annuity, I shall go and give directions accordingly.'

You see, my dear Juliet, that I endeavour to repay

you, in quantity at least, for the narrative you sent me. I suppose you will soon have a visit from the hero of that tale. The marchioness's friends at Richmond will on no account part with her. I am convinced they will not be able to keep her an hour, however, after she hears of Lady Diana's arrival in London. Adieu! my dearest Juliet.

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER LXIV.

The Honourable JOHN MORDAUNT *to* COLONEL SOMMERS.

DEAR SOMMERS, *Winchester.*

TRAVERS and I set out from London for Hampshire this morning. We were detained here by some business I had with a person whom I found waiting for me at the inn. Travers is gone to bed. As I do not find myself so disposed, I will recount a little incident that occurred on the road, and which has never been entirely out of my thoughts since. For aught I know it is that, and that only, which keeps off all disposition to sleep: my account of it will perhaps have a contrary effect on you.

We rode on horseback the two first posts; and, as the weather was fine, sometimes deviated on purpose to have a more commanding view of the country.—The *real* view of fine landscapes is as pleasing as most verbal descriptions of them are fatiguing.

As we returned to the road, after one of these short excursions, we observed a post-chaise, with a woman, something in the style of a lady's maid, in it, before the door of a cottage. Just as we came up, a lady came out of the cottage, stepped into the chaise, the door of which her footman shut, mounted his horse, and desired the postillion to drive on.

I had two views of this lady's face—one as she went from the cottage-door to the chaise; the other after she was in it, when she put her head a moment from the window, looking at Travers and me.

In the course of my life I never beheld so charming a countenance. Nothing could equal the loveliness of her face, except the elegance and symmetry of her person. I never was so forcibly struck with the lightning of mere personal beauty: but it was not merely personal, for, in the two short views I had, I could perceive that

> 'Her eyes shot sense, distinct and clear
> As any muse's tongue could speak.'*

> 'An Phœbi soror? an Nympharum sanguinis una?'

said Travers, as he followed the chaise with his eyes; then, turning to a young fellow, in a sailor's dress, who stood near the door of the cottage—'I'll give you a shilling, my lad,' said he, 'if you'll tell me who the lady is who went last into the chaise?'

'I would give half a crown myself to know who she is,' answered the sailor.

'I honour your generosity as well as your taste, my honest fellow,' cried Travers; 'and you'll oblige me by accepting this half-guinea, to drink the woman's health you admire so much.'

'Thank, your honour,' replied the sailor. 'All the information I can give you concerning the lady who has just set sail is, that I am sure she is an English woman.'

'How can you be sure even of that?' said Travers.

'Because all your foreign women, were they ever so handsome, have something of an outlandish look, which this lady has not,' replied the sailor.

'You have seen a great many foreign women, perhaps,' resumed Travers.

'I have sailed round the world,' answered he.

'You must, *then*, have had great opportunities.—And, pray, where did you see the handsomest.'

'Why, please your honour, taking them all in all,' rejoined the sailor, 'I do not know but the handsomest women I ever saw, that is to say, out of England, was during a voyage up the Mediterranean, where I chanced to get a glimpse of some Greek girls belonging to an old Turk.

* Prior.

'To an *old* Turk?' said Travers.

'Yes, very old, please your honour. One might have thought he had no more use for so many girls than a dog has for a side-pocket, as the saying is. But the sight I had of them had like to have cost me very dear.'

'Those Greek girls came nearest in beauty to the lady who is just gone, you think?' said Travers.

'No, please your honour—Nell Smith, of Liverpool, comes nearest in the article of face, which is all I can speak to in respect of Nell.'

'You think, then, that Nell Smith herself is not quite so handsome as that lady?'

'I cannot in conscience say she is,' replied the sailor; 'though, for my own part, I would prefer Nell, for old acquaintance sake.'

'There is encouragement to matrimony,' exclaimed Travers, addressing me.

'Let us step into the cottage,' said I, dismounting.

Travers did the same; and having desired the sailor to deliver his compliments to Nell Smith, he followed me.

We found a woman suckling an infant, and two girls, one about eight years old, and the other about three, coarsely but neatly dressed.

On inquiring of the woman who the lady was, she answered, with fervour, 'The lady is an angel!'

'This much I knew before. But I wish to know her name, and the family she belongs to,' said I, slipping a guinea into her hand.

'It is not in my power, sir, to satisfy you in any of those matters,' replied the poor woman, offering me the guinea back again; which having refused to take, I said, 'It seems a little particular that you should not know the name of a lady who visits you.'

She then informed me 'that her husband was a labouring man, who worked at a place about a mile from the cottage; that, some weeks ago, she had occasion to send her eldest daughter to him three hours before the usual time of his return home; that the youngest falling a cry-

ing to be allowed to accompany her sister, and the weather being fair, she had consented; but when the children arrived at the place where he usually was at work, their father was gone elsewhere, and they were obliged to return. On their way home an unexpected rain had fallen; the children were drenched to the skin; and the youngest not being able to walk the whole way, the eldest carried her till she was ready to sink with fatigue. The lady was passing in her carriage at that moment: moved with compassion at the sight of the children, she had stopped her carriage, and taken them into it.' By the elder child's direction, the postillion drove to the cottage. The mother had not gone in search of them, because she never doubted their having found their father, and being under his care. The poor woman added, 'that the lady had entered the cottage, seen the children put to bed with as much care as if she had been their mother, had given her money to buy them clothes——Oh! gentlemen,' continued she, with fervour, 'the lady you are inquiring after is, indeed, an angel, if ever there was one on earth, though my husband will not allow me to say so.'

'Why will he not allow you?'

'He says there are no angels but those which come from heaven; and this lady has never been there as yet.'

'Your husband is a very religious man?'

'Yes, that he is; but he is a very honest man also.'

'You do not think him the worse for his religion, then?'

'Not a bit—it rather does him good. It made him contented, even when things were at the worst with us. The same cross accidents which set others a-cursing makes him say his prayers. When I told him that the lady's happening to pass just when the children were on the road was a very lucky accident, he said 'there was no accident in it; for it was all owing to Providence; and therefore I ought to be thankful to God.'

'Well, what had you to answer to that?'

'I answered, I was thankful to God, whether it was

owing to accident or to Providence. But, after all, I thought myself chiefly obliged to the lady.'

'What is the lady's name?' said I.

'I asked that oftener than once,' said the woman; 'but the servants had orders not to tell it: but I discovered where she lived.'

'I am glad of that,' replied I.—'Where does she live?'

'I am next to certain,' answered the woman, 'that she lives in London—for'——

'What part of London?'

'Nay, that,' rejoined she, 'I never could learn.'

As it was now too late to think of overtaking the chaise, I continued my inquiries, and was informed that the lady had promised to place the eldest girl, of whom she seemed particularly fond, at a school in the neighbourhood, and to continue to assist the family in other respects.

The poor woman, observing that this information made me more anxious to know who the lady was, said, 'I am sure your honour will not be long in finding her out; for I have already told you that she lives in London: and, from what I have heard, there are not a great many such women there; and what there are must, no doubt, be of the first-rate quality.'

With this I was obliged to be satisfied, and so took leave of the cottage, which I possibly may revisit on my return to London.—Travers and I had a good deal of conversation on this incognita as we proceeded on our journey; and after I had finished my business with the person who waited for me here, we resumed the same after supper, till he became drowsy and went to bed. I seized the pen, and have given you this important narrative.

To-morrow we shall be at my brother's by his hour of breakfast. Adieu!

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER LXV.

The Honourable JOHN MORDAUNT *to* COLONEL SOMMERS.

Rose-Mount.

HERE I have been these three days; and, though I have no information to give you on the main point, I feel myself disposed to write to you.

Habit is said to be a second nature. I used to think myself an exception to that maxim; yet my long practice of scribbling from Vevay has rendered letter-writing a pleasure, which I formerly considered as a task. In proof of this effect of habit I could also name some of our acquaintance who married for conveniency, without one particle of love, and, of course, began their conjugal career in a state of indifference towards their yokemate; but, by the habit of dragging the same weight together, both acquired a kind of affection for each other, which gradually increased, and now they are never happy asunder.

These observations, you will presume, will naturally incline me to break my resolution against marrying, and listen to my brother's advice. So perhaps they might, if I could not name a greater number of couples of our acquaintance who married for love, and love alone; grew sick of each other within a few months; found their mutual complaint to increase the more they were together, and never were tolerably easy unless they were asunder.

What is the meaning of this contrariety? Is it possible to believe that habit operates so fantastically as to reconcile us only to what we dislike, and to render us averse to what we are fond of? No,—this idea is too whimsical to be just. *Your* experience, my dear Sommers, and that of your Juliet, will refute it.

Those in the first predicament, who marry in spite of dislike or indifference, are generally men whose leading passion is avarice, who think domestic disgust and disquiet do not overbalance the pleasures which money can procure;

or phlegmatic indolent women, incapable of a lively passion, who, being sensible of no such great difference between one man and another as a difference of fortune makes, sacrifice the man they prefer in all other respects, if he is deficient in fortune, to him they contemn or are entirely indifferent about, if he be well provided in that article: and it frequently happens, that their original contempt of their husband mellows into indifference; and indifference, by dint of habit, and by the continued affectation of love, produces at last a species of liking bordering on good-will: just, by way of example, as those who cannot afford claret take to port, or perhaps porter; which, though unpalatable at first, becomes less and less so by dint of patience and perseverance, and at last tolerably suits their taste.

Those, on the other hand, who, despising all other considerations, marry from love, and separate soon after from hatred, may be compared to people who are so fond of claret, that, without thinking of the price, indulge in excesses which create disgust and remorse.

Notwithstanding the experience I have had that habit can overcome dislike in the instance of letter-writing, and notwithstanding that, in the foregoing illustrations, the latter produces the most dismal catastrophe, I am so framed, that if I ever should venture on matrimony at all, I am convinced I would choose to risk the fate of the claret-drinkers.

That my brother has a particular lady in his eye, to whom he wishes me united, I suspect; that I do not know the woman, to whom I should not think it a great misfortune to be so united, is certain. If I were obliged at this moment to make a choice, I do not know that I should not fix, at all risks, on the lady of the cottage, mentioned in my last. Can any thing be a stronger proof of the slight impression which all my female acquaintance have made on me? The truth is, none of them ever occupy my thoughts; whereas, that incognita has seldom been absent from my mind since I saw her. I don't know that I have not before seen women of equal beauty; but

I am sure I never beheld so intelligent a countenance, or one so peculiarly to my taste. On my soul, it is singular that she should engross me so much. I shall surely forget her within a day or two. I had but a mere glance of the woman. Were I to allow the transient apparition to tease me much longer, I should deserve, as Benedict says, 'to have my eyes pickt out, and to have my person hung up for the sign of blind Cupid.'

Lord Cardon arrived here the day after Travers and I. I believe you are not acquainted with that agreeable old peer. To give you some notion of him, as well as of my kinsman Governor Flint, shall be the subject of this letter.

To an excellent understanding Lord Cardon joins the most cheerful disposition, and the happiest talent of pleasing. Some people think that he has rather more wit and humour than is consistent with the dignity of the peerage. Lord Gelid once told me so, and lamented it greatly, because he acknowledged, 'that, in some other respects, Lord Cardon was much of a nobleman.'

With all his pleasantry, and air of carelessness, few men pay more serious attention to the calls of humanity. He often makes the first subservient to the purposes of the last; and has often drawn those, whom compassion could not have moved, into acts of beneficence for the joke's sake. He once prevailed on Lord Gelid, the most unfeeling of mankind, to perform an act of charity from pure sympathy. Having applied for an office in his lordship's gift, for a person whom he represented to be in peculiarly hard circumstances, and mentioned his having five children to maintain,—Lord Gelid answered, 'that it was no hardship for a man to maintain his own children.'

Seeing that this statement had no effect, Lord Cardon tried another, which he thought might create more sympathy.

'I am of your lordship's opinion,' replied he, 'that it is no hardship for a man to maintain his *own* children; but I hope you will admit that it is a considerable hard-

ship for a man to be obliged to maintain children that are not his own.'

'Not his own!' exclaimed Lord Gelid: 'Whose children are they then?'

'Alas! my lord,' replied Lord Cardon, 'what augments the hardship of this man's case is, that the question you put is what none but his wife can answer. All that the worthy man himself is physically certain of is, that the children are not his.'

There was something in this statement which awakened the feelings of Lord Gelid so uncommonly, that he granted the favour demanded.

Since his arrival here, Lord Cardon has also, in a manner peculiar to himself, prevailed on my brother to promise to serve a person against whom he had been a good deal prejudiced.

You have heard the story of Mrs. ——. After that affair was first talked of, and when it was thought that no part of her fortune would be recovered, many who had called themselves her friends, and had profited by her extravagance, abandoned her entirely, without examining whether she was so much to blame as was said, or not.

Lord Cardon for some time seemed to be her only advocate: and yesterday, at breakfast, he endeavoured to interest my brother in her case, which is soon to be brought before the House of Peers.

My brother expressed some surprise at his taking so warm a part in a person who had behaved so very imprudently.

'Had she always behaved with prudence, my lord,' said Lord Cardon, 'she would not have stood in need of any body to take her part. But I am convinced, that advantage has been taken of her imprudent conduct, to give a much worse representation of her than she deserves. At all events, my lord, the imprudence of her conduct has nothing to do with the justice of her claim. It is your attention to her case only that I solicit your lordship for: from me she has a right to expect all the support in my

power; I lie under a very important obligation to that lady.'

'I cannot conceive,' said my brother, 'how your lordship can lie under an important obligation to so frivolous a woman!'

'You will be still more at a loss,' rejoined Lord Cardon, 'when I assure you that the obligation under which she laid me is increased, instead of being diminished, by the frivolity of the unfortunate lady's character. In short, my lord,' continued he, 'though no traces of it remain now, Mrs. —— was, about twenty years ago, a very beautiful woman; and at that time I was (and I fear some traces of it remain still) a very giddy fellow; so much so, that I actually made a proposal of marriage to the lady in question, which she had the goodness to reject. This was an obligation of such importance, as, without being the most ungrateful of men, I never can forget.'

'Now that I am acquainted with the very essential obligation which your lordship lies under to Mrs. ——, you may rely upon it,' answered my brother, 'that I shall take pains to understand her case; and, if I think she has justice on her side, I will join your lordship in doing her all the service in my power.'

I am summoned to dinner; but if it rains to-morrow as incessantly as it has done to-day, I shall give you a little more of Lord Cardon. Farewell!

LETTER LXVI.

The Honourable JOHN MORDAUNT *to* COLONEL SOMMERS.

Rose-Mount.

You perceive the rain continues. I will give you a sketch of a curious conversation that took place yesterday.

Some gentlemen of the neighbourhood dined with us. The discourse turned on the present unhappy state o Europe. Governor Flint, according to custom, inveighed vehemently against the whole French nation. One gen-

tleman implored his clemency in favour of the emigrant nobility and clergy, who were the severest sufferers by the revolution the governor reprobated. No—It was sufficient that they were French. The ancient governors of that nation, according to him, were as weak as the present are wicked—naming a few of the most eminent of the former.—'See what a figure they now cut!' said he; and then drew a comparison between them and certain persons in high situations in this country.

'If you wish to weigh the respective importance of two sets of men,' said Lord Cardon, 'it is not fair to put one into the scale, ornamented with stars, and ribbons, and mitres, and robes, and large periwigs, and place the other in the opposite scale, stripped quite naked. The high nobility and clergy of France were as much respected, while they retained their situations, as those of any country in Europe; and heaven only knows what sort of a figure our own would cut in the character of emigrants! Let me tell you, governor, it is a difficult roll for even the greatest men to support with dignity.'

There was, after this, some difference of opinion respecting the origin of the war.

'Whoever were the real beginners of the war,' said my brother, 'the French are indisputably the cause of its having continued so long; for our minister was, assuredly, disposed to make peace, on reasonable terms, when the negotiation commenced at Lisle.'

'Making peace at that time would have been of no use,' said Governor Flint; 'for the French would have recommenced the war before this time.'

'No mortal can be absolutely certain of that,' Lord Cardon observed.

'Does not your lordship imagine that the French of the present times are wicked enough to renew the war as soon as they think it for their advantage?'

'In that,' replied Lord Cardon, 'I have a great notion that the French of the present times bear a strong resemblance to the French of former times, and to the other nations of Europe. But although I am convinced

with you, governor, that they would be wicked enough to renew the war as soon as they should think it for their advantage, I have hopes of their being wise enough to think, for a long time at least, that it would *not* be for their advantage.'

'They will *always* think it for their advantage, replied the governor; 'they cannot exist without war.'

'Nay, then,' said Travers, 'you cannot blame them for continuing it.'

'Not blame the French!' exclaimed the other.

'No, sir, I could not in conscience blame the devil for persevering in what is for his advantage,' resumed Travers. 'If, therefore, the French cannot exist without war, this war, instead of being a seven-years war, or a thirty-years war, must be a war everlasting.'

'That does not necessarily follow,' said Governor Flint.

'What follows, then?' Travers asked.

'We may extirpate the rascals!' cried the governor.

'That, indeed, is an expedient which did not occur to me: but as rascals are not easily extirpated,' continued Travers, 'I should think the easiest and most natural way of putting an end to the war would be by making peace, as soon as it can be done, on reasonable terms.'

'That language smells a little of Jacobinism,' said the governor.

'Whatever its smell may be,' retorted Travers, 'it is less in the spirit of Jacobinism than your own language; for the Jacobins breathe nothing but extirpation.'

'I wish extirpation to all the enemies of my country,' said Flint.

'I wish ruin to all their schemes against my country, rejoined Travers; 'for I love my country as much as you can, governor, though I am not paid for it by a sinecure office.'

'A sinecure office!' cried the governor. 'Do you *infer* that I would not love my country if I had not a sinecure office.'

'No, sir,' answered Travers; 'I *only infer* that you

would love your country for a lucrative office of any kind.'

The laugh which proceeded from the company increased the indignation of the governor.

'Do you infer, sir,'——said he, and was proceeding in great warmth, when my brother, clapping him on the shoulder, said—

'Come, come, governor, let us have no more of inferences. We all equally abhor Jacobins and their principles; and we also know that very improper inferences are sometimes drawn from innocent or well-meant expressions.'

To assist my brother in restoring the good-humour of the company—

'That is very true, my lord,' rejoined Lord Cardon; 'and I will give you a curious instance, which came under my own observation when I was last at my estate in ——shire.

'I had, with great pleasure, observed that the vaunting proclamations of the French directory, and their repeated threats of invading this island, had excited general indignation over the country, augmented the zeal and affection of the inhabitants towards his majesty and the royal family, and increased their detestation of all whom they suspected to harbour different sentiments. At such periods there is always some risk that base-minded persons will attempt to make a merit with their superiors, by misconstruing the innocent or indifferent words or actions of their neighbours, and bringing them forward as proofs of disloyalty or treasonable intentions.

'Instances of this kind may have occurred where the accuser himself was fully convinced of the innocence of the accused. This which I am going to mention was not of that atrocious nature. Here the accuser was as innocent as the accused, however ridiculous the accusation may appear.

'I was called on, one morning, by a person who has a considerable property in the county, but whom I knew to be wonderfully weak and hot-headed.

'He told me, as soon as he could articulate, (for, when he entered, he was out of breath), 'that a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood had committed high-treason.'

'High-treason!—How?'

'By speaking disrespectfully of his majesty, and other branches of the royal family,' he answered.

'I could not believe that the man had been guilty of a thing so revolting.

'He said, 'he could not have believed it himself, if he had not received it from those who knew it by ocular demonstration, having heard, with their *own ears*, the very words which the farmer had pronounced.'

'I desired him to repeat the expressions.

'He said that the expressions were—'That the king was not a Christian monarch; and that their royal highnesses the prince of Wales, the duke of York, and the duke of Clarence, ought not to be trusted.'

'Though I thought this a most unlikely story,' continued Lord Cardon, 'and particularly so, as I had always heard the farmer spoken of as a religious and good kind of a man; yet I determined to make a careful inquiry into the truth of the accusation, and to have him prosecuted, if it was well founded.

'On investigation, the fact turned out to be this:—The farmer, with others, had been drinking at a public-house. One of the company had said, 'He hoped there would soon be peace all over Europe:'—to which the farmer answered—'That no Christian monarch would offer to make peace with such infidels as the French.' The former had rejoined, 'That *some* crowned heads had already shewn a disposition towards peace.' On which the farmer said—'That we ought not to put our trust in princes.'

'This conversation,' added his lordship, 'had been repeated to the person who brought me the information, in the presence of an attorney of the village, who remarked 'that the farmer's discourse was treasonable, because it implied that his majesty, who had offered to make peace

with the French, was not a Christian; and that the prince of Wales, duke of York, and duke of Clarence, who were all princes, were not to be trusted.'

'When the investigation was completed—'Now,' said my informer, 'is not your lordship convinced that those expressions respecting his majesty amount to high-treason?'

'I told him—'that I did not think they amounted to *quite* so much, because the original author of that caution against our putting trust in princes was a king himself.'

'The man seemed a good deal startled at this.

'He declared, 'that he was entirely ignorant of that circumstance.'

'He not only was a king,' said I, 'but he had a numerous family of sons, and all his sons were princes; so that it was not probable that he had any wish to calumniate either princes or kings; particularly his present majesty, King George III, who, though of a different character, in some respects, from King David, yet was, in common with him, a great king, and the father of princes.'

'This representation,' added Lord Cardon, 'seemed to have great influence on the mind of my informer. He began to suspect that he had given too great weight to the inferences made by the attorney; declaring, 'that they would not have made such an impression as they did, if he had not known that the farmer was a presbyterian; which, in his opinion,' he said, 'was much the same as a papist.'

'After I had praised his zeal and loyalty, he took his leave; but returned before he had got five steps from the door, to put me in mind 'to admonish the farmer to be more guarded in his language in future.'

Nothing could exceed the humour with which Lord Cardon narrated this story. The company in general seemed highly entertained. But I do not remember ever to have been witness to a stronger instance of a man's insensibility to his own particular failings, and all alive to those of his neighbours, than when I heard the governor remark—'That, though weak people were apt to expose

themselves to ridicule by intemperate zeal, *a conduct which nobody despised more than he did*, yet it was an evil of little importance, in comparison with the mischief which would result from permitting traitors, and friends to France, to spread their abominable doctrines without check, and to assist the designs of the public enemy.'

To prevent Travers, who seemed impatient to comment on the governor's observation, my brother immediately said—'That nothing could be more just than the governor's remark; and it was equally true, that though the one was more mischievous, the other was more probable; for base-minded men had been found, in all ages and countries, ready to give false or exaggerated accusations, from blind zeal or interested motives; but nothing seemed less likely, than that Englishmen could be so absurdly wicked as to assist those whose evident plan is to lay waste their country, seize their property, and overturn that constitution, under which they have, for above a century, enjoyed more liberty, and more happiness, than any other people, ancient or modern.'

'Wicked and absurd as that may seem, my lord,' said the governor, 'I am convinced, that the spirit of party can carry some men, and those not of the lowest, or even middle rank in life, that length.'

'It is evident,' added Travers, 'that prejudice, and the spirit of party, can carry some men very absurd lengths.'

'*You* said, sir,' resumed the governor, who could not be diverted from Travers, 'that the spirit of party carried men great lengths.'

'I did so,' replied Travers.

'But when it carries them the length of treason, and of abetting the French,' rejoined the governor, with a furious accent, 'I hope you have no objection to their being hanged, drawn, and quartered?'

'Not the least, sir,' said Travers. 'Let them be hanged for traitors, drawn for fools, and quartered for your amusement; but, in the first place, let them have a fair trial.'

'D—n me, if I think traitors deserve any trial at all!' rejoined the governor.

To prevent farther dispute, my brother ordered coffee; and the governor, who could no longer bear the sight of Travers, left us soon after.

In a short conversation I had with Lord Cardon, I observed that, 'notwithstanding the careless manner and inattentive air of my friend Travers, he had the faculty of distinguishing characters.'

'That is,' replied Lord Cardon, 'certainly a very useful faculty; but what, perhaps, is still more useful, is the faculty of concealing some of the discoveries we make, and allowing men to believe that we think them just what they wish to appear. This is a talent which I fear your friend, Mr. Travers, has not acquired. He too plainly shows that he sees through the disguise men are prone to assume—a degree of penetration as offensive to the affected and hypocritical as wit generally is to the dull.' Adieu, my dear Sommers.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER LXVII.

From the Same to the Same.

Rose-Mount.

My brother has at length opened himself fully to me on the grand article. He took an early opportunity after Lord Cardon had left us. Indeed, I threw it in his way: for knowing a discussion on that point was abiding me, I wished to have it over.—I have always had this impatience of temper. If I were convinced that I could not avoid being hanged or married to-morrow, I should be inclined to have which-ever of the ceremonies I was doomed to performed to-night.

In consequence of a hint I gave Travers, he ordered his horses after breakfast, and told me, in my lord's hearing, that he should not return till the hour of dinner. My brother soon after began the attack, marching over all

the old ground,—' his own delicate health, the kind of epileptic complaint he has been subject to, the dread of transmitting it to his posterity, the satisfaction it would afford him to know that his estate and title would descend to the children of a brother he loved, and not to a family he had so much reason to be displeased with.' To all this I made no other answer than ' that I was convinced he viewed his own health in a worse light than his physicians did; that he had been free of the attacks for a long interval; and possibly they might never return,' &c. &c. &c.

He interrupted me, shaking his head, with an air of incredulity, and asked, ' Whether I was perfectly free from all amorous engagement; because, if I was not, he would abstain from making to me the proposal he intended '

Though it instantly struck me, that a pretended entanglement of that nature would free me from farther solicitation on a subject highly irksome, yet I overcame the temptation, and fairly acknowledged, ' that I was free from all particular engagement, though no man loved the sex in general more.'

He than began an eulogium on matrimony; the comforts attending a regular uniform life in the society of an agreeable woman; the advantages attending entering early into that state, by which a man had the happiness of directing the education, and forming the minds, of his children, with the prospect of seeing them rise and prosper in the world.

I could easily have balanced this last article with instances of an opposite complexion; but I only hinted it in general terms, with regard to the uniformity he had mentioned. I said, ' that I never had derived much comfort from that quarter; that those people who were uniformly surrounded with what they called their comforts seemed to me to live the most insipid comfortless life in the world; they made no exertions, overcame no difficulties: that I had a curiosity often to go where comforts of their kind were not to be found, and had enjoyments

which those who were wallowing in comforts could not taste; yet, when I returned from such excursions, I could, for a time, relish their comforts as much as and more than those who thought of nothing but pampering and living snugly did; that I was so unluckily framed, that persisting long in a continual jog-trot of comforts tired me, even although a plentiful table, an easy carriage, and a soft bed, were of the number; that I knew very well that he could give me instances of prudenter people, who thought very differently, who, for the sake of those very comforts, had bound themselves to insipid companions, and disagreeable bed-fellows, for life; and would drawl on until they were cut short by an apoplexy, or suffocated by fat, and decently interred in a church-yard; but that, for my own part, I could not help preferring the free life of a bachelor, for some time longer at least, to all those comforts.'

My brother laughed the more willingly at this sketch, because he saw it was partly taken from an unhappy kinsman of our own, who, being in easy circumstances, had married a widow of great wealth and corpulency; and though the woman was of so quiet a disposition, that her voice was hardly ever heard in the family, except when she was in labour, he became so ashamed of what little she spoke, that he carried her to the country, sunk into low spirits, and has as little relish for the comforts she brought him, as, from the beginning, he had had for herself:—there the poor man remains, waiting impatiently for one or other of the catastrophes above mentioned.

Resuming a serious air, my brother said, in an earnest and most affectionate manner, 'You cannot imagine, my dear Jack, that I am so unreasonable and selfish as to expect that you shall make a sacrifice of your happiness to my whim or vanity. I acknowledge, that it would be a very great satisfaction to me to see you happily married: in your children I should behold the future inheritors of my fortune and title; but I willingly give up every idea of that enjoyment until you meet with a woman entirely to your taste.'

'It is the easiest thing in the world,' replied I, 'to find a woman to my taste: the difficulty or hardship lies in my being bound to her for life.'

'Without that circumstance, you know, my dear brother, that, by the laws of our country, what I have in view cannot be accomplished.' He then expressed astonishment at the singular aversion I seemed to have against marriage, enumerated the number of marriages among people of rank of late.—By the way, matrimony was never in my time so very much the ton. Though, in many particulars, the young fellows of the present age imitate the manners of the age of Charles II; yet, in this, they follow the example of Henry VIII, who, when he took a fancy for a woman, thought of no other expedient but marrying her. It is fortunate for the wives of some of those gentlemen, however, that they have not the power of that tyrant, who, whenever he tired of a wife, thought of no other resource but cutting off her head.

Among the list of marriages, my brother did not omit yours, my dear Sommers; and enlarged on the account that had been given him of your happiness, and the admirable qualities of your Juliet.

To all this I answered, (for I wished to give the whole discussion an air of jocularity), 'that although I had always endeavoured to be in the fashion, yet it was more dangerous to indulge my inclination in this present point than in any other; because fashions were apt to change, and, if once I adopted this, it might not be in my power to conform to the new mode, however much it might be my inclination, when the taste for a single life should prevail.'

'You will have your friend Sommers, at least, to keep you in countenance,' said he: 'and, I am sure, you would be better pleased to be classed with him, than with those idle young fellows of fashion who attempt to turn the married state into ridicule.'

'I am not sure of being classed with Sommers, my lord. The rare qualities which you have just enumerated, as belonging to Mrs. Sommers and of which I have

had the same account from others, render it highly improbable that such another woman is to be met with, and still more that she would condescend to marry me.'

'But in case a woman shall be met with who possesses equal accomplishments with Mrs. Sommers, and who is also humble enough to be willing to marry you, do you, in that case, promise to pay your court to her?'

'Who is to be the judge of the respective merits of the two ladies?'

'You yourself.'

'In that case I agree.'

'To make any comparison of this invidious kind,' resumed my brother, 'would be improper; but I will make our agreement still more favourable for you; because, were I even to find a woman whom you could not, in your conscience, think inferior in beauty and accomplishments to Mrs. Sommers, still she might not hit so capricious a fancy as yours: in that case I should not insist on your proposing marriage to her. It is only in the event that the woman, I shall at some future period mention, does please you, that I shall claim the performance of your agreement.'

'Why, in that event,' said I, 'do not you imagine that I should act as you wish without any agreement?'

'I question it very much,' replied he. 'I imagine your prejudice against matrimony is so strong, that it would keep you from proposing marriage even to the woman you love and esteem, lest you should not *continue* to love and esteem her. And it is this whimsical notion alone I wish to guard against by our agreement. If I do not point out a woman, whom, on acquaintance, you shall love and esteem above all others, I shall willingly sacrifice my favourite wish to see you married: but, if I do find such a woman, I expect that you will sacrifice your whim, dread, caprice, (call it what you please), to my favourite wish.'

So very friendly and candid a proposal could not be resisted. I promised to abide conscientiously by the conditions.

This agreement, however, would give me more uneasiness, if I thought it at all probable that he could find a woman with the requisites conditioned for. Adieu! dear Sommers.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER LXVIII.

The Same to the Same.

Rose-Mount,

THOUGH I have been long convinced that my brother had some particular lady in view for me, yet I was not able, till very lately, to form a probable conjecture who the unfortunate woman could be: I say unfortunate, because there is but too much reason to think that a woman of delicacy would run a great risk of being unhappy as my wife, however attentively I might continue to behave to her after passion was gone. My brother avoids all explanation on that head. He expects, I suppose, that his plan is more likely to succeed by my meeting the lady, as if it were accidentally.

From an expression that fell from him unawares, and from some other circumstances, I am almost convinced that Lady Amelia Melton is the woman my brother wishes me united to.—She is a young lady of distinguished beauty, accomplished, and, in point of birth and fortune, superior to what I have a right to expect.

Immediately before I went last abroad, I met her at Bath; and, during the time I remained there, was a good deal in her company.—I was then struck both with her beauty and accomplishments. You, I believe, have never seen her.—Were I to describe her face to you, feature by feature, you would have the idea of as handsome a woman as could be conceived: yet, when you came to see her, you would recollect having seen still more beautiful women. Lady Amelia's features are all regular, and, separately considered, seem perfect; but the union of the whole is somewhat deficient in animation. Her converse-

tion is always sensible, without being lively or very entertaining. Though she never knew any difficulty herself, yet she is ready to assist those who are in distressed circumstances: and, what in the eyes of some may appear more meritorious, though in mine it is less amiable, she seems to perform acts of benevolence more from a sense of duty than from any very warm sympathy with the distress of the persons she relieves. While in Lady Amelia's company, you cannot fail being pleased with her appearance, and approving of what she says: when out of her company, she is apt to be out of your memory. Her real presence is necessary to keep up the fervour of her adorers.

She lost both her parents when she was only eleven years of age; a misfortune great in itself, because they were both of excellent characters, but rendered still greater from the circumstance of her being put, from that time, under the care of her aunt, Lady Aspic, who, at one period of her life, was pretty generally thought one of the handsomest and proudest women in England. It is now several years since she lost *one-half* of that reputation—the other she retains in full force, and evidently borrows all the aid that paint can lend her to retain both.

The high value she puts on her opinions appears in the slow decided tone in which she pronounces them Her health was at one time a little injured by dissipation and fashionable hours. Instead of remedying this, by removing the cause, she applied to medicine to remove the effect while the cause was continued. Her health is now more broken than ever. Her discourse, which formerly consisted of slanderous anecdotes, is now interlarded with the nauseous jargon of tremors, bile, nerves, &c.

Nothing, therefore, could be more unfortunate for Lady Amelia than to be obliged to live with a woman of this cast. Whoever is early accustomed to that kind of discourse is apt to make it a prevailing topic of discourse through life, and to become needlessly and whimsically solicitous about the state of their health. All persons of this disposition are as certain to be governed by physici-

ans or apothecaries as bigots are by priests and father-confessors. Perhaps I have caught, from my friend Travers, part of this aversion to the company of those who are eternally speaking and thinking of their complaints, past, present, and to come: but, from whoever it is derived, few things seem to me so oppressive. I was highly pleased with what Captain —— of the navy once said to me.—In spite of the severe shock which his consitution received by his long residence in the West Indies, he retains all his natural cheerfulness: and on my observing to him, that I never heard him complain of his health—'Nor never shall,' replied he; 'that being a subject which would give my friends pain: I reserve it for those to whom it may, perhaps, afford pleasure, and speak of it only to the doctors.'

This habit (for it is entirely a habit which, like others, increases by indulgence) is more odious in women than in men. For my part, were sentence of immediate marriage to be pronounced on me, I should beg in mercy to be coupled to a woman who never had heard that nerves, veins, arteries, or bile, formed any part of her composition.

My friend, Dr. P—, a man versed in the science, and disdaining the mummery of his profession, assured me that few things are more pernicious than such topics of discourse, and nothing more infectious to young women than the sight of others under what are called nervous attacks. He declared, 'that he had once known a whole boarding-school thrown into fits by the example of one hysterical girl. Some he conceived to be really so affected, others were suspected of acting the part, to be excused from some task, or, perhaps, merely with a view to become an object of attention and sympathy.'

I will mention another instance of the force of this kind of contagion, which, however extravagant it may seem, is, nevertheless, literally true.

I had once a footman, who came to me directly from the service of Lady Aspic. With the legs and shoulders of an Irish chairman, this fellow had the cheeks of a Ger-

man trumpeter. He occasionally consulted the apothecary who attended the family, and was by him assured that he had nerves and bile as well as his mistress.

Before his being engaged in this lady's service, the man had always been under the necessity of working a great deal, and eating very moderately; of course he could have digested more victuals than he eat; but afterwards, having little to do, and being allowed to eat as much as he pleased, he generally eat more than he could digest. This, at last, deprived him of what he had never felt the want of before, and his chief anxiety was derived from a new source:—instead of labouring for victuals to his appetite, he applied to the apothecary for an appetite to his victuals; but, not satisfied with the stomachic bitters and other medicines sent to himself, he occasionally preferred those directed for his mistress; and being more pleased with either the effect or taste of her nervous draughts than his own, he continued to steal them without remorse, until, being detected, he was dismissed her service, and soon after was engaged in mine, where, as Ben always rode out with me, he had little or nothing to do, but to meditate on his nerves, and his bile, and his flatulencies, which, he had learned from the apothecary, were the origin of all his misery. I was a little surprised, one morning, to see this fellow enter the room without being called. He told me, in a doleful voice, 'that he was afraid he was infected with the hysterics, for he had a palpitation and a beating in his veins, which, he dreaded, would reach his arteries, if it was not stopped in time; for he felt a dejection of spirits, and was ready to cry.'

I ordered him to go and cry below stairs; and next day paid him his wages and dismissed him.

When he had spent his money, he came and told me that he was in great distress, and begged that I would recommend him to some other service.—I said, 'that no service would suit him so well as his majesty's; and that, if he pleased, I would recommend him to my friend, Colonel W——, of the foot-guards.' He accordingly enlisted as a grenadier. I met him some months after in

the park, and asked 'how his hysterics went on?' He swore that the drill-serjeant had driven them entirely away before he had completely learned his exercise.—'And your palpitations,' continued I:—'being now a soldier, I hope you are free from them?'

'That I am,' said he. 'There is no such disease in our brigade; as the French will find, come when they will.—Your honour has made a complete cure of me.'

'A complete cure deserves a fee,' rejoined I: 'and as it will be more convenient for you to receive than to pay it, here is a guinea for you.'

I have since been assured that he is as alert a soldier as any in the corps. Thus an useful subject was made of a man, who, had he been allowed to remain in the lady's service, was in danger of becoming, from mere indolence and example, an effeminate, puffy, miserable wretch, for life.

Now, if this kind of discourse and example could have such influence on a robust fellow, I leave you to judge what it is likely to have on a delicate girl.

I do remember that, during the time I visited Lady Amelia at Bath, her aunt was continually admonishing her about her health; narrating the dire effects of open windows and piercing air; interdicting one dish, and recommending another; in short, doing all in her power to subject a girl in good health to all the inconveniences of one in bad, and, perhaps, rendering her a miserable, sickly drug-taker for life.

I could not help thinking that such admonitions and such discourse tended to produce two pernicious effects—to render her constitution more delicate, and her ears less so than they originally had been. And were a woman as beautiful as Helen, as virtuous as Penelope, with the infinite variety of Cleopatra, she would be odious to me if she seemed to take delight in medical discourse, or could bear the most distant allusions to certain subjects, when conversing with any person except her physician. This circumstance has brought the attachments I have experienced in the course of my life to certain women, particularly

of the most spruce figures I ever beheld; the one a clergyman, the other an officer.

It was evident, that in the dress of the first an anxious attention had been paid to be up to the summit of the fashion, in the most minute particular: and though he kept within the limits prescribed by custom for the ecclesiastics of this country, yet the whole of his dress betrayed this gentleman's desire to overleap them, and get to something more buckish.

Travers has since told me, 'that this young man, whose name is Milliner, had received a liberal education, of which few traces remain, except his knowledge and taste in the cut of clothes, which he acquired at the university, from some young students of fashion with whom he was acquainted there, and in whose company he made frequent excursions to the capital. He is,' continued Travers, 'always silent when any religious or literary subject is introduced into conversation; but he can speak very eloquently on the cut of a frock, a button, or a button-hole; and makes a very pretty figure in a pulpit, in all respects, except preaching.—My friend, the reverend Dick Milliner,' he added, 'has only two moderate livings at present; but it is thought he cannot be long without getting one of greater value: for, besides his knowledge of dress, he plays very well on the piano-forte; and few, unless it be professed singers, excel him at a catch.'

The officer was dressed in a brilliant uniform, with a most umbrageous helmet on his head, and an immense sabre fastened to his side, and trailing on the ground. This warlike figure I soon recognised to be no other than Billy Vapour. Perhaps you may forget the name—but you must remember the little trim gentleman whom Travers accused of multiplying his person, like Henry IV at the battle of Shrewsbury: and when somebody said, 'that Mr. Vapour was no conjuror,'—'How, then, will you account,' said Travers, 'for his having been seen in three fruit-shops, two auction-rooms, the exhibition, and panorama, all much about the same time?'

Billy now belongs to a volunteer-corps of light-horse

quartered in this neighbourhood; and as he, as well as Mr. Milliner, is a distant relation of Lady Aspic, the duchess had sent both an invitation to dinner.

Though Captain Vapour's jacket sits as close to his body as that of Harlequin, yet, as his movements are also somewhat in the style of that gentleman, in whirling round to place a screen between Lady Aspic and the fire, he whisked a book off the table on the floor.—'Lard!' cried Lady Aspic, 'you military gentlemen pay no attention to books. Let me see what book you have thrown down.'

'It is a volume of Spencer's 'Fairy-Queen,' which your ladyship, no doubt, has read,' said the duchess.

'Fairy-Queen!' replied Lady Aspic; 'no, I cannot say I have: nor, indeed, did I know that Spencer had ever written a book: but people of all ranks write books now-a-days.—How does your grace like it?'

'I like it very much,' said the duchess. 'In my opinion, it is not so much read as it deserves to be.'

'After what your grace has said, I shall certainly read every word of it, when I have finished an exceeding pretty thing that I received lately from the circulating library. Nothing of equal genius has appeared since 'Betsy Thoughtless.'

The duchess, who is as good-natured as polite, introduced another topic.

She complimented Captain Vapour on the appearance of his troop, which she had seen exercise on the preceding day.

He regretted 'that her grace had not seen them when first raised, and when their clothes were new; because the men had been since so much harassed with field-days, and damaged with rainy weather, that they had lost a good deal of their military appearance.'

'I understand that your lieutenant-colonel is a very active and intelligent officer,' rejoined the duchess.

'Active enough,' said Billy; 'he works and wears us to such a degree, that in a little while, in my opinion, the regiment will not be worth looking at.'

'He is more solicitous that it should make a good appearance before the enemy, than on the parade,' said the duchess.

'It is a hundred to one, however,' said Captain Vapour, 'against its ever appearing before the enemy: whereas, it must appear on the parade every day.'

'I should not think the chance of your seeing the enemy so small as you mention,' resumed her grace; 'for I understand your colonel, and the officers, are disposed to offer their services in Ireland, if necessary.

'Not all the officers, I can assure your grace,' said the captain.

'I do think,' resumed Lady Aspic, 'that fatiguing marches to distant parts of the island, and serving in other countries, ought to be confined to the mercenary army. The ministry, in my opinion, are to blame, in allowing such services to fall on the militia, or volunteer corps, whose officers are private gentlemen, and men of family.'

I must assure you, by the way, Sommers, that however ridiculous you may think some of Lady Aspic's sentiments, half of the ridicule is lost to those who do not hear them uttered by herself. She speaks in a slow, quavering tone, through her nose—a habit she first contracted by twisting up that feature when she spoke to those whom she considered beneath her; in which class she includes the whole human race, except such English nobility whose titles are higher, or of a more ancient date, than that of her father. As for foreign nobility, she makes no account of them at all. This habit is now so confirmed, that, even when she addresses those to whom she wishes to be respectful, she cannot entirely divest herself of it; yet her nasal quaver was in a more mellow tone, when she spake to the duchess and my brother, than when she addressed any other person in the company.

'Suppose the French were to elude the vigilance of our fleet, and actually land,' said the duchess.

'Suppose they should,' replied Lady Aspic.—'If every

regiment of militia and volunteer corps shall defend the county or parish to which they belong, your grace cannot help observing that the whole kingdom will be defended.'

The solemn and decided tone in which Lady Aspic pronounced this almost overcame her grace's gravity: she durst not trust herself with any answer: which my brother observing, said—'Your ladyship's plan would unquestionably be a considerable alleviation of the fatigues of war to our militia and volunteer corps.'

'I do assure you, my lord,' resumed her ladyship, 'that, to my certain knowledge, though they do not like to complain, yet many of them begin to feel the war rather inconvenient; and the more so, on account of this new mode of transporting the militia to serve in other countries. All innovations are dangerous, my lord. This abominable French revolution was entirely owing to a spirit of innovation. Does not your lordship think so?'

'In a great measure, assuredly,' replied he. 'Altogether, depend upon it, my lord,' continued she, 'nothing is more dangerous than taking men out of their usual line of life. It is highly reasonable that noblemen and gentlemen, who enter into the army as a profession, should be obliged to serve in foreign countries, or sell their commissions. It is also proper that clergymen should be obliged to preach occasionally, until they attain the rank of bishops; but it would be cruel to expect it afterwards. The militia should be confined to the protection of the county to which they belong, and sent to no other, for fear of accidents. Volunteer corps should be reviewed when the weather is good, and receive their colours from women of quality. All classes of people should remain within the limits for which nature intended them: the high should continue high, the low should remain low, with a middle rank between the two. The original source of the horrid French revolution was removing low men from their proper spheres, and making them legislators. I hope there are no instances of the same kind in the class to which your lordship belongs.'

'I hope,' replied my brother, 'we are in no danger of imitating the conduct of those who at present govern France, in that, or in any thing else.'

'Yet those very five villains of the directory, as it is called,' resumed Lady Aspic, 'who make such a shocking figure in the eyes of all Europe as statesmen, may, perhaps, formerly have excelled in their respective professions. Indeed, I have heard,—for what can be said in favour of criminals should be told as well as what is against them—I have been assured, I say, that one leading member of their convention was, previous to the revolution, a very reputable butcher. All the members of the directory may have been as highly distinguished in their particular lines as he was in his; but it ought not to have been presumed that they were equally fit for governing kingdoms. All the mischief they have produced has arisen from their having been removed from the sphere in which they were useful. Is there no persuading the wretches,' continued she, in the same drawling nasal monotony with which she had begun, 'Is there no persuading the creatures, I say, to return to the making of shoes, and of fricassees, and all their former occupations, and leave the world in peace?—Do you not think, my lord, that this is mightily to be wished?'

'I certainly do,' replied my brother.

'Why then, a-God's name, my lord,' resumed she, 'why does not our ministry try to persuade the brutes to return to their old trades. They have tried long enough to get them hanged; but that will not do, though the brutes themselves must be sensible they deserve it; yet, depend upon it, they never will agree to that measure: but they may think it a very good compromise to be allowed quietly to return to the exercise of their ancient occupations. A great many of the emigrants, I know,' continued she, 'would be against this, even although the king's restoration depended on it. Nothing will satisfy them but having all the guilty executed: but the emigrants must be overruled in that point; and the present rulers allowed quietly to resume their lasts, and their

curling-irons, and their needles, for the sake of peace, since a better cannot be made of it.—Have you any objection to this plan, my lord?'

'None,' replied my brother: 'but it may be difficult to persuade those low fellows in the directory to agree to it. Low fellows are sometimes very obstinate.'

'If they cannot be persuaded, my lord,' said she, 'they should be bribed;—that is a method that generally succeeds with low fellows as well as with high'

The entrance of Lady Amelia put an end to the dialogue. Farewell!

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER LXX.

The Same to the Same.

MY DEAR SOMMERS, *Rose-Mount.*

LADY AMELIA MELTON is, undoubtedly, an elegant and beautiful woman: her person and manner are both improved since I last saw her. A slight blush suffused her fine countenance, when the eyes of the company turned upon her, as she entered the room: this was a fresh embellishment; for, naturally, her face is rather too pale. My brother glanced at me with an air of triumph—implying, you never saw so handsome a woman. Except the *incognita*, I do not know that I ever did. I have not yet been able, you will perceive, to shake that woman's figure from my imagination. I wish she had stopped a little longer at the cottage, that I might have discovered something in her face, or person, to have found fault with;—but she was whisked away when I was in the height of admiration; and, in the glance she threw from the chaise, there was an expression more pleasing than I ever beheld in the human countenance before; but which I have had since repeated a thousand times to my imagination, sleeping or waking.

As for the usual paleness of Lady Amelia's face, I be-

lieve it proceeds, in a great measure, from the aunt's prescriptions.

A little after the young lady entered, one of the company mentioned a new disease, to which cows are liable; which gave Lady Aspic occasion to remark, 'that there was an astonishing affinity between the diseases of brutes and those of the human species;'—and she was proceeding, when Captain Vapour, struck with a very hackneyed allusion, which he seemed to consider as a bright thought, interrupted her by adding, '*particularly between men and horned cattle.*'

Many a man has injured his fortune by his wit. I did not imagine that Billy Vapour would ever be of the number: and nothing can be a stronger proof of the difficulty of suppressing any idea which a man, however erroneously, conceives to be witty, than that Captain Vapour could not retain this, though he was solicitous to keep the good opinion of Lady Aspic, knew that she could not bear to be interrupted, and abhorred allusions of that nature.

Her brow was immediately contracted by additional wrinkles; her breast began to swell with additional venom, which was ready to be poured on the captain, when a servant announced dinner. The duchess rose, and, by the most flattering attentions to her, restored good-humour.

My brother was seated between the duchess and Lady Aspic; I, between her grace and Lady Amelia; and I had some agreeable conversation with both; which, however, was sometimes interrupted by hints from Lady Aspic, on what dishes were most, and what least salutary. I observed, with pleasure, that Lady Amelia, though she received on her plate, yet hardly tasted, what her aunt recommended, and showed a partiality for what she condemned. But I was sorry to perceive, that she seemed somewhat infected with the aunt's fantasies concerning air and nerves.—From all the contemptuous malignity that distinguishes the aunt's conversation, that of the niece is entirely free: indeed, had she not naturally been of an opposite disposition, the displeasing manner in

which her aunt's ill-temper was continually bursting forth might have influenced the young lady to adopt a behaviour as different as possible from hers. So irresistible was her ladyship's propensity to say what was disobliging, that she not only attacked those who had given her any, even the least, provocation, but she could not always refrain from sarcasm against people who, so far from wishing to offend her, did every thing they thought most likely to gain her good opinion. Several proofs of this she exhibited before we had done with dinner.

I should have mentioned, that, immediately before the duchess seated herself, she had desired the clergyman to say grace. He was at that instant complimenting me on the fancy of my waistcoat. Her grace's request came on him like a clap of thunder in the middle of serene weather—he had not the least suspicion of such a demand from a person of her rank. He saw that Captain Vapour was ready to laugh; and he blushed like a young maiden, to whom a very unbecoming proposal had been unexpectedly made. Recovering himself at last, however, in some degree, he mumbled a few words in a rapid and most irreverent style, and then tried to resume his usual pert air.

The duchess had observed all this; and, as it struck me, was highly offended. She behaved to him afterwards with a degree of coldness, very different from the reception he had received at his introduction; but still with politeness.

In the course of conversation at table, Captain Vapour expressed himself, with more decision than he had done before, against the measures of sending any part of the militia, or accepting the offer of any volunteer corps, to serve out of the kingdom, on any account whatever. Notwithstanding her having before spoken to the same purpose, Lady Aspic could not let this opportunity slip of venting her displeasure against the poor captain:—'Well,' said she, in a more distinct tone of voice than usual, 'nothing, in my opinion, can be more contempti-

ble, than for any man, who pretends to be a soldier, to be deficient in the essential article of courage.'

'Upon my word,' said Mr. Milliner, 'I am entirely of your ladyship's opinion. Nothing, indeed, can, as your ladyship observes, be more contemptible.'

'Unless it be,' resumed Lady Aspic, in the same decisive and distinct tone of voice, 'a clergyman without the least appearance of religion.'

Having pronounced this, she presented her snuff-box to Mr. Milliner, saying—'I perceive, sir, you take snuff—will you try a little of mine?'

Mr. Milliner, without betraying the same discomposure he had done when he was desired so say grace, took a pinch, and said 'it was excellent.'

'I was afraid,' added she, 'that you would have found it too pungent.'

'Not in the least,' replied he.

'Indeed,' resumed her ladyship, 'this snuff is very much in fashion.'

'Is it?' said the clergyman: 'I beg your ladyship will indulge me in another pinch.'

The duchess rising, the ladies withdrew with her grace; and the men followed soon after,—all but Captain Vapour and the clergyman, who being informed that their chaise was at the gate, retired together.

When we joined the ladies, I overheard the duchess, in a jocose manner, accuse Lady Aspic for having been too severe on her relations.—'As for the captain,' replied she, 'your grace could not but observe that he had provoked me by his petulance.'

'Perhaps so,' said the duchess; 'but that will not palliate what you said to the clergyman; for, though the young man seems to have the weakness to be out of countenance at performing the duties of a profession, which a wiser and more pious man would consider as an honour, yet I do think what your ladyship said to him was a little too severe.—Why, you might really as well have insinuated that he was an atheist.'

'If I had,' said Lady Aspic, 'he would not have minded it, nor any thing else, unless I had insinuated that he was a 'Quiz,' which, I understand, is the fashionable term for a person ridiculously, that is, unfashionably, dressed.'

As all the time that Lady Aspic can spare from the care of her own health, and calumniating her neighbours, is dedicated to cards, the duchess arranged a party at whist, in which neither Lady Amelia nor I were included. Her grace and my brother were partners against Lady Aspic and a gentleman who had dined with us. Lady Amelia having declined playing, I remained conversing with her during the whole evening, which I passed very agreeably.—This was not the case with the gentleman who was Lady Aspic's partner, particularly during the two last rubbers. She murmured through her nose many severe reflections against him for holding bad cards.

He bore it with great patience; acknowledging the fault, and modestly hinting that it was involuntary.

At the end of the third rubber, Lady Aspic, having lost all the three, expressed herself, while paying the money, with redoubled bitterness.—'She could not conceive what was the meaning of his holding such very bad cards.'

The gentleman confessed, with every mark of contrition, 'that his cards had been very bad.'

'Bad!' rejoined she; 'they were detestable, sir!—I never saw any body hold such cards: I own I do not understand it.'

'Why, madam, said he, 'that my cards were bad was my misfortune as well as your ladyship's.'

'That is nothing to the purpose, sir,' rejoined she.

'I really do not know what apology would satisfy you,' resumed the gentleman; 'but I may safely assure your ladyship, upon my honour,' laying his hand on his breast, 'that I had all the inclination in the world to hold good cards.'

'Sir,' replied she, with a look of dignity, and in the

accent peculiar to herself, 'I would not, willingly, call any gentleman's honour into question; but I cannot help remarking that you had good hands, and generally held two honours during the first rubber, when you were her grace's partner: it was not till you became mine that you had bad cards, and seldom a single honour among them. This, you will permit me to say, seems to be a little unaccountable.'

The gentleman being at a loss how to understand or answer such an insinuation, the duchess interfered, saying, with a gay air, 'however unaccountable it may seem, I think I can explain it on your ladyship's own principles. You have often told me that the countess of Deanport's notion, that every thing at whist depends on seats, is quite erroneous. Your ladyship maintains that winning or losing depends on what you call *runs*; and, that when any body is in a run of good luck at whist he often holds honours; whereas, if he is in a run of bad luck, he seldom does. The gentleman's having held honours when he was my partner, and not when he was yours, therefore, may have proceeded from my being at present in a run of good luck, which I own is the case, and your ladyship's being in a run of bad.'

'That will account for it, unquestionably,' replied Lady Aspic; 'but I wish your grace had been so good as to have informed me a little sooner of your being in a lucky run.'

'Why, truly,' replied the duchess, 'I only began to suspect it myself after I had won the second rubber; and I was not absolutely certain until after I had won the third.'

My brother and I were pressed by the duchess to stay all night: but he seldom sleeps out of his own bed; and, as the weather is mild, we returned to Rose-Mount very late.

He was highly delighted with the pleasure I seemed to have taken in Lady Amelia's company; and I joined very sincerely in the praises he bestowed on her as we returned. He informed me that the duchess, who is her

distant relation, regretted that she continued to live so much with her aunt, and would be happy to have more of the society of the one, if it could be obtained without the oppressive taxation of the others.

But Lady Amelia thinks herself under obligation to her aunt for the attention she paid her after her mother's death. That attention, undoubtedly, has been a real misfortune; but, in spite of this, as Lady Amelia knows that it would afflict Lady Aspic if they were to live separate, she is unwilling to propose it. And, though she probably wishes it, the duchess thinks she will not have the resolution to make any such proposition; and, of course, will continue to live with Lady Aspic until her marriage. This, you will naturally imagine, cannot render her more averse to matrimony; and a woman of her beauty, birth, fortune, and accomplishments, must, of course, have had many suitors.

On this subject the conversation was pushed no farther; but I clearly believe that Lady Amelia is the person he wishes me united to. I do not dispute that the union would do me honour; but I question much whether it would render either of us happy. She has been bred up with infinite tenderness and delicacy. They say she is of great sensibility, and easily alarmed. This may be called amiable; but it is dreadfully troublesome. She made an observation about nerves, which I own *alarmed* me. But I hope this is merely a plan of my brother's, and that Lady Amelia herself has no thought of ever being united to me, but would reject such a proposal with disdain, if it were made to her. I have so much good-will to her, that, were she to consult me on the subject, I should most sincerely give her that advice.—Adieu!

J. MORDAUNT.

P. S. Just as I was going to seal this long letter, my brother came in, and told me, 'that he had received a note from the duchess, informing him, that Lady Aspic had heard of a business that required both her own and her niece's presence in London; and that they had set

out this very morning.'—I perceived that this gave him some uneasiness, though he came to no farther explanation with me. As I intended returning to the capital in a day or two, this incident will, I imagine, make him agree to my leaving him with less difficulty than, perhaps, he would otherwise have done. I am impatient to see the marchioness, who has returned from Richmond. My next will probably be from London.—Farewell!

LETTER LXXI.

MISS H. CLIFFORD *to* MRS. SOMMERS.

MY DEAR JULIET, *London.*

IN my last I informed you of my reconciliation with Lady Deanport, and the more easy footing I was then on with both the mother and the son. All that is now over: at least I am inclined to think so.—You shall judge.

Her ladyship visited my aunt the very day after she had spoken so courteously to me at the ambassador's. Her behaviour, in all respects, was calculated to convince me, more and more, that Mrs. Demure had misrepresented her. Two days after, she called again in the forenoon. She turned the discourse on poor Mrs. Denham. She said, 'that having heard that her eldest son was destined for the army, Lord Deanport had offered to make an application for an ensigncy in the guards for him; that his lordship was on such a footing with administration, and the commander in chief, that she had no doubt of his succeeding, and desired me to write to Lady Diana on the subject; and, in case it was agreeable to the youth's mother, that the application would be directly made. You may imagine how much I was delighted with all this. Notwithstanding that I have usually been hurt by the obsequious behaviour of my aunt, both to Lady Deanport and her son, yet I joined in the attentions she paid him when he came into her box at the opera, after this obliging conduct on the part of his mother. I now most sincerely wished that my aunt might be entirely mistaken in her

notion of his lordship's passion for me, because, being sensible that I could not make him a suitable return, it gave me uneasiness to think I should ever be under the necessity of giving him any. I really felt so much good will towards him, that it must have been apparent in my whole looks and manner.

After the opera, he attended us to our carriage. One of his footmen told him, just as we were stepping in, that his own chariot was far behind, and could not get up to the door for some time. My aunt, observing that it rained a little, offered to set him down at his own house, which was not much out of our way. I did not entirely relish some of his behaviour in the coach, which could not be observed by my aunt; but which, I afterwards thought, must have been merely accidental,—so unwilling was I to construe any thing to his disadvantage which could bear a favourable meaning. Lady Deanport called the following morning; and, without coming out of her chariot, sent word that she waited for my aunt, who had just before informed me 'that she expected her ladyship to carry her to see a collection of birds, at no great distance from town, and that she should not return until about the usual time of dressing for dinner.'

After she was gone, I took up a pamphlet, which had been brought that very morning. When I tell you that it pleased me highly, you will readily believe that it was not of the nature of those usually sent to my uncle: it had no reference to that everlasting source of calumny and dissension, the politics of the day. Much that has been written on that subject might be called, The *Pains* of Recollection. The performance which pleased me so much is entitled, *The Pleasures of Memory.* I have sent it to you by the stage, with an earnest prayer, my dearest Juliet, that your life may continue to be supplied with incidents of the most pleasing remembrance.

As I finished the perusal, Lord Deanport was shown into the room. Though I was a little surprised at his lordship's entrance, the pleasure I had received from the poem must have been predominant in my countenance, and

may have been imputed by him to my satisfaction at his appearance: indeed, as soon as I recollected what he had undertaken in favour of young Denham, he judged in some measure right.

He had not sat long, before he began to compliment me on my looks, &c. &c. &c.

I bowed, and, without taking farther notice of the common-place praise, started another subject. He did not answer my lead, but resumed the stale strain.

'Why, you told me all this last night, my lord,' said I. 'Are you surprised that I look as well in the morning as I did in the evening?'

To this he replied, at first, with the smile which is his usual resource when he has no other answer ready. And, after recollection, he added, with an obsequious gesture, and in a tone which appeared to me rather ridiculous, though certainly intended to be very captivating, 'That he thought me charming at all times; that' ——But I need not repeat what he said; you have had it all addressed to yourself, my dear, twenty times, by twenty different men.

'Pray, my lord,' said I, interrupting him, 'did you never feel remorse, for trying to render the brains of women more giddy than they naturally are, by flattery?'

'I know one woman,' said he, bowing very obsequiously, 'to whose merits I cannot do even justice.'

'Leave the woman then,' replied I, laughing, 'to do justice to herself; she is probably fully apprized of all the merit that really belongs to her. Her faults, indeed, may escape her discernment; but, believe me, my lord, it is a thousand to one that the most minute of her good qualities will not.'

I remember I spoke this in a very gay manner. How it struck the man I know not; but, with a vivacity unusual to him, he swore I was irresistible, seized my hand, and, before I could disengage it, proceeded to other liberties.

Forcing myself from him, I rung the bell twice, very briskly. He stood disconcerted. When the servant en-

tered, I pronounced, with as much coldness as I could assume, '*his lordship's carriage.*'

'I *walked* hither,' said he, with a disturbed voice.

I nodded to the footman to retire; which, when he had done, I replied,—'Your lordship may return in the same manner.'

He began an apology; but, before he had finished, I left the room.

When my aunt returned, I made no mention to her of what had happened; nor shall I to any other person.—I hope we shall see no more of his lordship; and I shall, with patience and resignation, bear being pitied by my aunt and others, as one of those unfortunate nymphs, who, after having entertained ambitious hopes, have been forsaken by highborn faithless swains. The lamentations of my aunt will be sincere: those of some other of my female friends, who, I could easily perceive, saw his lordship's attentions to me with envy, will be uttered with the accent of sorrow, and the sensation of joy.

Yet, people are so dexterous at finding excuses for their own conduct, and so ready to censure that of others, that, I dare say, his lordship thinks I behaved like a coquette at the beginning of this business, and like a prude at the conclusion. I regard not what he and many others may think; but, as I dislike both these characters, it is of importance to me that my friend, and only confidant in this transaction, should be satisfied that I was actuated by the spirit of neither. You cannot but have observed, my dear, that when I relaxed a little in appearance from the indifference I really felt for this lord, on my first getting acquainted with him, it was not from a spirit of coquetry, but merely to vex Lady Deanport, who, I perceived, was dreadfully out of humour at her son's attentions to me, and I had no other way of retaliating on her for the malicious style in which she spoke of Lady Diana. When I afterwards had reason to believe that I had been misinformed with regard to her, and knew his intentions regarding young Denham, my behaviour was still less prompted by coquetry, but en-

tirely by genuine good will, as it would have been towards any man of his rank, for whom I had no other sentiment.

As for the imputation of prudery, that gives me still less concern; for, although his lordship's behaviour in the coach was equivocal, and the liberties he attempted next day of no very heinous nature, yet I could not help considering the second as an explanation of the first. Perhaps in this I may be mistaken; but the very circumstance of his rank in life, which had increased my sense of obligation for his friendly conduct regarding Mrs. Denham's family, and which softened my behaviour to him, had a contrary effect when he attempted liberties which I should have repelled in any man, but which ought to be more guarded against from a man of rank than another,—and which excite greater indignation, because the idea he himself entertains of his high birth may be the source of his presumption.

I should not like to be thought over-nice and scrupulous by any *woman* of sense and virtue, (for men are no proper judges): but a becoming pride, independent of any superior consideration, I am convinced, will justify my treating this noble lord as I did.

I should be as well pleased, however, to hear nothing more on this subject. It is not likely that his lordship should ever mention it. You write sometimes to Lady Diana: I beg, my dear, that you will give no hint to her. —Whether Lord Deanport will ever wish to see me more, I know not; but I am determined to avoid him as much as I decently can. It will be difficult to account for this to my aunt, without letting her know the whole, which I am not inclined to do. This difficulty I must encounter directly, for I hear her coming. Adieu!

H CLIFFORD.

LETTER LXXII.

JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq. to the* COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT.

MY DEAR LADY DEANPORT, ——*shire, Wales.*

WHY should I expatiate on the cruel disappointment I have met with, when I can give you a complete idea of it in three words.—The man is dead!—his whole fortune is left to another, with the exception of a few legacies to poor relations, and one hundred pounds to me, to purchase a mourning ring.—Curse the legacy and the legator!—Did you ever hear of any thing so perfidious?—I never had the least suspicion of the fellow whom he has appointed his heir.—How could I? He is but a very distant relation, of the name of Evans, a young artist, as poor as Job—said to have genius: that alone would have prevented me from suspecting him?—Whoever knew fortune so very bountiful to genius?—As it is now apparent that he is one of her favourites, he will henceforth be ranked among the dunces.

This young fellow had been sent abroad by the old hypocrite, who remitted him small sums, to enable him to prosecute his studies as a painter. I met him when he was last at Dresden; and, as I knew that he wrote sometimes to Phillips, I thought it prudent to show the fellow every civility in my power. I recommended him to Mr. Mordaunt, and to several English gentlemen, who bought pictures of him.—He seemed wonderfully grateful, and be d—d to him! Every body is grateful, as your ladyship knows, while they are receiving favours: ingratitude never begins till the benefactor loses the power or inclination of granting more. One person, who had purchased several of his pictures, carried them to England, and showed them to Phillips, speaking, at the same time, very highly of the lad's private character—'that he would be an honour to his family,' &c. This gave the old dotard the first idea of making him his heir.—The will was made privately—the attorney and witnesses were sworn

to secresy.—Never was an innocent, unsuspecting man, so completely duped as I have been. It is enough to drive one mad, to think on the cursed fatality by which I contributed to my own misfortune. If I had not recommended this young puppy to the officious blockhead who carried his works to Phillips, and spoke of him as one who would do honour to his family, the old rascal would never have dreamt of leaving him more than two or three hundred pounds;—even that would have been too much for such a beggarly dog.——Honour to the family!—D—n him, he is——What?—a painter,—a fellow employed, from morning to night, in spreading colours on canvass—in endeavouring to impose on mankind, by giving beauty to features intended to express deformity: by putting sense into countenances which honest nature intended for fools; and very often representing actions, for which those who performed them deserved to be hanged. I have heard of one of them, (who is called a man of great genius too), who is employed in painting a series of pictures, in which Satan himself plays a principal roll.—And this they call one of the fine arts.—A very fine art, truly; but, fine or coarse, is nothing to the purpose:—Phillips had no taste for it, in any of its branches: he never paid a farthing for a picture in his life, except once, to an itinerant limner, whom he accidentally met at the inn at Landilo.—As the story will give your ladyship some idea of what a brute this kinsman of mine was, it is worth recounting.

The limner, being in distress for money, offered to paint Phillips's portrait, or that of any of his friends, for a moderate sum. Phillips took him home in his carriage, saying,—'That, as for his own face, it was not worth painting; but that he should like to have the portrait of a worthy friend of his, who, he feared, was in a declining way.'—Who do you think this friend was? Why, an old Welch pony, who had carried him up and down the mountains for above a dozen years: and who, as he asserted, had rendered him more essential services than any friend he had. The portrait of the horse was painted accordingly: it was thought so like, that Phillips paid the

artist double the sum he had bargained for, hung it up in his parlour, and never looked at it, after the death of the original, without a sigh, and a short panegyric on his excellent qualities.—Did your ladyship ever hear of any thing so inconsistent? That the same man, who could behave with such generosity to a vagrant dauber, and showed so much regard for the memory of an old horse, should be capable of the blackest ingratitude to his nearest male relation—one who had hurried from the continent on the first rumour of his danger—who had attended him, with much assiduity, during a tedious illness—who, on his account, had been agitated between hope and fear, for months together;—and, after all, to be thus treated! I hope, from the bottom of my soul, that the old villain is now suffering, in the other world, for all his ——. No, no, I will not carry my resentment that length. I have strong reasons for hoping there is no such place; it is best, on the whole, that he should remain without feeling.—Hang him! he never had either feeling or natural affection, otherwise he would not have blasted all my expectations in this manner. So far from having any sympathy with me, on recollection, and putting circumstances together, I begin to think that he enjoyed my present disappointment by anticipation. I now perfectly remember, that several times, when I was displaying great uneasiness on account of his sufferings, or was more than commonly assiduous in offering him my assistance, a kind of contemptuous, or sarcastic smile, appeared in his countenance.—Is it possible that the old fox really penetrated through all my disguises, and saw the true state of my mind? On my conscience, I half suspect it.

To maintain the appearance of genuine sorrow, when the heart overflows with joy, is a very difficult attempt. We see it tried, every day, by heirs, widows, and others, without imposing on any mortal. I do not believe it was ever executed in a more exquisite manner than by your ladyship, after my lord's death. I have reason to believe that my attempts have been less successful.—I remember,

one time in particular, a little before Phillips died, I stood at his bed-side, sighing very boisterously, and making every effort to muster affliction or despair (if possible) into my countenance; I shall never forget the expressive ironical glance he threw on me;—it made a transient impression at the moment;—it makes a *deeper* on recollection. I believe, in my conscience, that the unrelenting old villain meant it to say—'Sigh and sob as you please, Cousin Grindill—you do not deceive me; and, with all your hypocrisy, you will be confoundedly bit.'

But, if that glance had meant as much as Burleigh's shake of the head meant in the play of *The Critic*, I deserve it all, for recommending that cursed little prig, at Dresden, to the notice of any of my acquaintance.—Oh! that stings deep.

Yet I cannot accuse myself of having been often guilty of teasing my friends, in favour of needy vagabonds, neither. What a cruel aggravation! that I should have deviated from my usual prudence in this single instance, and thereby contributed to *his* happiness who is the ruin of mine!—After all, this may not, perhaps, tend to his happiness at the long run: there is some comfort in that thought. Had Phillips left him only a moderate legacy, he would have persevered in the practice of an art in which he took much delight, and in which I was assured (in spite of what I said before) he was daily improving: he might gradually have acquired fortune and high reputation, and passed his life more agreeably than he is likely to do after this windfall, which, it is a thousand to one, will relax his efforts, blast his hopes of improvement as a painter, sink him into indolence, and overwhelm him with *ennui*. This might have occurred to the old scoundrel on his deathbed. He might have reflected, that by such an unjust will he would render me miserable, without making this distant cousin of his happy.

Yet I question whether even that consideration would have had any weight with a man so completely selfish and devoid of principle:—but, of one thing I am certain, that, by this diabolical will, he has made me suffer as

much vexation in reality, as I had, in appearance, on account of his illness. I am sure I need suffer no other. But though I may say, with Hamlet, '*Man delights not me!*' I cannot add, *nor woman neither;* for I still have the pleasure of reflecting on the favour with which your ladyship honours me, on every reverse of fortune.

I could not delay a moment in acquainting you with what has happened; and your ladyship will not be surprised that my letter is written in an incoherent style. Prompted by a variety of painful feelings, I must remain in this cursed country for some time longer; but I shall have the honour of waiting on you in London very soon. I remain, your ladyship's most faithful and most afflicted humble servant,

J. GRINDILL.

P. S. This misfortune has come so unexpectedly, that I have nothing provided; and never in my life stood in more need of a supply.

LETTER LXXIII.

Miss Horatia Clifford *to* Mrs. Sommers.

London.

You are right, my dear—this business did not end where I expected. I really was in hopes that his lordship's pride would have been so much wounded by the issue of our last interview, that he would never have deigned to attempt to renew it.—In this hope I have been disappointed. I received a letter from him of apology for his conduct, imputing it to the fervour of his passion, admiration, &c. which made him forget himself for a moment; and this is followed by a thousand protestations of respect, affection—I don't know what; and concludes with a request to be allowed to wait on me the same day, or the following, *on a business on which the happiness of his whole life*, as he very formally protests, *depends.*

This letter vexed me heartily. I foresaw that it would

be the forerunner of disputes with my aunt, which I have always endeavoured very carefully to avoid. Being told that the servant who had brought the letter waited for an answer, I immediately wrote one to the following effect. —' That I should think no more of the affair which he seemed so anxious about, and hoped that he would give himself as little concern.——I thanked him for the polite expressions in his letter; but as I was fully convinced that I had not, and never could have, a connection with any thing on which the happiness of his lordship's life depended, I desired to be excused from the interview he requested, and also from the honour of receiving any more letters from him.'

A few days after, I was a good deal surprised to understand, on my return from an airing with my uncle, that Lord Deanport had called and passed a full hour with my aunt. I saw by her countenance that she was full of what she had considered to be of great importance, and waited with impatience for an opportunity of communicating it to me. My uncle asked two or three times, during dinner, if any thing particular had happened.—He received a note, which obliged him to go out earlier than usual.

My aunt then informed me that Lord Deanport had been with her, and had expressed great uneasiness on account of a coldness which had taken place, on my part, towards him; that he had spoken of me in the highest terms of admiration, and had begged of her to use her influence with me, that he might be allowed to pay his court to me as formerly. She then commented to me on the folly of behaving with coldness to a suitor of his importance: ' for,' added she, ' although he did not speak of marriage in direct terms, it is evident that he intends it, and probably will make the proposal the very first time you give him an opportunity.'

As I perceived that he had not mentioned to my aunt the immediate origin of the coldness he complained of, I also thought it best not to enter into any detail on that subject. I contented myself with expressing much concern for not being able to meet the wishes of so near and so af-

fectionate a relation; but that, in an affair of this personal nature, I must be allowed to be directed by my own feelings.

As I could guess pretty nearly what she would have urged, and as I wished to avoid altercation, I pronounced this in a more decided manner than I ever spoke to my aunt before. The consequence was what I expected—She parted from me without deigning to say another word.

Next forenoon I happened to be amusing myself, looking at a collection of prints in a small room adjoining to the library, when my aunt entered it with my uncle, who was just returned from his ride. She immediately began to state to him what had passed between Lady Deanport and her the preceding day.—The door was not quite shut—I heard distinctly what was said.—She certainly thought I was in my own apartment—I believe I ought to have withdrawn: but as there was no other way of quitting the room, than by passing through the library, I had not the courage to move: and this enables me to give you the following dialogue.—After complaining of my *unaccountable obstinacy* in refusing to hearken to the addresses of Lord Deanport, my aunt begged of her husband to use his influence with me, that I might not a second time allow a most advantageous match to escape from me; and concluded by asking, 'when he, or any of my friends, could expect that I should have such another offer?'

Mr. Darnley. That is a question, my dear, which, I confess, I cannot answer.

Mrs. Darnley. The Earl of Deanport is young, handsome, rich, of high rank, and likely to obtain some distinguished office in the household.

Mr. D. Perhaps you mean in the state or army, my dear?

Mrs. D. By no means, my dear. The one is troublesome, and the other dangerous, especially at the present times. An office in the household is equally honourable, and by much the safest. And, besides, my lord's lady

may have an office in it as well as his lordship, which she could not have in the state or army.

Mr. D. Have you represented all this to Horatia?

Mrs. D. That I have,—again, and again, and again.

Mr. D. Since so many alluring circumstances, uniting in one man, are not able to bias her in his favour, do you not imagine, my dear, that this forms a strong presumption of her having a very valid reason for refusing him?

Mrs. D. No, Mr. Darnley, she can have no reason for refusing such a man as Lord Deanport, except her having taken a fancy for some other.

Mr. D. Well, my dear, if that should be the case, do you not think it a pretty valid reason?

Mrs. D. Not at all: for that must be mere caprice, and will soon wear off.

Mr. D. Let us, at least, wait, my dear, till it *does* wear off.

Mrs. D. It will, then, be *too late.*

Mr. D. Of that, my dear, we cannot be sure; but of this we are absolutely certain—that to begin to persuade a woman to marry one man, before her love (or caprice, if you please) for another is worn off, would be beginning too soon.

Mrs. D. I have known many instances of women who have become fond of their husbands after marriage, though they were not in love with them before. People's tempers conform and accommodate to each other on near acquaintance, and when they have a common interest.

Mr. D. I have known, at least, as many, my dear, of women, who, being indifferent about their husbands before marriage, came to detest them after it, precisely because they became better acquainted with them. I shall only instance your relation, poor Charlotte, who, in spite of her dislike of the man, was persuaded to marry Sir Joseph Waddel. She was told that she would like him better and better by degrees, that she would enjoy great affluence, and, of course, live very comfortably. Instead of better and better, however, the poor woman (you told

me yourself) likes him worse and worse, lives very *uncomfortably*, and, of course, has little or no enjoyment in her affluence.

Mrs. D. There is a difference between Sir Joseph Waddel and a handsome young man.

Mr. D. There is so. Yet a woman who dislikes them both, in my humble opinion, should marry neither.

Mrs. D. Besides being young and handsome, Lord Deanport is a peer.

Mr. D. You seem to have a great partiality for peers.

Mrs. D. Depend upon it, all womankind have.

Mr. D. I have sometimes thought that men sacrificed rather too much to obtain that rank—I can be no longer of that opinion; but now, for the first time in my life, I regret very much that I am not a peer.

[My aunt was certainly a good deal affected by this last speech of my uncle.—I distinguished the tone of tenderness and emotion in her voice, while she said]

Mrs. D. You do me great injustice, if you are not persuaded that there is one commoner whom I prefer to the whole house of peers.

Mr. D. Since that is the case, my dear, I am again reconciled to my rank in life, and have no longer a wish for a peerage.

Mrs. D. After all, my good friend, don't you think the world will be greatly surprised if you neglect to do every thing in your power to prevail on your niece to accept of so advantageous an offer.

Mr. D. I have made it a rule through life, my dear, to consider whether a measure is right or wrong in itself, and to act accordingly, without considering in the least whether the world would be surprised or not. If Horatia does not like the man, which there is great reason to believe is the case, it would be wrong in us to persuade the girl to marry him, merely to prevent the world from being surprised.

Mrs. D. Not merely for that, though the opinion of the world ought to have some weight, but also because

the man in question is elegant, accomplished, and—and—

Mr. D. And a lord.

Mrs. D. Very well—I do acknowledge that in my opinion, that very circumstance ought to have considerable weight.

Mr. D. I grant it, my dear: but you must admit also, that although all women have a taste for lords, yet some lords are not to every woman's taste. Now the particular lord in question, with all his elegance, happens not to be to the taste of your niece, which, in my opinion, overbalances the advantages which you think he possesses. Let me tell you, my dear, that a young woman is placed in a very dangerous situation who is married to a man she does not like.

Mrs. D. I feel no uneasiness on that score. Horatia has had too good an education, and is of too virtuous principles, ever to deviate from the fidelity she will owe to her husband.

Mr. D. I have a very high opinion of Horatia, and the utmost affection for her; on which account I am the more averse from having any hand in persuading her to become the wife of a man she does not love.—I wish to keep those I value out of danger.

Mrs. D. Good Heavens! Mr. Darnley, what strange fancies you have. Can you imagine that a woman, well educated, who has always been in good company, who is married to a man of high rank——

Mr. D. Rank makes no odds; there are as many cuckolds in the House of Peers as in the Court of Aldermen.

Mrs. D. Well, Mr. Darnley, you really astonish me. I never heard you speak such language. Have you such an opinion of Horatia Clifford as to think that——

Mr. D. You mistake me, my dear; I mean no insinuation against Horatia: I love her as much as I could were she my daughter. There is no young woman on earth of whom I have a higher esteem;—but, I repeat it, I would not place any person I love, young or old, man

or woman, in dangerous situations, if I could avoid it; and, a young woman who is married to a man she dislikes, is, in my opinion, in a very dangerous situation. But, if you will not admit it to be dangerous, you cannot deny it that it is disagreeable, which is sufficient to deter her friends from pressing her into it. Besides, my dear, as women do not enjoy all the privileges which men do, I am for leaving them in the full possession of those they have.

Mrs. D. I do not understand to what you allude.

Mr. D. Why, my dear, as the fair sex are not allowed to pay their addresses to those they like, I am clear for supporting them in the privilege of rejecting the addresses of those they do not like, whether peer or commoner.

Mrs. D. As Horatia has never hinted a prepossession in favour of another man, her objection to Lord Deanport must proceed from her having heard something against his temper or disposition. Do you not think, then, it would be worth while to make some inquiry on this head?—and, in case of its being found that such rumours are groundless, you will then, perhaps, judge proper to convince my niece of her error.

Mr. D. If the case were precisely the reverse, my dear;—if Horatia, on account of his rank and handsome person, were inclined to marry a man of a bad character or temper; I should think it my duty to bring proofs of this to her, that she might alter her intention: but, in the present case, notwithstanding her having no prepossession in favour of another, she seems to be averse from marrying this man. It is true that there are women, who, from motives of interest or ambition, do marry men for whom they have a contempt or aversion; but Horatia does not possess that kind of philosophy. And she has, on so many occasions, manifested so great a desire to oblige me, that I cannot bear to make a request which she may have an invincible repugnance against complying with, and yet have great pain in refusing.—I feel much uneasiness at this moment, my dear, in not agreeing to what you have proposed with so much earnestness:—why

should I give equal, or, perhaps, greater uneasiness, to one who, I know, has the utmost inclination to oblige me?

[There was no immediate answer made to this. After a short pause, my aunt said]

Mrs. D. My dear, I cannot answer what you have said—I believe I have done wrong in pressing Horatia—I ought not to reason with you—I am a weak reasoner—I wonder you could think of marrying a woman who can argue so ill.

Mr. D. It was not on account of your arguing talents that I married you, my dear, but for a thousand more amiable qualities, by which you have rendered me a very happy husband. One of them is, that you acknowledge a mistake as soon as you are made sensible of it, even though it be in the heat of the dispute, which is a degree of candour that very few great disputers are capable of.

[Here a footman entered, and having pronounced the name of General Randal, they both left the library with that eagerness which they always have to see that gentleman, and I slipped to my own apartment, extremely pleased not to be known to have overheard so singular a conversation.]

My aunt entered my room some time after—'Your uncle has convinced me, my dear,' said she, holding forth her hand, 'that I was wrong to trouble you in the manner I did about Lord Deanport. I know you are angry—Pray let us be friends.'

I need not inform you, Juliet, what return I made to so an affectionate an address—it quite overpowered me. I do not know that I could have refused her any thing. —I am glad she did not at that moment renew her request respecting Lord Deanport.—I will not describe the scene which passed between us, farther than just to mention one expression of my aunt.—'You have been peculiarly fortunate, my dear Horatia,' said she, 'in your nearest relations. Your father was a man of acknowledged honour and admirable good sense; your mother was a saint; and to your poor aunt you are obliged for being

niece to the most just and most benevolent man in England.'

I could not love my aunt more than I did; but I certainly have a higher esteem for her than ever.

I knew, my dear Juliet, that this detail would give you pleasure; I stayed, therefore, from the opera, that I might have the pleasure of writing it. Yours, ever,

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER LXXIV.

LADY DIANA FRANKLIN *to* MISS H. CLIFFORD.

MY DEAR HORATIA, *Plinston.*

I HAVE had hints, in various letters from London, respecting the attentions which have been of late paid to you by the earl of Deanport; but, as you never mentioned that nobleman in your own letters, I took it for granted that my correspondents had mistaken the usual politeness of a man of high birth for extraordinary courtesies; therefore, in my letters to you, I took no more notice of the hints than, in yours to me, you did of the attentions. I should, probably, have continued the same conduct, had I not received a letter from your uncle by the last post, in which he tells me, that, though at one time you seemed rather pleased with the preference which the earl gave you, which was also countenanced by the countess his mother, you have since declared to your aunt, 'that you were determined to discourage his addresses, and even to avoid giving him any opportunity of making them.'—Do not imagine, my dear, that I mean to impute blame to you for not consulting your relations or friends respecting your acceptance of a man whom you felt yourself determined to reject, in case he should make you a proposal of marriage. I think it rather conformable to your general conduct, that you waved informing them you had an admirer of that rank, since you felt no inclination to favour his addresses. Many young ladies, even if they had come to the same resolution, would still

have thought they derived importance from having it known they refused such an offer.

As this young nobleman has been represented to me, however, as remarkably polite, handsome, accomplished, and free from some of the excesses of which the young men of the age are accused; and as, at one period, you received his attentions in a favourable manner; I confess I should like to know (provided you feel no reluctance against giving me the information) what determined you to change your behaviour, and take such a decided resolution against him.

I have tried to account for this by various conjectures; and particularly by one, which nothing but the strongest proofs of attachment and affection to me, which you have on different occasions evinced, joined to the indignation you feel against all whom you have reason to believe are ill-disposed towards me, could have raised in my mind. It is, that the coldness which has long existed between Lady Deanport and me may have had weight in determining you on this occasion. If there is any foundation for this conjecture, I beg that every thing of that nature may be thrown out of the scale; for, whatever prejudices against me may have arisen on her ladyship's part, they would, in all probability, be effaced in case the connection in question should take place; and, even although no great intimacy should ever exist between her and me, I should still feel a very sensible satisfaction in your being advantageously married.

Notwithstanding what you tell me of the agreeable situation of the marchioness at Richmond, I fear she will think it strange that I have been so long without waiting on her. On other accounts my absence from town at present is vexatious; but I plainly perceive that my leaving Mrs. Denham at present would afflict her more than her weak state of mind and body could bear.—I must not propose it till she gains a little more strength: she has no other friend.—Adieu! my dear Horatia.

Pray give me a little light respecting Lord D.

LETTER LXXV.

MISS HORATIA CLIFFORD *to* LADY DIANA FRANKLIN.

MY DEAR LADY DIANA, *London.*

HAVING sometimes heard people turned into ridicule for asking their friends advice, whether they should accept or reject those to whom they were already married, or at least fully determined to marry, I thought it would be equally ridiculous to consult mine respecting the addresses of a man whom, in case of his ever making the proposal to me, I was fully resolved to refuse.

I am happy to find that you do not disapprove of this. But you wish to know my objections to a man of high rank, who has been represented to you as handsome, polite, and accomplished.—With regard to the first, it would be affectation to pretend to look on it as an article of no weight; but I may say, with truth, that when I perceive it has a great deal with the man himself, it has very little with me

As for the second, I do consider it as essential to the character of a gentleman; and I know that Lord Deanport is spoken of, by some people, as remarkably polite. Without troubling you with my precise idea of that term, I shall only say, that I dislike his lordship's kind of politeness. He performs the common civilities of society as if they were, in him, acts of condescension. His air, his gesture, his stately, yet obsequious bows, all betray a notion of his own superiority.

The great use of politeness, as my dear and ever-lamented father explained it to me, is to correct the partiality, and check the rapacity, of self-love. He compared politeness to a mask with the features of benevolence, by which men try to cover the deformity of selfishness. Some wear this mask so awkwardly, that they continually show part of the ugly features behind it; others let it fall from their face entirely, by too profound and too frequent bendings. This accident has frequently happened in my presence to the noble lord in question He who, in the

midst of the homage he pays to the company, plainly discovers that he thinks himself superior to them all, certainly defeats the purpose of politeness. Such a man is like one who, in the very act of obsequiously bowing to another, is all the while admiring his own attitudes, in a mirror placed behind the person he pretends to be treating so courteously.

I have often beheld Lord Deanport acting this ridiculous part, and, all the time, he seemed convinced that he was admired by the spectators as much as he admired himself.

I tried to discover on what his own admiration could be founded; for, after all, a man must, in spite of the delusions of vanity, know something of himself. I could find out nothing on which he could possibly rest it, unless it were his figure and rank: in every attainment that depends on genius and exertion he must be sensible of deficiency. This consciousness would have been advantageous if it had prompted him to acquire what he felt the want of. It has had no such effect on this noble lord: he seems only solicitous to conceal the deficiences; and can hear with complacency, instead of blushes, praise for imputed accomplishments; than which I know no stronger proof of a mean mind. Pride on account of qualities we do not possess, or actions we never performed, is pride which, according to Pope's expression, 'licks the dust.' I acknowledge, at the same time, that pride, on account of high birth, is natural to man: and, when accompanied, as it often is, with a desire of imitating the example of illustrious ancestors, it is, in a great measure, justifiable. But, to be inflated with pride on account of being descended from those to whose characters our own has no resemblance, and whose example we never attempt to follow, is, in my opinion, equally absurd and ridiculous.

From what I have had opportunities of observing in life, I am led to think, that persons born of high rank are in general more unassuming, and possessed of greater ease of manner, than those who are raised to the same rank by marriage, or otherwise. If what I have heard of the late

Lord Deanport be true, his lordship and his lady were instances of the truth of this remark; for he has been described to me as a man of very elegant manners. It is to be regretted, indeed, that the politeness and elegance of manner, which generally belongs to people of birth, is not always accompanied with benevolence. It gave me pain, in a company where I was lately, to hear it asserted, that the late Lord Deanport was, with all his politeness, devoid of that virtue; and that every appearance of it in his conduct proceeded from ostentation and vanity.

To return to your letter,—you have been informed, that at one time I behaved to Lord Deanport in a manner that made people imagine that his addresses were agreeable to me; and you wish to know my reasons for the alteration that afterwards took place in my conduct.—I own I intended to have concealed this from you; but the inclination you express to be acquainted with the whole is more than sufficient to make me overcome the reluctance I had to trouble you with such a communication.

N. B. The rest of this letter consists of an account of Miss Clifford's first acquaintance with Lord Deanport, the rude manner in which Lady Deanport had behaved to her, the manner in which she herself had retaliated, the alteration that took place in her ladyship's conduct; and concludes with an account of Lord Deanport's behaviour at Mr. Darnley's: but as this narrative is, in substance, the same with what is contained in the letters addressed to Mrs. Sommers, it is here omitted.

LETTER LXXVI.

LADY DIANA FRANKLIN *to* MISS HORATIA CLIFFORD.

MY DEAR HORATIA,

I HAVE considered, very attentively, the account you give of your adventure with the noble lord, and every other

part of your last letter: the whole is written with that energy and sprightliness which belong to your character. The proofs it contains of that generous and warm friendship, which has long been a source of happiness to me, affected me greatly; yet I must acknowledge that some pain was mingled with the pleasure I felt in the perusal, from the idea that your sensibility to whatever concerns me has led you a little out of the direct line of propriety, which you usually pursue. I will not allow your warm affection for myself, my dearest girl, however pleasing to my heart, to prevent me from communicating to you my real sentiments, when I find the least thing censurable in any part of your conduct.

Though you do not say it, yet I am quite certain that the manner in which you have heard that Lady Deanport expressed herself, regarding me, provoked you more than her insolence to yourself; yet your own observation might have convinced you that such intemperate expressions are more hurtful to the people who use them than to those they mean to injure, and are best answered by silent contempt.

I will not take upon me to decide whether your remark on the manners of people *born* to high rank, compared to those of persons *raised* to it, be well founded or not; but I can assure you that the construction you heard put on the late earl of Deanport's conduct is equally uncharitable and unjust. I had the honour of his acquaintance; and I always thought him a man of real politeness and benevolence. Nothing can display a more malicious turn of mind than a disposition to put bad constructions on actions which naturally would bear good ones. When a person takes trouble, and puts himself to expense, not in giving sumptuous entertainments to the great and powerful, but in relieving the wants, and preparing some comforts to the poorest and most wretched class of our fellow-creatures, how ungenerous is it to assert, or insinuate, that this proceeds from any unbecoming motive!—yet I have heard the annual entertainment provided at Portman Square, for the poor chimney-sweepers of the capital, imputed to

vanity and ostentation. The imputation gave me a very unfavourable impression of the person who made it, without, in the smallest degree, diminishing my esteem for the institutor, whose enlightened mind may exult in the reflection that her benevolent festival diffuses more enjoyment than all the luxurious entertainments that are wasted, on sated wealth, from the beginning of the year to the end.

In these sentiments, my dear Horatia, I am persuaded you join with me: but I fear we differ a little in our notions of the manner in which you resented Lady Deanport's rudeness. Instead of despising a behaviour which dishonoured her, not you, perceiving that she was alarmed at her son's attentions to you, although you had received them before with coldness, you now seemed to relish them, and assumed an air of complaisance to him, merely to vex and tease her, without regarding the construction he would put on an alteration in your behaviour, so flattering to him. I greatly suspect, that if any improper sentiment, respecting you, ever suggested itself to the mind of Lord Deanport, it was at this time; and that he never would have dared to have behaved to you as he did, when he found you alone at your uncle's, if the sudden alteration in your manner had not encouraged him.

How can his conduct be otherwise accounted for?—How came he to change his behaviour to you, immediately after you changed yours to him?—He then ventured on freedoms he had never risked before. Why did he not make a proposal of marriage when he found you alone?—he never could expect a more favourable opportunity. Instead of this, he began to take unbecoming liberties. It is clear, my dear Horatia, that the man put a libertine construction on the alteration of your behaviour to him. This alteration consisted not only in its being expressive of more kindness than formerly, but also of more than you really felt. His subsequent conduct is one proof, among ten thousand, of the construction which

men put on a coquettish behaviour in women. This is not unworthy of your serious attention, my lovely young friend. Pray observe:—The same man, who had always treated you with the most respectful politeness, takes freedoms which shock you, the moment that something of coquetry intermingles with your behaviour to him; and, as soon as you reassume your natural character, and the dignity of a virtuous woman, he is overawed, disconcerted, and, in the humblest tone, begs forgiveness.

Though I am not at all uneasy at being called an old maid, I should be sorry to be thought a prude; particularly if great austerity be implied in the word: yet I would much rather be a prude than a coquette.

It will be said, that a coquette may be a virtuous woman;—she only amuses herself by attracting the attention of men, and deceiving them with false hopes. I am not now speaking of that playful and thoughtless coquetry which has no object beyond drawing a little admiration; of that spec es of coquetry nothing need be said, but that it is sometimes a dangerous game, and that the object it aims at may be better attained by other means. But of the other kind of coquetry, I own, my opinion is very different.

Deceiving men with false hopes!—Hopes of what nature?—What do you think of this, my dear, as an occupation for a virtuous woman? For my own part, so little of a prude am I, that I do not think *that* a woman of the town is a vast deal more reprehensible.

I am sensible, my dear Horatia, that you despise real coquetry. The alteration of your behaviour to the young lord flowed from a different source: but, though different, it was not perfectly pure. You wished to punish the insolence of Lady Deanport, and the childish impertinence of the two other women, by making them believe that you had some partiality for the noble lord, and that you intended to accomplish what they dreaded. This, in my opinion, was not only improper, but superfluous: it would have been better to have overlooked the malevolence of all the three. Envy and malevolence con-

tain their own punishment; for, while those women seemed so merry, at your expense, they were, in reality, feeling more pain than they gave. Besides, my dear, you ought to have recollected that you were not only deceiving them, but also Lord Deanport, who, at that period, had given you no cause of offence.

However displeased Lady Deanport may have been with her son's attentions to you, it appears that she is of a different way of thinking now. This, I confess, I do not perfectly understand: but, since you have ranked his lordship among the polite gentlemen who are bowing to the pretty fellow in the glass, while they pretend to be making obeisance to the company, I am convinced she has no reason to dread that he ever will be the husband of my Horatia Clifford. Adieu! Yours, affectionately,

DIANA FRANKLIN.

LETTER LXXVII.

MISS HORATIA CLIFFORD *to* LADY DIANA FRANKLIN.

MY DEAR LADY DIANA, *Southbury-Park, Surry.*

THE day after sending my last letter to you, I accompanied Mr. Darnley and my aunt to this place. They had expressed a wish to pass a few days with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tranquil. Sometime this month I pressed them to put their intention into immediate execution, while the marchioness remained at Richmond, that I might not be absent when she should return to town. I wished also to have no chance of meeting Lord Deanport for some time at least.

We have passed some days, very agreeably, with this family. What can be more agreeable than living with benevolent people, of elegant manners, cultivated minds, and accommodating tempers; fond of each other, and esteemed by their neighbours?

We intended to have remained some time longer; but I have just received a letter from my brother. He has been already three days in London; and my uncle, per-

ceiving that I was impatient to see him, and, unwilling to let me go to town alone, we are all to leave this place tomorrow morning. His servant brought your letter this evening. I can have no chance of sleeping until I answer it. I will frankly tell you, my dear Lady Diana, that some parts of it vex me. I cannot subscribe to your doctrine of bearing injuries without retaliation, under the refined pretence of despising them, or on the supposition that the aggressor will be sufficiently punished by the painful sensations which malevolence excites.

What sensations malevolence excites none but wicked people can precisely know; but we see them exult, and express pleasure, in the pain they give to others. This is not easily to be borne, particularly by those they injure; nor do I see sufficient reason for not retorting upon them, and making them feel in their turn.

This is absolutely requisite for preserving the peace of society: forbearance provokes fresh insults.

I could put you in mind, my dear madam, of various instances, in which your having despised the darts of malignity, and remained passive, has only served to draw from your enemies a fresh shower, dipped in sharper poison than the former.

It is true, the point fell blunted to the ground, and the poison had no effect; but the aggressors were equally criminal; and their remaining unpunished will render them still more ready to make new attacks on you or others.

You will say, that we are enjoined to forgive our enemies. I cannot think that precept is to be understood in the literal sense, and to the extent you do; for those who contend for this entire forgiveness still think it their duty to give testimony against their injurers, and to deliver them up to the cognisance of law. I am persuaded, therefore, that this precept is wrong interpreted. When the injurer expresses sorrow or contrition, no mortal would be more ready to forgive than I; and, if those who had injured me were fallen into misfortune and misery, I hope I should have no hesitation in endeavouring to relieve them; but to allow an arrogant woman to insult and

tread upon me, as if I were a worm, without using the privilege which even worms use, is a degree of patience and long suffering which I cannot attain.

Besides, though it is written that we ought to forgive our own enemies, yet it is nowhere written that we are bound to forgive the enemies of our friends.—No, my dearest Lady Diana, I have endeavoured to imitate you in many things, particularly in that attachment to your friends, which remains unshaken, not only by their errors, but (and this is still more rare) even by their misfortunes, it never will be in my power, from the heart, to forgive those who calumniate, and show an inclination to injure, the persons I love and reverence.

The construction which, you say, may be put on coquetry, never occurred to me before. Acquitting me entirely of it, in that sense of the word, you still accuse me of having deceived Lord Deanport, by listening to his addresses with an air of greater satisfaction than I had done before;—but you forget that I told you, in my last, my dear Lady Diana, that, after he expressed a desire to serve Mrs. Denham's family, I really felt more good-will to the man; and, though I still continued to put a just value on the silly things he whispered in my ear, yet they did not create the same disgust as formerly;—so that very little deceit can be laid to my charge on that account. And as for the attentions I shewed him, immediately after Lady Deanport and the Moystons had behaved with such rudeness to me, if you had been present to see how much my complaisance disconcerted her ladyship, teased the aunt and niece, and set the whole three a *fidgetting*, I am convinced you would have been very much entertained; and, I cannot help being still of opinion, that the entertainment was a very innocent one.

As for the effect which any harmless gaiety of mine may have on him, or on any presumptuous fool or libertine whatever, I do not think myself at all answerable for it. Your ladyship, however, may be in the right in supposing that the small alteration in my conduct produced the audacity of his; and that idea will, you may be as-

sured, keep me on my guard, to prevent his having any opportunity of renewing it in future.

Whether the change in Lady Deanport's behaviour is a complete proof of her having no displeasure at her son's attentions to me, as your ladyship supposes, is what I cannot determine: nor can I comprehend from what motive she acts:—but of this I am certain, that I wish to have no farther intercourse of any kind with him, and as little as possible with her ladyship.

Having now said every thing I wished, on certain expressions in your letter, which, I own, hurt me a little, I shall go to bed and dream of my meeting with William, instead of dreaming of those same expressions, as I certainly should have done, had I not told you all that was on my heart.

Farewell! my dearest Lady Diana. Continue to love your own

HORATIA CLIFFORD.

LETTER LXXVIII.

JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq. to the* COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT.

MY DEAR COUNTESS, ——*shire, South Wales.*

I DID not imagine that the devil himself could have contrived any thing more vexatious to me than that which was the subject of my last letter.

I now find that I have under-rated the devil's talents:—he has improved on his last by a new invention to torment me; and he instigates the very person, from whom I expected relief in the midst of my sufferings, to point it against me with the most infernal energy.

I have just received a letter from Lord Deanport, full of reproaches. He accuses me of exciting your ladyship to tease him to form connections which he loaths, and to prejudice him against persons he loves. He advises me to take no farther concern in his affairs, but to look after my own, adding, with an infernal sneer, 'that he understands they require my *utmost attention.*' He does not

condescend to explain the cause of his ill-humour; but Townly informs me, 'that Lord Deanport had failed in the execution of his instructions, had made a premature and feeble attack on the damsel, by which, instead of carrying her in his own terms, he had discovered to her that she could have him on hers; and, in consequence of this, she had beaten him out of his pursuit, and dismissed him from her presence, with all the dignity of the heroine of a romance; which has enraged him against me, made him break with Townly, and rendered him more her admirer than before.'—Townly adds, 'that he is fully convinced that the next news I shall hear of them will be their marriage; for it is not to be doubted that a woman of so much address as Miss Clifford has shown herself to be, will, to prevent accidents and anticipate his repentance, take care to have the ceremony performed as soon after the proposal as possible.'

I dare swear he has already made the proposal, and that his lordship's fury against me is in consequence of an explanation and treaty with the lady.

This is the more likely, as Townly informs me that Miss Clifford's brother is returned from abroad, and, since his arrival at London, has been much with his lordship.—I know they were intimate formerly.

This, unquestionably, is an unfortunate business, and much to be regretted. Nothing could have been more wisely arranged than your ladyship's scheme of uniting him to Miss Moyston. *She* would have been easily guided by your ladyship; her immense fortune would have enabled him to be useful to his friends; and she would have enjoyed about as much of his affections as Miss Clifford will do half a year hence. These considerations are, no doubt, painful. My fear that they may make too deep an impression on a mind of such exquisite sensibility as that of your ladyship, and, perhaps, prompt you to a conduct inconsistent with your usual prudence and lasting interest, is the cause of my submitting the following suggestions to your calm consideration.

In the present state of Lord Deanport's mind, he is not

to be reasoned with. Opposition to what he seems so determined on would be vain, and might provoke him to measures highly distressing to your ladyship. *If I remember right, the additional thousand pounds of jointure is not as yet confirmed by an irrevocable deed.*

Your ladyship has already condescended to make advances to Miss Clifford. Though this was done with different prospects than exist at present, yet it will be highly expedient to continue the same conduct, and let her carry her point: she cannot fail being greatly flattered. Her influence with Lord Deanport will be without any limits while it lasts—but it will not last long after their marriage. You may apply that interval to an important use. The young lady is of a careless disposition respecting money: the least hint, if you are on friendly terms with her, will make her eager to fix the affair of the jointure—vanity will hurry her on to it. The time will come, no doubt, when she will repent it; and that time will be when his lordship begins to feel remorse for having preferred her to Miss Moyston. He will regret, at the same time, very probably, the augmentation of your jointure; but it will then be too late.

From what I have heard of Miss Clifford, I am convinced that, while she lives on good terms with her husband, she will allow no other person to have the management of him: but they will not live on good terms a vast while. Her beauty, which, whatever other qualities she may possess, is the only one that *he* values, will soon become familiar to him. Women, whom at present he considers as less handsome, will then appear more beautiful than her. He will neglect her; she will despise him, without taking the trouble to conceal it; in consequence of which he will hate her. Your ladyship will then seize the reins; and may, with prudent management and address, govern him for life.

I heartily hope that your admirable good sense will prevent the recollection of Miss Clifford's former insolence from precluding, or even retarding, a line of conduct so strongly required by the present circumstances. Let not

your pride be at all alarmed by this behaviour. Please to recollect, that by acting as I advise, so far from submitting to Miss Clifford, you are using her as a mere tool for effecting your own purposes. Though I desire you to conciliate the mind of the girl by every appearance of affection, you cannot think I have an idea that your ladyship should abate the least portion of the genuine hatred you feel against her, and which you may rely on my assisting you to gratify, at a proper opportunity, by any safe means which you may propose.

Your ladyship knows of what importance his lordship's favour is to me, particularly after the diabolical dispensation that has lately taken place: you cannot doubt, therefore, of my having adopted the plan I recommend. Notwithstanding the stinging severity of some expressions in his letter to me, I have answered in a style calculated to remove his resentment:—in the language of self-condemnation, I retract every insinuation against the purity of Miss Clifford's character and the lustre of her beauty—I pretend to have just received the most delightful account of that young lady's disposition from a person who had known her from her childhood: no accomplishment or quality that can render a woman amiable is omitted.—I hope he will show her my letter,—I take due notice of his discernment in preferring her to such a vulgar dowdy as Miss Moyston, and selecting such a genuine jewel from the counterfeits that glitter in every assembly. This would be thought too sudden a wheel, and too strong a dose of flattery, by those who are unacquainted with the real reach of his discernment, and his capacity in swallowing praise.

I hope soon to have the honour of throwing myself at the feet of your ladyship; being, with the sincerest and most inviolable attachment, your faithful, &c.

J. GRINDILL.

P. S. I saw a gentleman yesterday who had just arrived from London: he told me that he had seen your ladyship at an assembly with Mrs. Demure; he gave me

the pleasure of knowing that you looked charmingly: he also commended her appearance. But I could not help smiling when he added—'that what struck him most was the looks of mutual affection that passed between you and that lady:' he said 'it afforded him real pleasure to see such genuine marks of friendship, as, he was persuaded, existed between you.'

From the account with which you once favoured me of that lady, it is pretty evident that this gentleman is no very accurate physiognomist.

LETTER LXXIX.

Mrs. Berkley *to* Lady Diana Franklin.

DEAR LADY DIANA, *Exeter.*

I intended to have done myself the honour of waiting on you; but am prevented by a threatening of my old complaint; which obliges me to trouble you with this letter: the subject of which I shall acquaint you with in as few words as I can.

My nephew, Mr. Carelton, I find, is greatly smitten with your young friend Miss Clifford. Indeed, I am not surprised at it; for, though I understand she has no such fortune as could be a temptation to him, yet, I must confess, that a lovelier or genteeler young woman I have seldom seen, either in Devonshire, London, or anywhere else.

He informs me, that his intention, when last in London, was to have mentioned this matter to Miss Clifford's uncle, Mr. Darnley; of whom, by the way, every body, almost without exception, speaks well: but, understanding that the earl of Deanport was at that time paying his addresses to her, he thought it most prudent to desist. But, since he came to the country, he has received a letter from one of his friends in London, assuring him that his lordship's suit is now entirely at an end. As soon, therefore, as my nephew has concluded the business which brought him to the country, I have reason to believe that

he intends to return directly to London, with a view to pay his addresses to Miss Clifford.

I can assure your ladyship, that, both from what I saw, and from what I have heard you and others relate, of that young lady, I most heartily wish he may succeed. The chief consideration, which renders this at all doubtful to me, is her having refused Lord Deanport; because it rarely happens that a simple gentlewoman refuses to marry an earl; and the reason is plain,—though men have various methods of being made lords, marriage is the only means by which spinsters can be made ladies. But Miss Clifford's refusing him may have proceeded from her having a prepossession for, or being under an insurmountable engagement with, another. If either of those happens to be the case, I should take it as a great favour, and yet not greater, I hope, than your friendship for me will incline you to bestow, to give me a hint of it.

My reason for making this request I will frankly tell to your ladyship. About seven or eight years ago, when my nephew was only twenty years of age, he fell desperately in love with a lady, five years, at least, older than himself, but still a good deal admired for her beauty; who, after having encouraged his addresses some months, married a rich West-India merchant, to whom she said she had been engaged from her childhood.

In consequence of this, my nephew fell into a dejection of spirits, which alarmed all his friends, and particularly myself, who have the most affectionate regard for him,—as well I may, for a better disposed young man, I will venture to say, England cannot boast.

My nephew succeeded to the great Wiltshire estate the year immediately after, though there had been no less than two lives between him and it at the time when the lady preferred her merchant, who, by the way, has since become a bankrupt, which made her, no doubt, grievously repent having refused my nephew. I do not mention this from any satisfaction it gives me, for I hope I am a better Christian than to rejoice in any person's misfortune; but I cannot help thinking, that whatever

pain and remorse this woman may experience, she well deserves it, as a just punishment for her folly.

To cure him of love, my nephew was advised to turn his head to politics, because they usually beget hatred. He accordingly obtained a seat in parliament, applied his mind to public affairs, and his spirits have ever since been rising in proportion to the prosperity of the country.

With regard to both his own estates, I believe I need not inform your ladyship, that, taken together, they are considerably more valuable than Lord Deanport's, and they are quite clear of debts and encumbrances. I know that your ladyship regards titles and estate as of less importance than a good character: and I dare say you have inspired the same sentiments into your young friend, who has been for some years in a manner what Lady Mincing calls your *elève*.

I shall therefore give you my nephew's character in a few words. He is a stout comely youth, of twenty-nine years of age; rather full-faced; and in person what Lady Mincing, who often prefers a French word to an English, would call *embonpoint*, though *plump*, in my opinion, would do as well.

He is good-natured and obliging, having always, from his youth, done to the best of his abilities what his nearest relations desired him to do; which, your ladyship will admit, is a valuable disposition in a husband; because, when a man is married, his wife becomes his nearest relation.

He is of a sedate temper, and solid understanding, though given to silence through modesty. He never spoke in the House of Commons but once; when, in the middle of a debate, a certain noisy member, looking accidentally at him, bellowed, 'Hear! hear! hear!'—to which my nephew calmly replied, '*I never do any thing else, sir;*' which immediately got the applause of the whole house, and showed that he could speak to the purpose when he pleased.

My nephew is rather charitable to the poor than otherwise, which, I know, is a quality particularly esteemed

by your ladyship; and, I dare say, he will be more so still, if Miss Clifford desires him.

Your ladyship may have heard it laid to my nephew's charge, that he never applies to the people in power, with whom he has influence, in favour of any of his poor friends or acquaintance. This is very true; but it does not proceed from want of good-will to the people, but merely because, as he needs nothing for himself, he does not choose to be laid under any kind of obligation. As he keeps a remarkable good table, is extremely hospitable, and represents one of the oldest families in the county, few men are more respected.

Having now, using the freedom of an old acquaintance, represented those things to your ladyship, I renew my request, that if you know (and nobody is so likely to know it as yourself) of Miss Clifford's being engaged to another man, you will be so obliging as to acquaint me, that I may prevent my nephew from embarking in a hopeless project, and being subjected to a mortification similar to that from which he suffered so severely on a former occasion.

But, on the contrary, if the dear young lady is entirely disengaged, my nephew will immediately set out for London, to pay his addresses to her, in the hopes that you will promote his suit with your influence:—in doing which, your ladyship will not only most particularly oblige an old friend; but also, as I am firmly persuaded, greatly contribute to the happiness of the young lady.

I beg you will present my best compliments to Mrs. Denham, whom every body must think exceedingly lucky, in the midst of her misfortunes, in having a friend like you. I remain, your ladyship's most sincere friend, and obedient servant,

A. BERKLEY.

LETTER LXXX.

Lady Diana Franklin to Miss Horatia Clifford.

Plimpton.

If you were as determined to live single as I am, my dear Horatia, you would find it more difficult to adhere to your resolution than I ever did; because a greater number of people are interested in persuading you to abandon it. No sooner have you dismissed one suitor than another appears. I have just received the inclosed letter from my old acquaintance Mrs. Berkley.—I do not remember ever to have seen the gentleman; but I have often heard him spoken of as a very worthy man. Every body agrees in his being extremely good-natured, modest, and by no means deficient in understanding. He is of an honourable family, much respected in the county. He appears to greater disadvantage in his aunt's letter than in any account I ever received of him; but that proceeds from the peculiar character and style of my old friend, and will have no effect on your judgment, particularly as you have seen, and are in some degree acquainted with, Mr. Carelton.

Modesty and good-nature are valuable qualities; and, when joined to a good understanding, never fail to form an estimable character, and one far more likely to secure domestic felicity than some which are composed of more brilliant qualities. How many women have I known, who have been rendered neglected and miserable wives by those very qualities in their husbands for which they themselves most admired them before marriage! whereas good-nature, probity, and plain good sense, are securities for a man's continuing an affectionate husband to a virtuous wife for ever. And if with these, he is in possession of a large fortune, the pleasure of her life will increase with her power of doing good. A woman of this disposition is not only an ornament to her husband, but an extensive blessing to the country in which she lives.

That she might not imagine I had consulted you before I answered her letter, I wrote to Mrs. Berkley directly, that I knew of no engagement of the nature she mentioned; that I knew too little of Mr. Carelton to offer any advice; and so, with a few civil expressions to my old friend, concluded my letter. I dare say you will see Mr. Carelton some time next week, and will then judge for yourself; but, before you come to an absolute decision, I shall, perhaps, hear from you.

I hope you will have a happy meeting with your brother.—Adieu, my dearest Horatia!

D. FRANKLIN.

LETTER LXXXI.

MISS HORATIA CLIFFORD *to* LADY DIANA FRANKLIN.

London.

I CONFESS, my dear Lady Diana, that I am a little mortified at your having answered that strange letter of Mrs. Berkley in the style you did; as also with the conclusion of yours to me, in which you seem to think me in such danger of marrying a libertine wit, that you are disposed to push me into the arms of a good-natured dunce.

Though I do not expect ever to experience the mighty passion of love in the degree that poets and romance-writers describe, yet I hope not to be thought very romantic in determining never to be the wife of a man for whom I have not a very high *esteem*. And, without harbouring any doubt of the gentleman in question being sedate, good-natured, well-disposed, and *plump* into the bargain, I acknowledge that I do not precisely entertain that sentiment for him.

I will not condemn those women, who, having no warmer sentiment for any other, consent to marry men, for whom they have a complete indifference, from views of wealth, grandeur, or from compliance with the request of their relations; but I cannot envy them their prudence

nor complaisance. I was blest with parents who never would have urged me on such a subject: but had it been otherwise, I am convinced I should have displayed a degree of resistance to their inclination which I never showed on any other occasion.

On this principle I acted, when, pretty early in life, I refused the hand of a young man, of immense wealth, abroad; and, lately, when, with less hesitation, I rejected the proposals of Lord Deanport. I never, for a moment, repented my determination, and, I am fully satisfied, never shall. Yet I imagine that I have a due regard for wealth, and that I put a proper value on the comforts and conveniences it puts in our power. From such observations as I have been able to make, I am led to believe, that few things are so much over-valued, in this country particularly, as riches.

For my part, I am certain that I should feel more lasting mortification and pain from being put to the blush by one instance of ignorance, dulness, want of spirit, or of generosity, in my husband, than I could receive pleasure from his possessing the wealth of ten nabobs, and living in all the magnificence of the East.—Good heaven! how many personages do we see yawning through life in magnificence! I have a notion that I know a greater number of very opulent people, particularly of our sex, who pass their lives with less enjoyment, and more fretting, than any class, except, perhaps, those who are in want of the common conveniencies of life.

The fate of poor Fanny Faukener, with whom I was intimately acquainted at Lausanne, made a strong impression on my mind.

I have known few young women of more amiable dispositions, more accomplished, or more capable of rendering a man of sense and sentiment happy, and of being rendered happy by him.

Her greatest weakness lay in her having too little reliance in her own judgment, and being too pliant to the importunities of others. She was persuaded, by her relations, to marry Mr. Buckram, a young man who, by

the death of an elder brother, had acquired an immense fortune. Her relations assured her, 'that he was the best young man in the world;' and when she confessed to them, that, in spite of his good qualities, it was impossible for her to meet with a man for whom she could feel more indifference, she was told, *that* was an objection of no importance, because she might come to like him more, but would never like him less, which was an advantage many married women did not enjoy. She might, perhaps, have taken a small bias in his favour, from the reflection that he had given a preference to her over the prodigious number of young ladies in London, whom he might have had for the asking; but one of her good-natured friends informed her in confidence, a little after her marriage, that Mr. Buckram had never once thought of paying his addresses to her until he was desired to do so by his grandmother.

Yet, although Mr. Buckram had never paid Miss Faukener any particular attention before, he thought it his duty to fall in love with her as soon as his grandmother signified her inclination that he should do so; and, from the same sense of duty and decorum, he was very attentive to her after she became his wife.

Mr. Buckram was a great observer of decorum and uniformity, and particularly fond of whatever was new. As he had taken a wife, which was quite a *new* thing to him, to please his grandmother, he resolved to have other parts of his establishment as new as her, to please himself.

He therefore took a new house, ordered new furniture, new carriages, new liveries; caused his old pictures, particularly a holy family by Raphael, to be new varnished; and he exchanged an antique statue, which his father had brought from Rome, for one a great deal newer. He rejected the proposal of having some old family jewels to be new set for his wife, and ordered others for her, all spick and span new:—In short, every thing he presented her with was new, except his ideas: of these he had but a

scanty portion; and, what few he had, were worn threadbare by use.

The frequent repetition of observations, not worth making, was rather tiresome to the most patient of his acquaintance, but to his wife became oppressive. As Mr. Buckram was a very good-natured man, he would probably have corrected this, in some degree, if he had had any suspicion of it; but, unfortunately, however tiresome his observations were to others, they seemed so amusing to himself, that he generally introduced them with a simper, and accompanied them with a laugh.

As young Mr. Buckram lived as well, according to the phrase, as most men, he had abundance of visitors. His house was peculiarly convenient to some of his wife's relations, who were fond of entertainments, and to whom it was more agreeable to enjoy them in their friend's houses than in their own. Poor Fanny was thought by some to have been made a sacrifice to this taste of her nearest relations; for, whatever happiness they might have in her house, she had none. She was miserable, however, in a different style from other unfortunate people; not from want, but from superabundance:—she had a profusion of every thing, and seemed to have a relish for nothing. There were few things of which she had a greater share, and for which she had a smaller relish, than her husband's company: indeed, few women would have been flattered with the reason he gave for bestowing on her so much of it. He said he considered it as a duty, incumbent on every husband, to be as much with his wife as his other avocations would permit. What he began from a sense of duty, he continued from habit. But habit had an opposite effect on her: she relished his company less and less; and, when she told him that she was so dejected she could not utter a word, (which was often the case), he declared that he would remain with her, on purpose to raise her spirits by his conversation.

When I first knew Fanny Faukener, she lived with her mother, in a frugal manner, and she was one of the most cheerful girls I was ever acquainted with.

When I visited her after her marriage, I found her in a house like a palace, surrounded with gaudy superfluity: but she, herself, with a face of langour and dejection. At sight of me her features were enlivened; I recognised the countenance of my old companion; but, her husband coming in, it resumed its former dejection. Nothing, to be sure, could be more teasingly ceremonious than the behaviour, or more oppressively insipid than the conversation, of this worthy man. His wife blushed as often as he spoke. She made one attempt to get rid of him, by putting him in mind of an engagement. 'There would be more impropriety,' said he, 'in leaving you and this lady, my dear, than in breaking the engagment.' —I entreated he might use no ceremony. He said, 'he understood politeness better.'

When I saw the case desperate, I rose to withdraw. He led me through several rooms to exhibit his new-coloured pictures, and the splendour of the furniture.—'You see, madam,' said he, addressing me, 'that your friend is in possession of every thing that can render a woman happy.'—The tears started into my poor friend's eyes; and I hurried away, that she might not see I had perceived it.

If I had not been so determined before, this example would have made me resolve never to be the wife of a man I did not both love and esteem in a supreme degree, whatever his wealth and his good-nature might be.

Unquestionably, instances may be produced of women who have been rendered unhappy by husbands whom they both loved and esteemed at the time of their marriage:—but even those women, though on the whole unfortunate, had enjoyment for a certain period at least; whereas poor Mrs. Buckram has never had a day free from *tedium* since that of her marriage. Her hours, which formerly danced away as lightly as those of Guido's Aurora, now move at a snail's pace, along a heavy cheerless road. All she has to quicken them is, a constant *routine* of entertainments she *dislikes*, in the company of a man whom she was persuaded to marry on account of his riches; who, she knew,

had married her at the request of his *grandmother;* who kept her company at first from a sense of *duty;* and who now declares he can no more live without her than he can without snuff. She hears it daily repeated, however, by her own relations, that she has been wonderfully fortunate in her marriage, and that she is one of the happiest women in England; and if any of her husband's relations, particularly his grandmother, chance to be present, the poor girl suppresses a sigh, constrains her features into a smile, and answers—'Oh dear! yes, I am very—very happy indeed!'

I am certain, my friend, that a want of elevation of mind in my husband, an insensibility to that honourable distinction which arises from talent and character, would render my fate similar to that of poor Fanny Faukener. Good sense, generosity, and spirit, with humanity, are indispensable requisites in the husband who has any chance to render my condition happier than it is.

I began this immediately after receiving yours; and shall send it by this night's post, that you may contrive, if possible, to save the plump gentleman the fatigue of a journey to London, and a mortification when he arrives, that I am convinced will be as painful for me to give, as for him to receive.

I have not yet seen my brother. I expect that pleasure every minute. Adieu! my dear Lady Diana.

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER LXXXII.

LADY DIANA FRANKLIN *to* MISS HORATIA CLIFFORD.

MY DEAR HORATIA, *Plimpton.*

I WRITE this to free you from all apprehension of being visited by the person whose addresses would, you say, distress you. Immediately on receiving yours, I wrote to Mrs. Berkley in terms that will, unquestionably, induce her to prevent her nephew from taking the journey he intended.

Perhaps I judged wrong in sending you her letter. But as you had frequently seen, and were, in some degree, acquainted with the gentleman, and, as I expected that, at all events, you would have opportunities of knowing him still better in the course of the visits he proposed making to you, I thought your judgment would not be misled by the awkward light in which he is put by my old friend in her letter to me. Instead of making extracts, therefore, I sent you the original.—This might have convinced you that I meant to leave you to your own reflections, without wishing to attempt persuasion.

Be assured, my dear, that I never shall endeavour to persuade you to marry a man you do not like; but knowing that Mr. Carelton was a gentleman much respected in the county, on account of his family, fortune, and benevolent character, I thought it highly proper that you should have allowed yourself to be more fully acquainted with him before you should come to the decision of rejecting his suit.

Though I never shall wish you to marry a man you dislike, yet I am not so fully certain, my dear Horatia, that I may not wish you to dislike some man whom you may have an inclination to marry.—You are wrong in thinking I am disposed to push you into the arms of a dunce on purpose to secure you from falling into those of a libertine. I hope you will fall into the hands of neither. But I acknowledge that it is my decided opinion that you would have opportunities of doing more good, and would be a happier woman, on the whole, as the wife of a man of the character of Mr. Carelton, than by being married to a man of brighter talents, looser principles, and less benevolence.

I am sufficiently acquainted with your turn of mind, to know that you are not to be bribed into matrimony by fortune or by rank; but I do think, my dearest Horatia, that there is a possibility of your being allured into it by qualities in a man, which give as little security for a wife's happiness as either fortune or rank; and it would be easy for me to give you the history of women married to men

of bright talents and acknowledged wit, who have been rendered fully as unhappy by marriage as your friend Fanny Faukener. This consideration, my dear, may make those who are solicitous for your welfare wish, that, instead of becoming the wife of a brilliant man of this kind, you were united to a respectable man, of a disposition and fortune to allow your beneficent and generous mind free scope.

I have heard again from the marchioness: she seems highly delighted with what she has seen of the country of England; she is greatly struck with the high cultivation, the pleasing variety, and smiling verdure of the fields. This is often the case with French people. But I never met with one of them who did not think London *un triste sejour* in comparison with Paris—I mean before the revolution; for, since that period, I should think the latter by much the most mournful abode on earth: yet I am told it is not so. I have heard that the Parisian women are more gay and fantastical in their dress than ever: and that the men frisk through the streets, humming cheerful airs, as merrily as before.—Is this credible? Or shall we say, that, like Cymon in the fable,

> 'They whistle as they walk, for want of thought!'

Pray write the moment you have seen your brother. Yours affectionately,

D. FRANKLIN.

LETTER LXXXIII.

MISS HORATIA CLIFFORD *to* LADY DIANA FRANKLIN.

London.

AFTER so long an absence, I was most impatient to meet my brother.—A few kind expressions in his letter had effaced the impression which some part of his conduct had left on my mind; I recollected nothing but the agreeable scenes of our childhood, and his striking likeness to my father. On our way to town, I put my uncle and aunt in mind of this resemblance.

My uncle said, 'he hoped that time and reflection would incline William to endeavour, in all respects, to resemble the excellent man to whom he had so strong a likeness in the features of his countenance.' My aunt, with whom my brother ever was a favourite, added, 'that she was sure it would be so.'

The tender remembrance of my father, ever linked to that of my mother, gratitude for the kindness of my uncle and aunt, a thousand endearing ideas and recollections, rushed on my mind at once. When I attempted to thank them for the pleasing hopes they imparted, my heart was so full that I could not articulate—I pressed their hands, and burst into tears; yet my sensations were not painful: and though I hardly spoke during the whole of our journey, my reverie was not painful.

I sent word to my brother of our arrival. We expected to have seen him that night—he did not come till the following day.

Mrs. Demure called soon after breakfast. As my uncle expected William every instant, and did not wish to have our first interview disturbed with the presence of any stranger, he had given orders to admit nobody.

Mrs. Demure found her way in, notwithstanding. She made her apology, by saying, 'she knew we were all at home, and waiting for my brother; that she would withdraw as soon as he arrived; but, in the interval, she hoped we would forgive her impatience to see friends for whom she had so high a value as soon as possible after their return from the country.'

I asked if she had seen my brother, and how he looked.

She answered, with a vivacity unusual to her, 'that she *had* seen him the preceding night at Lady Deanport's assembly, to which he had been brought by his lordship, with whom he had almost constantly been ever since his arrival; that his appearance was generally admired; and some of the ladies present had pronounced him to be the handsomest man in town.'

'That would not have been the case, perhaps,' said my uncle, 'if your friend Mr. Mordaunt had been present.'

'My friend!' she repeated, with an air of surprise.—'I cannot conceive, Mr. Darnley, what should make you think Mr. Mordaunt a particular friend of mine.'

'I did not say a *particular* friend, madam,' replied Mr. Darnley.

'Mr. Mordaunt,' resumed she, 'is, unquestionably, of my acquaintance.'

'I meant no more,' said he.—'We are apt to call people's acquaintance their friends, though the people themselves may, perhaps, have reason to think them their enemies.'

'We are so, Mr. Darnley,' replied she, simpering, and with an air of indifference: 'but the person you mentioned happens to be neither friend nor enemy of mine. Yet, if I recollect his figure perfectly, even if he were in town, I should think Mr. Clifford still the handsomest. —Would not *you*, my dear?' added she, looking to me.

I reminded her that I had been in the country or abroad when Mr. Mordaunt was last in town, and had never seen the gentleman.

My aunt said 'she had seen him; that he was, certainly, both a handsome and an agreeable man: though,' she added, 'I must confess I am of Mrs. Demure's opinion, that he is not quite so handsome as my nephew.'

'Quite so handsome!' exclaimed Mrs Demure; 'not within a hundred degrees so handsome; nor can he be compared with your nephew, Mr. Darnley, in any respect, either in mind or body.'

'I will not pretend to give any opinion on Mr. Mordaunt's beauty, after the point has been decided against him by much better judges,' said my uncle, smiling; 'but I think he is generally allowed to be a man of wit.'

'Many a man,' replied Mrs. Demure, 'who passes for a wit among fools, would be thought a fool among wits.'

'It is pretty clear,' said my uncle, 'that the gentleman in question has not had the wit to retain your favourable opinion.'

'He could not retain what he never possessed,' replied she, with quickness. Then, turning to my aunt and me,

she added,—' I cannot conceive how we come to talk so much about a man whom none present have any concern with, when we are in expectation of seeing one in whom we are all so much interested.'

This is not the first time I have remarked that the mention of the name of Mr. Mordaunt seemed to agitate Mrs. Demure. There are particular points on which the most circumspect are thrown off their guard. Mrs. Demure creates a strong suspicion that Mr. Mordaunt is a person who interests her a great deal by her earnest and repeated declarations that he does not interest her at all.

What my uncle said was without any meaning beyond the plain import of his words. He mentioned Mr. Mordaunt merely as a common acquaintance of Mrs. Demure's. I have some reason to believe he thinks somewhat differently now.

Mrs. Demure regretted that my brother was on such an intimate footing with Lord Deanport, who seems to be as little a favourite of hers as Mr. Mordaunt.

I recollect Lord Deanport's having told me that he had met with my brother abroad. He spoke of him in high terms of commendation. The panegyric afforded me small satisfaction, because I had no high opinion either of his lordship's sincerity or judgment.

My brother did not arrive till near one o'clock. He was received by Mr. and Mrs. Darnley in the most affectionate manner. I need not tell you how I was affected at seeing him. Mrs. Demure did not leave us till a considerable time after his arrival. She then repeated her apology for having intruded at such a moment among near relations: for which, she hoped, her warm regard for *all the company* would be received as an excuse.

My brother handed her to her carriage—a ceremony I hardly ever saw him perform; but, indeed, he could not well avoid it on the present occasion; for, as she retired, she actually presented her hand to him; and, after she was in the carriage, she continued to speak to him with an air of great satisfaction, and did not order her coachman to drive on till she saw me at the window.

My aunt had before this told me, 'that, previous to my brother's going abroad, he had seemed to be a good deal captivated with Mrs. Demure; that her behaviour then was so cold to him, that he had fallen off in his assiduities; but that she had certainly repented afterwards of the neglect she had shown him, for of late she seemed fond of speaking of my brother to her, and always with commendation.'

My aunt at one time added, 'that if Mrs. Demure really had a partiality for William, which she began to hope, nothing could be more fortunate for him; because she would make just such a wife as suited him in all respects, being a woman of great beauty, wealthy, and of admirable good sense.'

If this woman were possessed of all the wealth of Peru, I should be shocked with the alliance. The emotion she always betrays at the name of Mordaunt I do not like; the adventure in Kensington has left a very unfavourable impression on my mind; and I am by no means pleased with her behaviour to my aunt. Though she is more cautious before my uncle, she flatters her intollerably when he is not present. After pouring forth rather a profusion of this incense, the other day, she ventured to insinuate something in favour of the acuteness of her discernment and reach of her judgment. My aunt blushed—begged she would give over;—but that same evening she told me, 'that Mrs. Demure was by much the most judicious woman of her acquaintance.'

My aunt told me, at the same time, 'that she had blamed her friend for the coldness she had formerly shown to William.' This accounts for the alteration in her behaviour now.

She also informed me, 'that Mrs. Demure had succeeded to a considerable West-India estate since the death of her husband;' adding, 'that as she believed I had more influence with my brother than herself, that I could not use it more for his advantage than by advising him to pay his addresses to Mrs. Demure.'

Without informing her of all I thought on that sub-

ject, I answered, 'that the effect of my advice on the last person to whom I ventured to give it was sufficient to prevent my attempting any thing of that nature again; that a young lady, a relation of my own, who I had reason to believe of as docile a character as my brother, but whose face was rather plain, affected the lisp of a distinguished beauty; that all her acquaintance knowing that she could speak in the most distinct manner, turned her into ridicule; but as I had a great deal of good-will to the young woman, this gave me uneasiness, and I advised her, in the gentlest and most friendly terms, to give over lisping; she thanked me for my *obliging* advice, has always avoided speaking to me since, and lisps more than ever to all the world beside.'

Where have I been wandering? Do I not abuse the privilege you gave me of writing whatever occurs. Without troubling myself with arrangement, I sat down with the intention of giving the particulars of what passed between William and me when we were left alone. I still have time, and now you shall have them.

MY DEAR LADY DIANA,

I must defer them to another opportunity. My aunt has just informed me that Lady Blunt met with a very extraordinary accident as she returned last night from the opera. Her chair was stopped near her own house, which is in a remote street, her footman knocked down, the flambeau snatched out of his hand, and thrust through the glass of the chair, which was overset, as were both the chairmen, by three ruffians, who rushed suddenly upon them, and, as soon as they had performed this strange exploit, made their escape.

The most unaccountable circumstance is, that no attempt was made to rob her ladyship: but, by the account which my aunt received, her face is scorched by the flambeau, and she is otherwise a good deal hurt.

This affair has agitated and disordered my aunt so much, that I do not choose to quit her long. Adieu! my beloved friend.

H. C.

LETTER LXXXIV.

MISS HORATIA CLIFFORD *to* LADY DIANA FRANKLIN.

London.

I WAS a good deal surprised to find Mrs. Demure again with my aunt in the evening. Her pretext for calling was to know the particulars of the accident that has happened to Lady Blunt, for whom she expressed very great concern. She informed us, however, of a circumstance we had not before heard. The three men who stopped her ladyship's chair were frightened, it seems, by a carriage which was passing. This accounts for their having fled without robbing her; and renders it probable, that their thrusting the burning torch into the chair happened in consequence of their alarm and confusion. Poor Lady Blunt is miserably scorched, but in no danger.

If Mrs. Demure returned in the evening in the hope of seeing William, she was disappointed. He sent a note to inform Mr. Darnley that he was engaged to supper. A little after this note arrived, Mrs. Demure recollected that she had an engagement, and took her leave.

I will now inform you of what passed between William and me on the day we first met.

As soon as my uncle and aunt left us together, my brother informed me, 'that Lord Deanport had acquainted him with what he termed his *passion* for me, and that he had authorized him to make me an offer of his hand.'

I expressed my obligation to his lordship; but assured my brother that I declined the offer.

He affected to believe that I was not in earnest, saying, 'he was sure I could not be *so great a fool* as to refuse an alliance so very honourable.'

I told him that 'I really was a fool of that magnitude.'

'What!' said he, 'have you entered into any rash engagement with another man, which you fancy you cannot get over.'

'I am not quite such a fool as that,' I replied.

'Come, come, Horatia,' said he, 'let us talk frankly: I know you are a girl of sense and spirit; I know also that you have your own share of pride. You are provoked that Lady Deanport should have shewn herself averse to her son's inclinations: but we must make allowances for the humours of an ambitious woman, who certainly had higher views for a son, whose rank and fortune entitle him to the hand of the noblest heiress in England.'

'I not only make allowance for her humours, my dear brother,' answered I; 'but I heartily wish her success in her high views; and I am as averse as her ladyship can possibly be to her son's giving up his hopes of the noblest heiress in England, and dwindling to the husband of a plain spinstress, the sister of William Clifford.'

Deceived by the playful manner in which I spoke this, he seemed still more convinced that I was entirely in jest.

'You will no sooner be countess of Deanport,' said he, 'than you will be totally independent of her ladyship.'

'I cannot be more independent of her than I am at present.'

'I can assure you, my dear sister, that you will have nothing to fear from that quarter; for, between you and me, Lord Deanport has no great veneration for her ladyship.'

'You cannot mean it as a recommendation of his lordship, my dear William, that he has no veneration for his mother.'

'Poh! you know what I mean,' said he.—'But, though Lord Deanport seems a little vain and haughty, yet, upon the whole, he is of a character that may easily be governed.'

'But I am of a character, not to wish a man for my husband who needs to be governed.'

'Why, your favourite, Pope, says,' rejoined he, 'that *every woman would be a queen for life*.'

'I suspect that Pope understood poetry better than women, brother.'

'In this article, however, I have a great notion that his maxim is just,' replied he.

'Well, if you will think it just in general, you must allow me to be an exception; for, so far from wishing to be a queen, I do not desire even to be a countess.'

'Poh! poh! we have had enough of jesting. This is an important business, and the sooner it is finally concluded the better. You must be sensible, sister, that I sincerely wish your happiness.'

'Are not you sensible, my dear brother, that I *wish* it as sincerely?'

'Whatever you may wish, you do not seem to know so well how it is to be obtained.'

'Now, my dear William, do you really in your conscience, think, that, with all your superior knowledge in other respects, you are a better judge than myself of what will make me happy?'

'Without entering into a needless dispute,' replied he, 'about which is the *best* judge, since there can be no doubt that we both have your happiness at heart, let us cordially join in bringing it about.—It will be rendered more certain by your marriage with Lord Deanport, than by any other measure that can be adopted.—He is my friend.—You do not know the happiness that awaits you. —Let me guide you, my dear Horatia, in this point.'

'That is to say, my dear William,' replied I, 'that, before it is determined which is the best judge, you would have me to make you the *sole* judge.'

Without taking any notice of this, he proceeded to enumerate all the tempting circumstances that would result to me from such a splendid connection. When he had finished, 'One essential advantage,' I said, 'would still be wanting.'

'What is that?' said he.

'Sincere affection for my husband,' replied I.

'Affection!' repeated he, with a peevish and disdainful tone. 'Why should you want affection for him?'

'It is unnecessary to declare *why*,' said I calmly: 'since, whatever be the cause, the fact is certain.'

He seemed provoked, and spoke in a passionate manner.

'After so long an absence, my dear William,' said I, 'taking hold of his hand, let us not quarrel the very first day we meet. Why should our thinking differently on a subject, which personally concerns me only, occasion any coldness between us?'

'It concerns me very materially also,' said he.

'How?'

'Lord Deanport is my friend.'

'Let him remain your friend: I shall regard him as such; but shall never be connected with him by any nearer tie. And I cannot conceive why that should disturb you.'

'I lie under obligations to Lord Deanport,' said he.

'Obligations to Lord Deanport!' exclaimed I.

'Yes, I owe him a gaming debt of considerable amount, which I contracted abroad; and he has advanced me two thousand pounds, which I had immediate occasion for, since I came to London.'

I was sorry to hear that my brother lay under such obligations to Lord Deanport, and shocked at the implication that his mentioning them to me at this time seemed to convey.

I saw nothing pressing, however, in the nature of the first; but I told him that 'I was surprised he should have thought of borrowing from Lord Deanport, and that the borrowed money should be repaid directly;' offering at the same time to sell out of the funds for that purpose.

As you disapproved of me formerly, for advancing money to him on a particular emergency, I fear you will blame me, my dear Lady Diana, for what I have now done: but I saw my brother distressed: I could not bear the idea of his remaining in Lord Deanport's debt for money actually advanced. The stock has been sold,—the money was brought to me by my broker,—and I delivered it to my brother, with my own hand, as neither of us wished the transaction to be known. I had before ex-

acted a promise from him that he would lay his affairs open to Mr. Darnley, who had expressed a desire to assist him in arranging them; and that he would restore the management of them to Mr. Proctor. My brother dined with my uncle and aunt the same day,—declared his intention of setting out in a short time for Northumberland. He seemed in high spirits; and my uncle, with whom you know he never was a great favourite, was delighted with his behaviour. I cannot help indulging the hope that the inconveniences he has suffered from past imprudence will render him more circumspect in future. Few people can make themselves more agreeable; and I cannot express how happy it would make me to live on a friendly and confidential footing with him.

I never concealed any part of my conduct from you, my dear madam, without having cause to repent it. Notwithstanding my bold answer to your letter on the subject of coquetry, I formed a resolution, at that very time, never again to conceal from my wisest and best friend any thing of importance regarding myself: for which reason I have now informed you of this last transaction between my brother and me; which, however, is to remain unknown, even to Mr. Darnley and Mr. Proctor, when all the rest of his affairs shall be laid open to them. I remain your ever grateful and obedient

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER LXXXV.

The COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT *to* JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq.*

London.

I WAS SO overpowered with vexation, my dear sir, at the shameful trick which that knavish Welchman played you, before his descent from this world to the next, that I really have been unable, till now, to put pen to paper. I was also greatly shocked at my son's unkind treatment of you; which, I imagine, he himself will, in a short time, be sensible of. However prudent it might be in you

to overlook this treatment, and to cultivate the favour of this Miss Clifford, had she become my son's wife, the same line of conduct would have been unbecoming in me; and even had you convinced me that it would be the wisest and most likely way to screen me from inconveniences; I should not have had temper to adopt it. There are men, I believe, and perhaps you are one of them, who, to obtain the object they have in view, can submit to the insolence and caprice of those they hate, whether men or women;—but I never knew a woman who could patiently bear the insolence of another woman, particularly if she looked on the insulter as her inferior. However perfect a mistress in the art of simulation, whatever command of temper she may have in other points, however submissively she may bear the arrogance of the tyrant man, she loses her patience, forgets her prudence, and, at all hazards, retorts the insults of the woman she hates and despises. This single advantage, which your sex possesses, overbalances that superiority in the art of dissembling, in the powers of insinuation, in presence of mind, and other qualities ascribed to us, and renders men, on the whole, abler politicians than women. On the present occasion, my self-command was not put to trial. Fortunately, I was saved some of the humiliations which you imagined would be necessary for me to submit to; but I have met with a mortification still less expected.

Townly had good reason for calling my son's attempt on the damsel premature and feeble:—it was, in all respects, worse conducted than any project of the same kind I ever heard of.

Instead of waiting till the favourable disposition she had began to show towards him had warmed into maturity, instead of endeavouring, by a continued respectful and obsequious behaviour, to throw her off her guard,—what does he do?—Why, hearing, one morning, that I had taken the aunt an airing, he waits on the girl with as little ceremony as if it had been by her own appointment;

interrupts her, perhaps, in the middle of her morning prayers, or when she was reading a sermon recommended by her uncle, who, I understand, pretends to be religious; and, without being certain that the man was not in the next room, his wise lordship begins to make love to her in a less respectful manner than he had ever before ventured.—Well, what happened?—Why, the girl must have been a perfect simpleton, or of the disposition of Potiphar's wife, had she surrendered on such a summons. No—she repulsed him in the most sublime style, I'll be bound for it; and on this ground, and no surer foundation, he now considers her as a lady of immaculate virtue. To confirm him in which chimera, the heroine gives herself high airs, refuses his visits, and returns his letters unopened—all with the intention, no doubt, of drawing him in to make a proposal of marriage. She may chance, however, to push that game a little too far. My son is of a suspicious temper: he does not want pride. It shall be my business to discover to him the game she is playing, and to rouse his indignation till it surmounts what he calls his love, but which evidently deserves another name. I hope, very soon, to have it in my power to inform you of the final termination of the business. Till then, adieu!

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER LXXXVI.

MISS HORATIA CLIFFORD *to* LADY DIANA FRANKLIN.

MY DEAR LADY DIANA, *London.*

I HAVE the mortification to inform you, that my hopes of living on friendly terms with William are already vanished. He has behaved ungenerously. You shall know every particular.

My uncle was so pleased with his company on the day he dined here, that, contrary to his custom, he pressed him, with earnestness, to remain the whole evening. My brother, however, took his leave rather early, on the pretence of business.—Unfortunate business!

He promised to dine with us the following day; but, two hours before the hour of dinner, his footman brought a verbal message, importing, 'that it would not be in his power to come.'

I saw him not that day, nor the next. At last, I received a note from him, informing me that he wished to have some private conversation, and mentioning the hour when he expected to find me alone.

I received this note in the presence of my aunt, and thought it not proper to conceal its purport from her. She had before expressed concern at his having been so long without calling: the contents of this note increased her uneasiness.

He came at the hour appointed. I was somewhat shocked at his appearance. His dress was disordered, his eyes inflamed, and his countenance haggard. On my expressing surprise and vexation,—'I have been very unfortunate,' said he, 'since I last saw you; but I still entertain hopes, my dear, that, on mature reflection, you will accept of Lord Deanport. He loves you to distraction. He will make you the happiest of women; and, in my satisfaction at your happiness, I shall forget my own misfortunes. I am deputed by his lordship to renew his proposal—with this assurance, that he will allow your uncle to fix the terms of settlement. Can any thing be more noble or more generous?—Lady Deanport knows nothing of this: you will have nothing to do with her. My lord is sensible that she has behaved improperly to you:—your triumph over her malice will be complete.'

I need not trouble you with my answer to this fine speech. When he saw that his eloquence was in vain, and that I persevered in the sentiments I had expressed from the beginning, he seemed to have some difficulty to command his temper: the struggle was evident. He did command it, however; and said, even in a milder tone than usual—'Since you cannot be prevailed on, from considerations of your own interest, I hope you will have the generosity to pay some attention to mine, Horatia.—It is of the greatest importance to me that Lord Deanport

should not lose all hope of your being one day his. You will oblige me so far as to keep that hope alive for some time at least.'

'How can my behaving in that manner be of the greatest importance to you?' I asked.

It is unnecessary to declare *how*,' replied he, in the words I had made use of at our former conference—'*since, whatever be the cause, the fact is certain.*—All I now require of you is, to behave to his lordship with the appearance of some degree of favour:—this will cost you nothing. A woman of your beauty can keep a man at her devotion for years. You cannot be certain what alteration may take place in your own mind; but if none should, it will be soon enough to acquaint him with your final resolution, when you shall be addressed by some other man, whom you prefer.'

I hope, my dear Lady Diana, that I should have rejected such a proposal at any rate; but it never could have been made at a time when there was less likelihood of its succeeding than after my having received your last letter on coquetry, which, notwithstanding the petulance of my answer, has made a deep impression on my mind.

When I inveighed against the deceitfulness of such conduct,—'No woman,' said he, 'can scruple at a little innocent coquetry.'

'Some women,' I answered, 'think such coquetry by no means innocent: it would be injurious even to Lord Deanport.'

'On the contrary, it will render him happier. The time spent in courtship is thought to be the happiest of a man's life.'

'I would not be a deceiver, though I were sure of producing happiness to myself,' answered I.

'There is nothing that deserves the name of deceit in what I ask; but it is of the greatest importance to me. You cannot conceive in what distress I shall be involved, if you continue obstinate.'

On my repeating—'That I did not see how my behaviour to Lord Deanport could be of such consequence to

him,' he confessed—'that, instead of applying the two thousand pounds I had advanced to pay Lord Deanport, he had lost the greater part of it at play on the very night he received it; that he had been wretched ever since; that Lord Deanport had called on him that morning, and commissioned him to renew his former proposal; that, whether I thought proper finally to comply with it or not, he wished to be allowed to tell his lordship that I had no objection to his visiting me occasionally; that, if he did not carry him an answer in some degree favourable, he dreaded that his lordship's resentment against me would provoke him to press for the immediate payment of the debt.'

'How!' exclaimed I. 'Did you not assure me that he was your friend?'

'Friend!—Friend!'—repeated he, with an ironical air: 'and he will continue to be my friend as long as I can be of any service to him. But, should your conduct provoke him'——

'I have not the least intention to provoke him,' said I.

'Your intentions are nothing to the purpose,' rejoined he: 'his resentment against you may prompt him to distress me.'

'I do not think it possible,' I said, 'that a man of Lord Deanport's rank could take a species of vengeance so unjust and despicable.'

'Rank!' replied he. 'What has his rank to do in the matter?'

'Well, I cannot think so ill of any man of my acquaintance, be his rank what it will.'

'That shows your ignorance of the world,' said he.

'And you imagine that Lord Deanport is of this character?' rejoined I.

'I do not positively assert that he is; but I could not swear that he is not.'

'Good heaven! brother;—yet you have urged me to marry this man!'

He seemed a little confused at this observation.

'Well,' said he, peevishly, 'I urge that no more; but,

if he is a bad man, you need have the less scruple at acting as I now desire you.'

I then told him 'that I certainly should not.' I at the same time expressed my regret at his having deceived me, in not applying the two thousand pounds to the extinction of the debt.

'I tell you,' said he, 'that your two thousand pounds could not have extinguished it: I owed him four. If you had advanced me that sum at once, it would have been extinguished; but, since you are fond of doing things by halves, instead of agreeing to Lord Deanport's proposal, all I desire of you is, to make him believe you *will*, or *may*, agree to it some time hence.'

I then assured him 'that I never would give Lord Deanport the least reason to believe any such thing.'

He had pronounced what he last said in a raised voice; and now, in a louder tone, and with a furious aspect, he exclaimed—'You will not?'

'Brother,' said I, with as much calmness as I could assume, 'you may think you have a right to offer me your advice on this subject; but you have no right to be angry at my declining it. I have only to inform you, however, that your raised voice and angry looks will have just as little influence with me as your arguments.'

This rendered him more furious:—I thought he would have struck me.—'You had best not disgrace yourself so far,' said I, 'as to forget that I am a woman.'

He started back, and struck his own forehead with his fist.

My aunt, who was in an adjoining room, entered:—'Good heavens!' exclaimed she, 'what is the matter?'

We were both silent.

'My dearest nephew!' resumed she, taking hold of his hand, and bursting into tears, 'what is the meaning of this?'

'Let her inform you,' said he.

I was affected by my aunt's tears;—I, at last said, with as much calmness as I could muster up, 'My brother has been urging me to a measure I can never adopt, and on which, I think, I have the best right of decision.'

With great intemperance of voice and gesture, he accused me of self-sufficiency, pride, and obstinacy; said, 'My father had spoiled me by too much indulgence; and that an overweaning conceit of my personal charms had quite disordered my brain; that I had, once before, rendered myself ridiculous, by refusing a most advantageous marriage; that, however, was in some degree pardonable, on account of my early youth; but the same allowance would not be made me at the age of twenty-two.—You know, I believe, madam,' continued he, addressing Mrs. Darnley, 'that a man of high rank and fortune, my intimate friend, one whose alliance would do her and all her relations the greatest honour, is at present in her choice; and she, from mere caprice, (for she can assign no reason that has a grain of common sense in it), persists in rejecting him.'

This authorative style, and, still more, the manner in which he had mentioned my father, effaced the impression which the tears of my aunt had made on my mind.

I resumed an air of coolness, and said, 'that I should have been happy to have lived with him on that friendly footing that was becoming persons so nearly connected, and on which I had always lived with my other relations; but that I never would acknowledge any of that authority which he seemed to arrogate over me; that I had the less reason to be surprised at his not recollecting that he was only my brother, since, in speaking of his father, he had sometimes forgot that he was his son.'

He seemed confounded, and made no immediate answer; and I left the room.

My aunt has since told me, 'that, in spite of all she said to pacify him, and prevail on him to stay, he uttered nothing but oaths, and withdrew.'

This has given me great uneasiness; but I am mustering up all my philosophy to bear what I cannot alter, and have been languishing for the society of the marchioness to give me the example. I have received a most agreeable letter from her, She comes to town to-morrow. She has

heard from her husband, who has been appointed to a very honourable situation in the Russian service. He writes to her in high spirits, and she writes to me in the same. He is not quite certain, however, whether it will be in his power to come for her to England. I hope Mrs. Denham's health will permit you to leave her. The marchioness will be greatly mortified if she has not the pleasure of seeing you before she leaves England. I am, my dearest madam, your ever affectionate

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER LXXXVII.

The COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT *to* JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq.*

London.

WHEN I last wrote to you, I was convinced that the mighty offence which Miss Clifford pretended to have taken at my son's behaviour, and her refusing his visits and letters, were intended to draw from him a proposal of marriage. I took particular care to warn him of this, and prevent his becoming the dupe of such common artifices. He expressed sufficient indignation at the haughty airs the damsel assumed; but not so as to free me entirely from the apprehension that his ridiculous attachment to her was stronger than his anger. My fears were increased by the arrival of the girl's brother, with whom my son had formed an intimacy abroad, and who, having been informed of Lord Deanport's attentions to her, had returned, as I was convinced, at this particular time, for the express purpose of assisting his sister in her scheme to inveigle my son into marriage.

In the midst of my solicitude, Mrs. Demure called on me one day, and told me 'that she could give me a piece of news which, she was sure, would astonish me as much as it had done her; namely, that my Lord Deanport had made a formal proposal of marriage to Miss Clifford.'

I expressed surprise at her giving the least credit to a

report dishonourable to my son, and which could have no other foundation than his having condescended to flirt a little with the girl.

'Your ladyship may depend upon it,' said she, 'that he carried his flirtation the length of making her a very serious proposal of marriage; yet that need give you no uneasiness, since the young lady has refused him in the most decided terms.'

I asked, if she was mad?

She said 'she hoped not; but she understood that his lordship was in danger of running mad with grief at his *rejection;* that she had received the intelligence from Mr. Clifford, who was the more provoked at his sister, because she had refused a *far more* advantageous match before; that the truth of the fact had been confirmed to her by Mrs. Darnley, who was convinced that all fresh solicitation, on the part of Lord Deanport, would be vain, for she knew her niece to be rather nice in her choice of a husband, and extremely *proud.*'

However pleased I might have been with this information, I could not help feeling indignation at the arrogance of the creature.

'Proud!' cried I.—'Pray, Mrs. Demure, can you guess for whom this paragon reserves herself? She can have no hopes of being the wife of a prince of the blood—a malicious act of parliament stands in the way.'

'Perhaps, when she can do no better,' replied Mrs. Demure, 'she may condescend to marry a duke. But it is clear that she looks higher than an earl: or, if she can stoop so low as to one of that rank, she has already shown that the *earl of Deanport* is not the person she intends to honour.'

Though she affected to be turning Miss Clifford into ridicule, yet I could perceive that she indulged in those and other impertinent expressions, from malice to me; and, in spite of the pleasure I felt, from the assurance that Miss Clifford was not to be my son's wife, I could have spit in Mrs. Demure's face for the style in which she conveyed it.

I have been long convinced of this woman's hatred against me, though I am not certain that she knows the full extent of the reason she has for it. That she has also a spite against Miss Clifford is evident enough. The girl's beauty, indisputably superior to her own, accounts for that: but her hatred against the sister does not prevent Mrs. Demure from spreading her nets for the brother. Peggy Almond, who has been with me for some time, first made the remark. I knew that she had been sighing for a husband, of late, with more fervour than usual; and I am not ill pleased that she has fixed her fancy on young Clifford. I heartily wish her success, from the love I bear the young lady, and her starched friend, the chaste Diana. I hope she will not be caught in her own snare, as, I strongly suspect she was, when she made the same attempt on Mr. Mordaunt. Of this, however, I would give a considerable sum to be fully ascertained. After their connection, of whatever nature it had been, seemed to be entirely broken, I endeavoured, by all the means I could devise, to draw a confirmation of my suspicions from him: I took particular care to inform him of a striking instance of Mrs. Demure's malice against himself, hoping that, in return, he would give me the satisfaction I wished for; not that I expected a downright avowal, but I did expect that, in the usual way with fine gentlemen, he would deny and reject the imputation in such a manner as would leave no doubt of its truth. I must acknowledge that I was completely disappointed; and, if I had nothing to form a judgment from, but what was to be gathered from the words and behaviour of Mordaunt, I should be obliged to conclude that my suspicions were unfounded.

Mrs. Demure's own conduct, however, has, in particular circumstances, added strength to my suspicions:—as often as the galled part is touched, she winces. At my instigation, Lady Blunt rubbed it lately a little too roughly. She could hardly refrain from screaming. But all this forms no clearer proof than exists against numbers who are still classed among the upright.—I am more so-

licitous than ever to obtain proof positive. I wait with impatience for Mordaunt's return to town. I am resolved to put him once more to the question, and with such address as may, perhaps, squeeze the truth from him before he is aware of my intention.

In the course of my researches after this *volage*, I have been informed that he was caught on the continent by a French woman, with whom he came to England,—a madame la marquise de—something or other:—for every Frenchman to be met with now-a-days is a nobleman, generally one who has forfeited a great estate; and every Frenchwoman is a duchess, a marchioness, or a countess at least. Notwithstanding the havoc made by the revolution among the nobility of France, I am assured that more French people, with titles, are to be found in the different countries of Europe, at present, than were in France before the emigration began. The lady whom Mordaunt has imported, I hear, is very handsome, and wonderfully elegant in her manners. That she has something *piquant* in her appearance I readily believe, since Mordaunt has showed her so much attention; but as for what they call elegance, I dare swear it is nothing but that pert address and friskiness of manner which French women almost universally have. Be that as it may, I fancy Mordaunt begins to be tired of her; for, after roving about town a little with his friend Travers, they set out suddenly for Rose-Mount, on the pretext that my lord was ill and impatient to see his brother. The true reason, I am convinced, was to get quit of the French woman. You know he is the most volatile bird of passage that ever fluttered among females. During his absence, the marchioness, as they call her, went in search of consolation from her countrymen, the emigrants, at Richmond, which swarms with them. There is nothing but French croaked there: the town is a complete rookery.

I have hardly seen Deanport since he received the last rebuff from the lady. During the short time I was with him, I took no notice of it. He seemed horridly out of

humour. As his silly grief for the disappointment weakens, indignation will kindle. This may be turned to good account; but nothing must be attempted as yet. You had best not write to him, while he is in his present humour. I will inform you of more soon. Meanwhile, I am, &c.

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

The Same to the Same.

London.

I WAS entertained with your countryman's penetration, who perceived the reciprocal friendship and cordiality that exists between Mrs. Demure and me. There was a time, however, when I had a sincere friendship for that woman, and she then was at infinite pains to make me believe that she had the same for me. I never uttered a sentiment, in her hearing, which I was not immediately told corresponded with hers. You would have imagined we thought with the same soul. I took more pleasure in her company than in that of any other woman. Nothing could be more obliging, more accommodating, more agreeable, in all respects, than the whole of her behaviour. It was then—Your ladyship's superior understanding—your ladyship's accomplishments—your ladyship's——Oh! I never observed more *candid courtesy* among the lick-spittles of a court.—And what I considered as disinterested attachment, what inspired me with real good-will turned out to be nothing but a perfidious selfish design upon my son. You may easily imagine my indignation at this discovery; and, from that moment, I held her in abhorrence.

I do not know that Lord Deanport's passion for Mrs. Demure was equal to what he felt for Miss Clifford; but I well know that she used every means, and exhausted every artifice, to render it so; and that it cost me much trouble to free him from her fascinations. Were he bound to me by no other tie, he owes me eternal grati-

tude for having prevented his union with a woman whose chief study would have been to govern and make him the tool of her avarice and ambition.

She had not the impudence to expect that I would not oppose her views on my son, and, therefore, endeavoured to keep them carefully concealed from me: but she is ignorant of the device I fell on to cure him of his passion. The abrupt manner in which he left her, would probably have roused that spirit of revenge which she is known to possess, had not her attention been diverted from my son's conduct by the homage paid her at that precise time by a person of very high rank, which flattered her vanity, and engrossed her mind so entirely, that she forgot all her other adorers.

He has lately set out on other pursuits, and she now thinks it high time to provide herself in a second husband. I am obliged to Peggy Almond's acuteness for the knowledge of Mr. Clifford's being the man she destines for that honour. Peggy, at my desire, by dint of flattery, and the most artful obseqiousness, has acquired the good-will, and, in a certain degree, the confidence of Mrs. Demure. She assures me, that Mrs. Darnley is so much the dupe of *my dear friend*, that she wishes to promote the plan of marriage between her and Mr. Clifford, so that there are considerable hopes of its succeeding. You cannot imagine how delightfully Peggy takes off the amorous widow, and turns her into ridicule. I shall never part with this girl. Some of my acquaintance accuse her of being deceitful and of being an habitual liar. Both accusations, I believe, are pretty well founded: she is capable of deceiving most people, and she is given to lying to all the world, except to myself; but she never tells a lie to me.

Though I now dislike Mrs. Demure in a far greater degree than I ever loved her, and there is a considerable diminution of our intimacy, yet I have endeavoured to preserve the *appearance* of my former attachment, and was willing to have continued to live with her in a state of polite mutual hatred to the end of the chapter, without attempting to disturb or do her any mischief, farther than

by my wishes, which it is not in my power to controul, had she not provoked me, more than ever, by the insulting, impertinent, and ironical manner in which she announced Miss Clifford's having rejected the hand of my son. As my desire was, that this marriage should not take place, you will think that the intelligence ought naturally to have given more satisfaction than her impertinent manner of communicating it could give pain: you, with a manly arrogance, will assert, that to feel otherwise is contrary to reason, and feeling like that weak creature *woman*, but would be quite unworthy of that mighty rational being *man*.—So continue to think; but allow me, wise sir, to be convinced that the latter is by much the silliest, most capricious, inconsistent animal, of the two: of which I could give many proofs if I had time; but at present I can only tell you, that if you think what is supposed above, you are quite ignorant of what is natural. I acknowledge that I find the insolence and mockery of a person, who used to fawn upon me like a spaniel, more intolerable, and that it excites stronger resentment than even her forming a serious plan against my interest. Besides, this woman has given herself some very sublime airs of late on another subject, and is as provoking with her cant about virtue as Lady Diana Franklin with her conduct. For those reasons, I heartily wish her married to Mr. Clifford.

This again, in the depth of your reasoning, you will reckon unnatural.—What! to punish the woman you hate, will you promote her marriage with the man she loves? And can you ask the question with surprise,—you who are acquainted with so many miserable couples, all of whom married from what they called love? What severer punishment could I wish to two of my greatest enemies, of different sexes, and incompatible tempers, than that they should be married together, however desirous both may be of the union. Should it take place, depend upon it, this will be the fate of the couple in question. I have made you acquainted with the one, and I am told that the other is one of the most passionate men alive.

Another reason, that has considerable weight in making me desirous of the accomplishment of that alliance, is, that I know it will vex and mortify Lady Diana and Miss Clifford; by which I shall have the satisfaction of seeing two women mortified who have frequently mortified me; especially if I can by any means get to the bottom of Mrs. Demure's affair with Mordaunt, which at present, I have reason to think, neither of them believe. And if, notwithstanding their incredulity on that subject, they dislike the connection, I leave you to imagine what their abhorrence will be, when the refined sentimental widow's intrigue shall be made manifest.

I cannot express the pleasure I should take in wishing the chaste goddess, and her favourite nymph, joy of their virtuous relation.

Until I have the pleasure of enjoying their confusion at some such *persiflage*, I shall think myself in Mrs. Demure's debt for the insulting sarcastic manner in which she told me Miss Clifford had *rejected* my son, and for the pleasure she evidently takes in whatever she thinks will give me pain. Until then, also, I shall consider myself as the debtor of the other two ladies, for various articles which I am impatient to clear off.

I desire that you will not imagine that I neglect any opportunity of re-establishing you on a good footing with my son: depend on it I am as anxious for that as you can be: but he is not to be spoken to as yet; he is still in all the horrors of disappointment, and has not as yet been able to digest the repulse. I intend to enter on the subject with him soon. I have a particular plan in view: —you shall hear of it in my next. Yours, &c.

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER LXXXIX.

From the Same to the Same.

London.

AFFAIRS wear a more favourable aspect;—the wheel of fortune, which has of late rolled so much against your wishes, now begins to turn in a contrary direction. Notwithstanding the mad perseverance which Miss Clifford displayed in refusing the addresses of my son, I was not without fear that, after her fit of enthusiastic arrogance should be over, and when she had fully gratified her pride, she would return to her senses. I therefore watched for a proper opportunity of conversing with him. He had anxiously avoided meeting me from the moment he determined to make the abject proposal of marriage; and he had been so mean as to employ the brother to negotiate for him; and even wrote a penitential letter to her, after she had quarrelled with her brother on his account. She returned that letter unopened. I heard him stamping and swearing in his own apartment after it was brought back to him.

I entered, and told him at once, that though he had endeavoured to keep it concealed from me, I knew the cause of his disquietude, and expressed much concern. 'I must feel for every thing which gives you affliction, my dear Deanport,' said I, 'whether, in other respects, I should think it to be regretted or not.'

I never, indeed, had seen him so mortified.—After some minutes of gloomy silence, he broke out into a fresh fit of fury; and, observing me to look at the returned letter which lay on the table,—'She has had the insolence,' exclaimed he, 'to send back my letter unopened.'

Throwing up my eyes, in seeming amazement, I declared, 'I never had heard of any thing equal to it.—This creature,' added I, 'must assuredly have a great deal of pride.'

'She shall find, however,' resumed he, with a vindictive look, 'that she had better have exhibited less of it to me.'

'There is, besides, something in her conduct,' rejoined I, 'which pride does not account for; for she certainly seemed to favour your addresses at one period;—What could be her drift then?'

'Her drift was to draw me on,' exclaimed he. 'She is the errantest jilt in Christendom.'

'Draw you on to what?' said I. 'She refuses to be your wife.'

'Draw me on to make the proposal,' cried he. 'She wished to have it to boast that she rejected me.'

'It will not be believed,' said I.

'But I know it to be true,' rejoined he, with a furious grimace; 'and she shall suffer for her insolence.'

'It is certainly in your power to make her suffer,' said I, 'and most severely, if that would afford you any satisfaction.'

'It would afford me the greatest.'

'Then you have only to marry Miss Moyston. You will at once be one of the most opulent peers of the realm; Miss Clifford will be universally ridiculed as an idiot: and, with all her pride, will break her heart with vexation.'

'Do you think so?'

'I am certain of it. You will have the pleasure of seeing her pine to a shadow, and expire like a bad actress in a tragedy, with all the world laughing at her.'

On this he swore he would recommence his addresses to Miss Moyston without loss of time; and begged that I would use all my influence with the aunt, that the marriage might be concluded as soon as possible.'

This I agreed to with alacrity; for, though I had been under the necessity of avoiding any meeting with those ladies for some time, I had not the smallest doubt of being able to explain my conduct to their satisfaction, and of having every thing arranged to my wish in a very short time.

This affair being now in a prosperous train, I must just observe, that the longer I live in the world, and reflect

on what passes, the more am I confirmed in my system, that the success of the most important affairs depends on the person who has the direction of them being in good or ill luck; for which reason, if I were a sovereign, I would much rather choose a lucky man for my minister than a wise one; and yet you, my good sir, and others of your sagacious sex with whom I am acquainted, insist that there is no such thing as chance, not even in play; and, in spite of repeated experience, persist in keeping the losing seats, and betting on people who are in a run of ill luck, merely because they are good players. I remember Lord Cardon, who is a man of wit, as well as a good player, was once my partner at whist. After the cards were cut, I regretted that we had not taken the winning-seats, and asked his lordship, 'Why he had not reminded me of it in time?' 'Because,' said he, 'although I am an old man, I do not choose to be thought an old woman: which your ladyship is in no danger of,' he added. This was applauded as a shrewd observation: the consequence, however, was, that we lost the rubber, on which I had a bet of fifty pounds extraordinary. Your men of wit may say what they please, but they will never convince me that it is not better to be lucky than either witty or wise.

Without drawing proofs of this from the experience of gamesters, do you not see that all the prudent pains I took to alienate the affections of Lord Deanport from Miss Clifford, and to prevail on him to marry Miss Moyston, were ineffectual? and now the one has happened, and the other is on the point of taking place, through occurrences in which I had no hand. Depend upon it, luck is every thing; and, as it seems to be much against you at present,—for you see, my good sir, that nothing you propose or undertake succeeds,—my advice to you is, to remain quite passive: do not so much as write a single line to my son: intermeddle with nothing, until the run, which is so terribly against you, shall be over;—for ill-luck does blow over at last, just like a storm. When that takes place, and when the quiet possession of Miss

Moyston's fortune shall have put my son in good-humour, I am convinced he will see your conduct towards him in a fair light, and be inclined to do something handsome for you. In the meantime I repeat my advice, that you remain perfectly inactive; for, at present, the least movement on your part might ruin every thing. I am, &c.

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER XC.

JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq. to the* COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT.

Hamburg.

I AM entirely of your ladyship's opinion, that it is better to be lucky than wise. I begin to think, indeed, that none but fools prosper. It has been said,—'That money is the origin of evil.'—Without agreeing to that adage, I acknowledge that the devil has a principal hand in the distribution of it. He himself, however, passes for having a great deal of wit: how far that is true I know not; but I daily see proofs of his having two qualities, in common with the generality of wits; namely, a hatred to other wits, and a partiality for dunces. He resembles some men of distinguished wit in another particular; having himself, by all accounts, been remarkably unfortunate.

For my own part, I have no reason to compassionate him under his misfortunes; for, whoever the demon is who has the distribution of good and bad fortune, it is but too evident, that, though I have no great pretensions to be a wit, he has shown little kindness to me.

So far from having met with any of those lucky hits by which so many of his favourites are raised to opulence, I have missed several very promising opportunities of augmenting my fortune, by some cursed incident or other, which none but the devil could have produced.

Your ladyship will remember our dismal speculation in the funds, when the most judicious politicians were persuaded they were falling to the very devil; yet, by a rebound that no force but his could have given, they sud-

denly rose, almost to my utter ruin, and to your very great inconveniency.

As your ladyship passed the ensuing season in the country, you may never have heard that, in my distress, I had the desperate intrepidity to pay my addresses to a widow from the West Indies, enriched by the spoils of three husbands. I attended her to all her public places, and was in high hopes of being made her fourth, when, as the devil would have it, I was seized with the lumbago; and, when I was confined to my chamber, she happened to go to a masquerade with a party, among whom was a tall officer of dragoons, who had formed an acquaintance with her during my confinement. This gentleman, having heard her praise the Highland dress, as equally graceful and commodious, took care to be arrayed in it at the masquerade, attached himself particularly to her the whole night; and, to my infinite disappointment, was married to her before I could walk abroad.

But what need is there of enumerating these, and other instances of my ill-fortune, when the recent one of my being cut out of the Welch estate is so well known to your ladyship?

That miserable business is continually tormenting me, with the aggravating circumstance of my having brought it on myself: for I never can forget that, poor as he was, the young artist at Dresden never solicited me to recommend him. What could tempt me to do it? I have seen many of those artists starving in London, without ever thinking of being of the least service to any of them. I should certainly have behaved with equal indifference to Evans, had not Satan suggested to me, that, by recommending him to my countrymen, I should recommend myself to Phillips: so that I really am not much to blame. I acted on the same principles that many, who pass for prudent men, act every day.

You see, my dear Lady Diana, that, like other unfortunate people, I would willingly shift the cause of my misfortunes from myself to another; but, in spite of all my endeavours to heave all this burden from my own

shoulders to those of Satan, enough of it remains to disturb my conscience and recollection to such a degree, that, instead of explaining how this letter comes to be dated from Hamburg, I have spent all this time in lamentations for what cannot be helped. I will now inform your ladyship, that the same tormenting thought engrossed me so much while I was in England, that I entirely forgot a note for £1,500, which I gave A—— when we settled our Newmarket accounts, immediately before he went to the East Indies. I was in hopes that he would lose it, or entirely forget such a trifle, when he arrived there. He had left it, however, with an attorney; and having lately met with some losses at play, which prevented his making a remittance that was expected, he sent orders to his agent to insist on immediate payment.

On receiving your ladyship's letter, giving me an account of the new and unexpected turn which Lord Deanport's business had taken, and that the absurd pride of Miss Clifford had effected what the consideration of his own interest, and your ladyship's prudent suggestions, had failed in producing, I became extremely uneasy on account of certain sneers at Miss Moyston's person and manners which had escaped me in a letter to his lordship, written when I was persuaded that he had for ever renounced that lady, and was firmly attached to Miss Clifford. However facetious those sarcasms might have seemed, had he married Miss Clifford, I was sensible they would appear in a different light if he became the husband of Miss Moyston. I became even afraid, that, through that carelessness so natural to his lordship, this letter might fall into her hands after she was Lady Deanport.

I immediately set about composing a new letter, in which, after entreating him to burn the former, I endeavoured to explain away all its acrimony, and to twist every sarcastic expression into a meaning favourable to Miss Moyston. This was one of the most arduous tasks I ever imposed on myself: yet, when finished, I was so well pleased with the performance, that I directly sent it to his lordship. Next morning my hopes of its efficacy were not

so sanguine. My anxiety, lest it should not prove entirely satisfactory, increased every hour; and I, at last, determined to leave my affairs in Wales unsettled, and go directly to London, on purpose to see that cursed letter burned, and explain every thing by word of mouth. I was also impatient to pay my court, as soon as possible, to Miss Moyston. Nothing but my extreme solicitude, not to be misunderstood by his lordship, could have prevailed on me to do this, after your ladyship's having desired me, in your last, to remain passive.

On the very evening of my arrival in London, I was informed that a writ had been issued against me, and that I should be arrested, unless I could pay the note above mentioned, or find security for the money.

In this emergency, finding that your ladyship had gone to Windsor, where you were to remain two days, I wrote to Lord Deanport, informing him of my situation, and begging him, in the most pressing terms, to come to the hotel, as I could not venture abroad. In case he could not immediately advance the money, I told him, that I was convinced the attorney would be satisfied with his security; and I pledged my word of honour that I would relieve his lordship in less than three months. I concluded with felicitations on his approaching marriage with Miss Moyston, which, I said, would fix his lordship's happiness on the most solid basis, and make him envied by the most prosperous nobleman in England, and infallibly drive Lord Sordid to despair.

Your ladyship will be shocked with the answer.—

'MY DEAR SIR,

'I am extremely sorry for your unfortunate situation; and though, being well acquainted with your punctuality, I might rely on your word of *honour*, yet, as it is not in my power to comply with your request, to trouble you with a visit is unnecessary. I am, dear sir, your most humble servant, DEANPORT.'

'P. S. I wonder you do not apply to *your friend* Miss

Moyston, of whom you have given so flattering a description in your letter from Wales.'

Behold the return I received for all the services I have rendered his lordship!

In this dreadful emergency, I had no other resource but to set out for Portsmouth directly. The only piece of good fortune I have met with, since my arrival in England, was the finding a vessel ready to carry me out of it. I had but slender resources, as your ladyship will readily believe, on my arrival at Hamburg; however, I put the best face on matters that I could: yet the very first banker I applied to hesitated about the security I offered. I assumed a behaviour which I have sometimes found to succeed.

'Pray, friend,' said I, with an air of astonishment and indignation, 'have you any kind of doubt of the goodness of this bill?'

'I confess, sir,' replied he, 'I have.'

'Let me tell you, friend,' said I, 'that those who are the most capable of cheating are the most suspicious of being cheated.'

'I give you credit, sir,' said he, 'for the observation, which I believe to be, in general, just.'

Deceived by the calm good-humoured air with which he spoke, I replied,—'I presume, then, you will discount the bill.'

'By no means,' said the phlegmatic scoundrel.—'I gave you credit for your observation, because, as I already told you, I think it good.—I give none to the bill, because, as I also informed you before, I fear it is bad.'

This man's diffidence spread like wild-fire, and infected every person to whom I applied for money.

From the contents of your ladyship's last letter, I take it for granted that my lord is now in lawful possession of Miss Moyston, or on the point of being so. I leave it to your prudence and address to seize a favourable opportu-

nity of showing him the unreasonableness of his being offended with me on account of what I wrote respecting Miss Moyston. So far from its being meant as disrespectful to him, it was, in reality, exactly conformable to what I had reason to believe were his own sentiments. The letter he wrote to me, I am willing to think, was merely the effect of a transient fit of passion, to which the most amiable people are the most liable. I cannot allow myself to imagine that your ladyship will have any difficulty in convincing him of the sincerity of my attachment to him and to all who are connected with him; yet I would have you to watch a proper occasion for making the representation. Perhaps this may not occur immediately after his nuptials. It is not likely that his lordship will then be in the most auspicious humour. It will be best to let him be, in some measure, familiarized to Miss Moyston, and consoled for what he may not relish in her person, by reflecting on the beauties of her fortune.

I must likewise trouble your ladyship to make my congratulations agreeable to that lady.—Assure her that nobody can have a more sincere respect for the young countess of Deanport than I shall always have.

I should have been reduced to the greatest difficulties had I not received a supply from one of our countrymen who arrived last night at the inn. I was very little acquainted with him, yet found myself under the necessity of making my situation known to him.—'I had the honour to meet you, sir,' said he, 'in company with Mr. Mordaunt—A companion of his must be a man of honour.' He advanced the supply I had applied for.—But I shall not leave this place until I hear from your ladyship. I remain, your devoted servant,

J. GRINDILL.

LETTER XCI.

The COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT *to* JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq.*

London.

AFTER all the instances of the devil's malice, and of your own ill luck, that you enumerated in your last, you are unacquainted with one which exceeds all the rest. In consequence of the advice I gave my son, when he was in the very height of his fury against Miss Clifford, he determined, as I informed you, to renew his addresses to Miss Moyston.

He had long been persuaded that the poor girl was over head-and-ears in love with him, and that she was in a state of languishment from the suspense he had so long kept her in. He once hinted to me, 'that, though he seldom had any compassion for ugly women, yet he could not help pitying her a little:' and, when I represented to him, 'that his marriage with Miss Moyston would not only completely avenge him of Miss Clifford, but be matter of triumph over Lord Sordid,'—'True,' said he; 'but you do not mention what, I acknowledge, affords me some satisfaction; namely, that it would be the means of saving the life of Miss Moyston: as her death *before marriage* would afflict me deeply.'

He had hardly uttered this benevolent speech, when a letter was delivered to me from my loving friend Mrs. Demure, expressing her sorrow and astonishment at a piece of news she had just heard, *that Miss Moyston was actually married to Lord Sordid.* 'Her sorrow,' she said, 'arose from her believing that Lord Deanport had views on that lady, and her astonishment from the lady's having preferred Lord Sordid.' She insisted on the excessive pain this news gave her, with a profusion of expressions, which sufficiently showed how delighted she was; and begged, 'that, if I knew it to be false, I would be so good as to send her a line, to relieve her from the uneasiness she was in.' This convinced me that she thoroughly believed it to be true.—I shall, perhaps, find some oc-

casion of addressing an epistle of the same obliging nature to Mrs. Demure.

I gave this letter to my son, ordered my carriage, and drove directly to Miss Moyston's; where I was informed that she and her aunt were both in the country, where they had been several days; and I did not return home until I was informed, from the best authority, that Mrs. Demure's news was perfectly well founded.

My son's rage was without bounds: indeed it was manifested in such a ridiculous manner, that it put an end to mine. You may call us, as you please, the *weaker* sex; but it appears every hour more clear, that women, in general, have stronger minds than men, and that they know their own minds better. What capricious girl could act more inconsistently than my son, in the whole of this business? He shows coldness and indifference towards an object of the greatest importance while it is in his power, and he falls into a fit of rage as soon as it is out of his power. He hardly does any thing from reason or reflection; his whole conduct is guided by whim: yet he laughs at the caprice of the female character, and values himself on his manly firmness. When he once forms a resolution, he asserts that it is not to be shaken.

I remember his ordering his horses one morning at Willow-Park, in the intention to call on a gentleman who lived at eight miles distance. 'As it begins to rain, my lord,' said I, 'you had best go in a carriage.'—'No,' he said, 'he had already ordered his horses, and would keep his resolution.' He hates, above all things, to ride in rain; and he looked at the sky every ten minutes during four hours, in the hopes that the rain would abate.—It increased every minute.—'If you had taken your carriage,' said I, 'you would have been back by this time; now, you must either go in a carriage, or abandon all thought of the visit you intended this day.'

'I am not to be shaken from my purpose, like a woman,' said he; and, after this civil speech, he heroically mounted his horse, rode off in the middle of a heavy rain, and caught rheumatisms, which confined him a

month, to prove that he was of a steady character, and wiser than his mother.

How men could ever imagine that they were in general less subject to caprice, or of a more steady character, than women, I could never discover. I could almost leave this question to be decided by you, though a party concerned. When a husband is of one opinion, and his wife of another, lay your hand to your heart, and declare which is the most likely to remain steady. To the best of my remembrance, among all my acquaintance, the husbands who seem to me the most prudent, and who pass their lives in the greatest tranquillity, are precisely those who acquiesce in their wives opinion.

Perhaps you will not admit this; yet I could put you in mind of many occasions, on which it would have been good for you yourself to have followed a woman's advice, instead of your own.

In my very last letter, as nothing seemed to prosper in which you at all intermeddled, I advised you to remain quite passive, and by no means to address a single line to my son. Instead of following my counsel, you thought proper to write a letter to him, the length of which alone would have determined him not to comply with the contents; for you might have known that he hates long letters, and detests their composers. But the purport of this letter, you say, was to explain away the sarcasms, in a former letter, against Miss Moyston, to make an eulogium on that accomplished lady, and expatiate on my son's happiness in obtaining such a prize.

Now, what marks the invincible run of ill-fortune against you, more than all the misfortunes which have hitherto happened to you, is, that this horrid letter was delivered to my son after he had heard that Lord Sordid had obtained the lady's hand, when he was in the very act of cursing her, had exhausted all the opprobrious epithets he could recollect, and would have blessed any one who could have furnished him with a new execration. But when he came to that part of your letter where you praise Miss Moyston more particularly for the virtue of

constancy, and for preferring him to all the nobility of England, his fury was turned from her against you.

I will not shock you with a repetition of the horrid things he pronounced:—I must say, however, that your recantation never could have come at a more unlucky moment; though, indeed, all moments seem to be equally unlucky for you. I should be sorry to be thought superstitious; but it cannot be called superstition to make observations on events as they occur; this is the only way in which we can profit by experience. Now, one observation, which I cannot avoid making, is, that I began to lose my money at play precisely after your arrival in England, and my ill-fortune continued, without interruption, all the time I corresponded with you while you were in Wales.

A second observation, equally true, is, that I won a considerable sum the very day after your sailing from Portsmouth, and I continued to win until the night of the day on which I received your last letter, and then my ill-luck returned. What inference can be drawn from these remarks, but that some fatality attends you, which comprehends not only your personal concerns, as in your affair with the West-India widow, and that of your Welch relation, but also extends to all those with whom you are in correspondence.

You will ask, no doubt, What connection can there be between your being in England, or your corresponding with me, and my losing at cards?

That is a question which I do not attempt to answer:—the fact is, that I *do* lose my money when you come to England, and I win as soon as you sail away. I have heard you yourself remark, that experience was a surer guide than theory. Here is long-continued experience all going to warn me against any communication with you, for a considerable period at least. You are too reasonable, therefore, to condemn the resolution I have formed of interrupting all correspondence with you, until there shall be cause to think that this malignant influence, fatality, or whatever else it may be called, has entirely left you;

and, if you should attempt to transmit any letter to me before that period, you will be justly thought as criminal as if, knowing yourself to have the plague, you should thrust yourself into the company of uninfected persons; for, really, I know little difference between one who is wilfully the cause of my losing every sixpence I have in the world, and one who sends me out of the world altogether.

You are at some pains to prove that your misfortunes may, perhaps, be owing to some extraordinary spite, that the demon, who distributes good and bad fortune, has against *you* in particular. I confess I do not think that conjecture at all probable: why should you suspect, my dear sir, that the devil should have a particular spite against you? I know nothing you have ever done to offend him. Yet, after all, if that should be the case, you must admit that it forms an additional reason for my interrupting all farther correspondence with you; for, although I do not wish to cultivate an intimacy with him, yet I will avoid every thing that can have the appearance of braving him; for, as it is impossible to know what may happen, it would be the height of imprudence to make enemies unnecessarily. As soon, however, as I perceive any disposition in Lord Deanport to serve you, which I own is far from being the case at present, I shall encourage him in it by every prudent means in my power. Till then I remain yours, &c.

E. DEANPORT.

P. S. It just occurs to me, that, although there is no denying that men's fortune often depends on fortunate accidents, yet it is equally true, that, in spite of the devil, fortunate accidents throw themselves oftener in the way of men of consummate address than of fools.—This gives me hopes that you will stumble on something of that nature soon.

LETTER XCII.

Miss Horatia Clifford to Lady Diana Franklin.

MY DEAR LADY DIANA, *London.*

This will free you from part of the apprehensions you express in your last letter on my brother's account. I had a great reliance on his natural fickleness; and now there is reason to believe that my reliance was well founded. My brother has set out for Northumberland, in spite of all the blandishments of Mrs. Demure—I believe I might have said, partly *because* of them—her assiduities became oppressive.

I not only rejoice that he is gone, but also on account of the motives that determined him to go. He became anxious to make certain arrangements, for the purpose of raising money to clear off his debts, and particularly that which he owes Lord Deanport; which, I find, bears harder on his spirit than all the rest. Lord Deanport is pressed for money himself. You have heard, no doubt, that Miss Moyston is now the wife of Lord Sordid. That young man was considered as a miser, even when he was poor: I leave you to judge how much more so he is likely to become now that he is immensely rich. I once heard my father say, that a real miser acquires nothing by an accession of money, but a constant dread of losing it.

Miss Moyston's marriage took place at the very time when Lord Deanport, in compliance with the prudent remonstrances of his mother, had determined to renew his addresses to that lady. My brother, knowing he has met with this disappointment, is become more impatient to clear off the debt he owes his lordship.

William is so irritated against me, that it would be vain for me to attempt any friendly explanation with him at present; but the measures he is now adopting give me hopes that he will be in a better disposition soon,—which is what I most earnestly wish. You cannot imagine how painful it is for me to be on an unfriendly footing with him.

I have written to Mr. Proctor, begging that he would forget my brother's former harsh behaviour, and meet him with his usual goodness; assuring him, that William has the highest opinion of his integrity, (which I am sure he has), and will follow his advice respecting the renewal of the leases that are nearly expired, (which I hope he will do).

I beg at the same time that he will advance the money that my brother stands in immediate need of, on my security, without letting William know that I am any way connected in the business. It would grieve me very much to see any part of the old family estate sold. I am in great hopes that the difficulties William has experienced of late will make him more prudent and economical. A few years economy would still clear the estate of all encumbrances. It would be more difficult to purchase back any part of the land, if once sold. Besides, I consider it as a species of sacrilege to sell any part of so very ancient an inheritance.

I spend a great part of my time with the marchioness, who returned to town some days ago. She often talks to me of her husband. She seems to rejoice in the good fortune that has lately befallen them, more on his account than her own; and speaks of him in a strain of such affection, as gives me a higher notion of the happiness of the married state than I had. If they had lived together in a state of uninterrupted prosperity, would they have been as fond of each other? would they have been as happy as they are?—I question it.—They would have occasionally felt that cold forgetfulness of each other, which those who are called the happiest married people sometimes experience. The marchioness (and she is convinced it is the same with her husband) knows none of that. The storms, which for a time separate their persons, unite their souls more affectionately. Each can say with truth to the other,

> 'When howling winds and beating rain,
> In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
> Or midst the chase, in every plain,
> *The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*'

Although I know, my dear Lady Diana, that you think some of my notions romantic, I have come to the resolution to conceal none of them from you, however absurd they may appear. You cannot imagine how very insipid and tiresome I feel that course of life with which so many people seem satisfied. I never saw so much of it as since Juliet went to the north, and you to Devonshire. Can any thing be more flat and unprofitable, than for nearly the same circle to meet day after day, without the least sentiment of affection or esteem, without any desire of information, without any bond of union, except that arising from repaying dinner by dinner, assembly by assembly, having the same need of cards, and being able to afford to play at the same stake? They meet, however, almost every evening, with smiles on their countenances, indifference, or perhaps hatred in their hearts, inquire after the date of each other's health, without listening to the answer, or caring whether the person whose health they inquire after be dead or alive.—'Pray,' said I to your friend the general, whom I met at a numerous assembly, 'are those people happy?'

'Happy!' answered he; 'not in the least.'

'What brings them here, then?' said I.

'They come here,' answered he, 'or go elsewhere, in hopes of being less *unhappy* than at home.'

Yet some of those I had pointed to were newly-married people.—Mr. and Mrs. Resource, who were married last week, entering at that instant—'Is not that couple happy?' said I to the general.

'Far from it,' replied he; 'you will see him leave the assembly directly.'

'Why did he marry the poor woman?' said I.

'Because,' replied the general, 'the poor woman has fortune sufficient to enable her husband to live very comfortably without her.'

The marchioness and her husband, in spite of the dangers and difficulties they have been exposed to, I am persuaded have had more happiness in their married state than those couples who pass a long live of joyless opulence and insipid security, accompanied with mutual indifference. Adieu! my dear Lady Diana.

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER XCIII.

The Honourable JOHN MORDAUNT *to* COLONEL SOMMERS.

London.

I WAITED on the marchioness the day after my arrival in town, and was happy to find her in good spirits. She has received comfortable accounts from her husband, and has been passing her time agreeably in the society of her own country-people at Richmond. When she informed me of this, she repeated from Ossian, and her foreign accent rendered it more affecting—*Often did the memory of former times come, like the evening sun, on my soul.*—I was a little surprised to find the marchioness acquainted with the poems of Ossian. She told me she had a great relish for them: and that this was no unusual thing among the lovers of poetry in her country. People of the most cheerful disposition sometimes have a taste for imagery of the most melancholy nature; but, I believe, the reverse hardly ever happens. The poems of Ossian, however, are translated into French, Italian, and German, and much more admired in some of those countries than in England.

After my first visit to the marchioness, I was so much engaged, and so often obliged to make short visits to the country, that I did not wait upon her again for some time.

I went, however, pretty early in the forenoon, two days ago, to her lodgings, ordering my horses to follow within half an hour; for I intended to take a pretty long ride,

with a view to recover my spirits, of which, for several days and nights, I had made too lavish an expenditure. I had thoughts of going as far as the cottage, in hopes of hearing something of the *incognita*, whose beauty still floated before my eyes in nightly dreams and daily visions. I saw her airy figure this very morning, at sunrise, as I contemplated the sky.—*Lovely as the mist*, said I, *that assumes the form of my Unknown.**

I was somewhat surprised at my own constancy. 'She hangs on my fancy rather longer than usual,' thought I. 'To render me constant, it is necessary, I suppose, that I should never see a second time, except in idea, the woman who fires my imagination.'

Occupied with such reflections, I arrived at the lodgings of the marchioness. I was told she was within, and desired to walk up stairs. The French servants, you know, do not always take the trouble of announcing visitors.

I tapped at the door of the room in which she usually sits. She had heard my voice, and called out—'Entrez, Entrez.'

When I opened the door—

'Il y a mille ans,' said she, 'que je ne vous ai vu.'

'I must confess, madam, that'—

'Ah!' said she, smiling and interrupting me, 'Si c'est votre confession que vous allez me faire, parlez plus bas.'

'Pourquoi donc?'

'C'est qu'il y a quelqu'un dans mon cabinet qui pourroit vous entendre.'

While she spoke, a young lady came from the inner room;—aye, and the handsomest young lady I ever saw.

'Pshaw!' you cry; 'this is the old phrase. I have known you fond of a dozen women, each of whom was for a certain time, some longer, some shorter, the handsomest woman you ever saw; but all of them, within a few months, appeared to you much like the rest of their sex.'

What you say, Sommers, has, I must confess, a good

* Ossian.

deal of truth in it; and it is a melancholy truth, which sometimes gives me great uneasiness; yet, I hardly believe I shall ever change my way of thinking, with respect to the lady now in question.'

'Why should you not change your opinion respecting her, as well as respecting others?'

'Because this young lady, whom I saw at the marchioness's, struck me more than any woman ever did; and she *really* is the handsomest woman, without exception, that I did see.'

'You said the same of the rest.'

'I did so; but, in the present instance, it is different; because it is not so much her face, simply taken as a face, that strikes me; but as it is connected with her person, which is elegant to the last degree.'

'You admired the face and person of the *incognita* every bit as much, before you saw this last.'

'Perhaps I might; but, as you say, it was before I saw this other: besides, I had not time to examine the appearance of the *incognita*, she vanished so immediately: —whereas, I stayed a considerable time, and conversed a good deal, with this lady, at the marchioness's. I had leisure to weigh and appraise her. I found the elegance of her manners, and the good sense of her conversation, equal to her other attractions:—and then, the melody of her voice rendered every thing delightful that she uttered. In short, taking her for all in all, I am certain I never beheld so fine a woman. No; never did I see, in human form, any thing so pleasing, so beautiful, so!—— But this, you will tell me, is too vague; and were I, in the sublime language of Milton, to say—

> 'Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love,——

still it would give no precise idea of the lady's face and person. I will therefore try to describe her a little more particularly. I must tell you, then, that she is but a very little taller than the marchioness, who, you know, is above the middle size.

'Her hair, if that be an article of any importance

when the fashion is for women to wear periwigs—her hair, I say, is of a beautiful dark colour, though not quite so dark as that of the marchioness, which, you know, is of a very dark brown.

'Her teeth are every bit as white and regular as those of the marchi——: but I now recollect that you never saw the marchioness. However, you may depend upon it, that no teeth can be finer than those of this lady.

'Her eyes are of a charming hazel; which, in my opinion, is a much finer colour for eyes than either blue or black.

'Her arms!—to talk of polished ivory and Parian marble—stuff! On my soul, Sommers, I never saw such arms!—I will not attempt to describe the rest of her person; but from all I could perceive, or could understand through the drapery, the whole is exquisite.'

'I find, then, that, after all your fine flourishes and raptures about the *incognita*, that she is entirely superseded:—you think no more of her.'

'On the contrary, I think of nobody else.'

'How do you mean?'

'Why, this *is* the *incognita*.'

'The devil she is!'

'She is indeed, colonel.'—But here I am interrupted. I shall tell you more in my next.

Adieu!—I beg to be respectfully remembered to your lady. Yours, ever,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XCIV.

The Same to the Same.

London.

I RESUME where I left off.—At sight of the lady, I was most delightfully surprised to recognise the features of the person I had been so long in search of: she also seemed a little surprised. The marchioness, who had been spoken to by a servant just as the lady and I first saw each

other, did not observe the emotions of either. She continued to talk, sometimes addressing herself to the lady, and sometimes to me, till, perceiving that neither of us spoke, she stared first at one, then at the other; and, with playful gesture, sung the first line of a song she had caught from the ballad-singers under her window—'*Dear, dear, what can the matter be?*'

The lady smiled: but, before either of us spoke—'Pray,' resumed the marchioness, 'are you two acquainted with each other?'

I answered, 'that I had had the pleasure of seeing the lady once before, and had ever since earnestly wished for the happiness of seeing her again.'

The lady gently bowed; and the marchioness, in a gay manner, rejoined,—'Well, I have often heard that the English were not a talkative nation, but I did not know before that their method of forming an acquaintance with one another was by keeping a profound silence when they met.'

We both smiled; and the marchioness continued;—'If that be the case, I am persuaded you two will be on an intimate footing soon.

'I really suspected,' resumed the marchioness, 'that you were old acquaintance, who, having had a quarrel, met here accidentally, before it was made up. I was the more confirmed in my suspicion,' continued she, addressing the lady, 'because you were in high spirits before this gentleman entered: and as for him, he is never otherwise; yet, the instant you set eyes on each other, you both became as melancholy and as dumb as two Carthusians.'

'Depend upon it, my dear marchioness,' said the lady, 'that no woman could be more averse than I should be to making a vow of silence; but, if I really had made such a vow, I should regret it less when you spoke than at any other time.'

'Vous êtes charmante!' cried the marchioness, embracing her. Then, turning to me, she added,—'I have read, in some of your English books, that a French per-

son always takes a compliment in the most favourable sense. I believe the author is in the right.

After this there were few intervals of silence. Sure no mortal ever possessed the art of banishing constraint, and putting people on an easy footing, in greater perfection, than this charming French woman.

As for the *incognita*, her conversation became every moment more delightful. All her remarks were, in an uncommon degree, ingenious. Do not suspect that her ingenuity depends on her personal beauties, like your acquaintance, Miss Blossom, whose reputation for wit stands upon her complexion and teeth. I do assure you, Sommers, that the general turn of this young lady's conversation would be thought ingenious by every person of taste, even though her features were as devoid of meaning as those of Lady Carmine, who, while she was contemplating the wax-work exhibition, was mistaken for one of the figures.

The *incognita* rose at one time to go, but the marchioness prevailed on her to stay.

My horses had stood two hours before the door:—they might have stood two hours longer, had not the marchioness, with the same ease that she would have asked a pinch of snuff, said,—'I must beg of you, my dear sir, to be gone; but, as you seem to be disengaged to-day, I shall be happy to see you again in the evening—*for I give a tea.*'

It was my person alone that left the room: all the rest of me remained with the *incognita*, until Ben told me, 'that if I proceeded any farther at that slow pace, I should not have time to dress before dinner.' I then looked around, and found myself at Kew-bridge. I immediately returned to town, and remained at home, with a good deal of impatience, till eight, and then drove to the marchioness's.

There I found by much the gayest assembly I have seen since I returned to England. It consisted entirely of emigrants, of both sexes; some of them people of the first rank, accustomed from their infancy to magnificence

and every luxury, yet accommodating themselves to their present circumstances with admirable equanimity. Good-humour and gaiety are always agreeable qualities:—by being preserved during adversity, they are ennobled into virtues.

I met with some whom I had known the first time I was at Paris, and to whom I owed many civilities. The attention due to them kept me from the reveries into which I every instant found myself ready to fall.

The marchioness asked me, in a whisper, 'If I should ever forgive her for having inveigled me into a whole army of French?'

The answer was unavoidable—'I was obliged to her for introducing me to so many agreeable people.'—'Yet,' resumed she, with a sly look, 'you seem to expect somebody else, by your eye being so frequently directed to the door.'

After this I refrained from looking that way for some time; but, turning my eyes towards it at last, I saw the person they searched sitting between two French ladies, a cluster of men pressing around her. I moved that way—she received my compliments with politeness, and immediately resumed her conversation with those who sat next her. I attempted frequently to draw her into a separate conversation: she always made a polite reply to what I said, but directly after addressed her discourse to some other of the company. I at length ventured to say, in English, 'The French are a very agreeable people; it is not, therefore, surprising that you are so fond of conversing with *them*.' 'Even if I were not very fond of conversing with *them*,' said she, smiling, 'I should think it highly proper on the present occasion; for, though it is an English custom, I do not think it quite polite, in the natives of a country, to converse apart, and leave foreigners to entertain themselves.'

'Here are more foreigners than natives,' said I. 'That renders the deviation from politeness greater,' rejoined she.

'How so?'

'Do you not perceive,' said she, 'how very rude it

would seem, in either us, to prefer *one* single native to such a *choice* of foreigners?'

'As for my own part,' I resumed, 'I can declare with truth, that I prefer your' ——

'We were speaking of politenes,' said she, interrupting me, 'which, you know, is quite a different thing from truth.'

'I know it,' said I, 'and therefore, with truth, independent of politeness, declare, that I should give the same preference were the assembly composed of a select company of English women instead of foreigners.'

'How would you like now,' replied she, smiling, 'if every woman to whom you have made a similar declaration overheard you?—But I am wanted,' added she, and crossed the room to the marchioness, who immediately placed her in a card party.

By this time, my dear colonel, I suspect you are a little impatient to know who this *incognita* is?—Why, she is an acquaintance of yours—of mine. Yes, and the most intimate friend of your Juliet.

'Miss Clifford!'

Yes, to be sure. Who else could answer the description I have given?

But now she is also an acquaintance of mine, and the only one who could detain me from setting out for Ashwood after the time mentioned in the note I sent on the day of my arrival in town. But I refer the matter, my dear Sommers, to your own conscience—Is such a woman to be left so very easily?—She allows me to visit her at Mr. Darnley's. We have had a long conversation about your Juliet and you. I do rejoice, my friend, in your happiness;—long may it last! I am to dine at Mr. Darnley's with the marchioness to-morrow; and am engaged to dance with Miss Clifford at a ball to be given by the countess of R—— some days after. She tells me, however, that her friend Lady Diana Franklin, is expected from Devonshire very soon. The marchioness and Miss Clifford will go to meet her at the Grove whenever she arrives. I hinted that I should be happy to attend them, provided they would engage to secure my welcome. Miss

Clifford seemed to think this push rather too bold: she said, with a more severe air than I had ever before seen her assume, 'that she believed Lady Diana expected only the marchioness and herself.'

Have you no thoughts of bringing Mrs. Sommers to town? If you are determined against that step, I shall certainly be with you in Northumberland.—I cannot as yet fix the precise time.——

This much I had written several days ago; but having been interrupted, I neglected to finish and send the letter to the post.—You see the state of mind I am in.—You ask what has become of all my protestations against marriage.—*Ah! le bon billet qu'a la châtre.* Adieu!

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XCV.

LADY DIANA FRANKLIN *to* MISS HORATIA CLIFFORD.

MY DEAR HORATIA, *Plimpton.*

As there is a possibility of the marchioness being suddenly obliged to leave England, and join her husband, I am determined to set out for the Grove to-morrow. Mrs. Denham is by no means so much re-established as I wished and expected she would have been by this time; yet I cannot bear the thought of allowing the marchioness to leave this island without my seeing her.

I have written to my housekeeper, that she may expect you and the marchioness at the Grove on Friday next, and desired her to have dinner for you by five o'clock. I expect to be there myself the same evening.

By several letters from her, I find that Mr. Mordaunt has been able to render her some essential services, and has impressed on her heart a strong sense of obligation. I dare say she has mentioned this to you. The brilliant qualities of that gentleman are peculiarly captivating to young women; England cannot boast a man of a finer appearance, or more easy manners. He is said to possess qualities that command the admiration of his own

sex in as great perfection as he does those which engage the affection of ours: his courage and acuteness of mind are highly celebrated. He is also considered as a man of wit; but wit, like other brilliant possessions, produces more envy in others than happiness to the proprietor. No quality, however, is more generally admired. I am not surprised, therefore, my dear, to perceive, through the guarded expressions in which you mention him in your last letter, that you view him with some degree of partiality.

I know no man, however, whose acquaintance is more dangerous to a young woman. And, even to those to whom the acquaintance of no man can be dangerous, any degree of intimacy with him will not be thought very proper. His conversation is often more brilliant than sensible. He has always avowed a determination never to marry; but it is said, that, with all his libertinism, he cannot be justly accused of ever having seduced any woman by *promising* her marriage. This is a kind of defence which, without entirely exculpating one party, leaves the other without excuse. You tell me that Mr. Darnley first met Mr. Mordaunt at the lodgings of the marchioness, and, being pleased with his conversation, invited him to his house, which he now visits pretty frequently; and that both Mr. and Mrs. Darnley are delighted with his company. Mr. Mordaunt has the art of rendering his company agreeable to all whom he peculiarly wishes to please; but I question much, my dear, whether Mr. and Mrs. Darnley would have been of that number, if he could freely enjoy *your* company without theirs. At all events, you may be very certain, that the world will place Mr. Mordaunt's visits to your account more than to that of your uncle and aunt; and you will reflect, my dear Horatia, how far the frequent visits of a man of his way of thinking and character, either when you are at your uncle's or elsewhere, is proper for you.

On Friday evening I shall have the pleasure of embracing you and the marchioness at the Grove. Till then, my dear, adieu!

P. FRANKLIN.

P. S. I beg, my dear, that you will not fail to meet me at the Grove.—If any accident or engagement should prevent the marchioness from coming on Friday, come by yourself.

LETTER XCVI.

Colonel Sommers *to* Miss Clifford.

Ashwood.

It is with much concern, my dear Miss Clifford, that I address this to you. I went last Wednesday to Mrs. Kerr's, where my business detained me that night. On my return home, I found my dearest Juliet very much indisposed. Miss Proctor, who has been with us this month past, and your brother, who has been very assiduous in his visits since he last came to the country, dined with her. In the evening they walked out till the ladies were fatigued; then rested on a bank by the side of the rivulet, and returned by a shorter path, across the meadow, when it was quite wet with dew. Juliet was seized with a shivering that night, and was very feverish till morning. She made light of her indisposition, however, when I arrived, and the physician gave me hopes that the fever was abating; but she has passed a very disturbed night, has rambled a great deal in her sleep, and sometimes mentioned your name. She was calmer during some part of the forenoon; but the physician speaks with less hope of the fever being thrown off immediately; assuring me, at the same time, that there is no very threatening symptom. However unwilling I am to give you uneasiness, I have so often heard your sweet friend and you censure the concealing of intelligence of this nature from those nearest concerned, that I thought proper to communicate to you directly the real situation in which she is.

You, my dear madam, who know the value of the treasure I possess, may form a just idea of the anguish I feel at the least appearance of losing it. I was so strongly af-

fected with certain thoughts which rushed into my mind after I had written the last sentence, that, instead of proceeding, I went into Juliet's chamber. Her attendants made a signal for me to withdraw, and have since assured me that she has fallen into a slumber.

My mind is continually revolving scenes of past happiness, with the trembling hope that they will be renewed. When I heard, this morning, that Juliet had expressed a desire to see a clergyman, you cannot imagine how it pierced my heart: it gave me the idea that they never were to be renewed in this life. Some people's religion consists entirely in acts of devotion, and some entirely in acts of benevolence. As hers consists in both, it always afforded me pleasure, except in this single instance.—How weak! I am your ever faithful friend and servant,

RICHARD SOMMERS.

LETTER XCVII.

Miss Horatia Clifford *to* Lady Diana Franklin.

MY DEAR LADY DIANA, *Ashwood.*

Immediately on receiving your last letter, I settled with the marchioness to set out together on Friday to meet you at the Grove; but that same evening, while we were felicitating each other in the pleasure we expected from your society, I received a letter from Colonel Sommers, with an alarming account of Juliet. The letter was evidently written in great agitation of mind: she had been suddenly taken ill, and was thought in danger. I ordered post-horses, with the intention of setting off that same night for Ashwood. My aunt exclaimed against my leaving town at that hour, and talked of robbers, &c. Mr. Darnley, perceiving this had no effect, told me plainly that he would not allow me to leave his house till next morning. I was therefore a prisoner till five o'clock, when I set off with my maid, a servant attending us on horseback. I leave you to imagine my anxiety during this journey; the earliest companion of my youth, the beloved friend of

my heart, the favourite of my lamented mother, the woman on earth whom, next to yourself, I most love and esteem, on the point, as I dreaded, of being snatched from me for ever. Yet, so overpowered was I by the fatigue of incessant travelling, that, on the second day, I got some sleep in the carriage, and thereby found myself less exhausted than I probably should have been had I remained in London; for in that case I certainly should have had no sleep at all. I was greatly relieved by the colonel, who, as he helped me out of the chaise, assured me that my friend was better. The physician gave me the same assurance; but prevented my seeing her directly, as I earnestly desired. Sometime after, however, he came to me, and said, 'that he had been again with his patient, who had told him, that she had a dear friend in London, who would be greatly alarmed on hearing of her illness; and had desired him, if he really thought her in a way of recovery, to write his opinion to that friend; informing him at the same time of my address.

'On my assuring her,' continued the physician, 'that I would do as she desired, she said, with fervour, 'O doctor! you cannot imagine what comfort your letter will afford to her afflicted heart; and it gives no small uneasiness to mine, that she must feel two days of painful apprehension before she receives it.' 'On this,' added he, 'I desired her not to be uneasy on that account; and informed her that you were actually in the house. And, now, madam,' said he, taking me by the hand, 'permit me to conduct you to your friend's bedside.'

He led me into her chamber.—After a very short interview, the tenderness of which I am unable to describe, the physician, addressing his patient, said,—'Now, madam, the thought of your friend's vexation will no longer keep you awake. She needs sleep as much as you. The consolation I have afforded you both, though not exactly agreeable to regular practice, will, I hope, prove as efficacious an anodyne draught as any I could have ordered from the apothecary's shop.'

So saying, he led me out of the room. I soon after

went to bed with a light heart, slept eight hours, and, when I awakened, was informed that Juliet had also had a good deal of sleep, and continued on the recovery.

Those parts of your letter that relate to Mr. Mordaunt I delay taking notice of, because, until I shall be fully ascertained of Mrs. Sommers's recovery, I cannot, for a moment, fix my mind on any other subject. This is also the case with the colonel. If any thing could augment the esteem I before had for that gallant and worthy man, it would be the tender and delicate attentions he has paid to Juliet since her illness.

In him there is a remarkable proof of the difference between that kind of intrepidity which enables a man to preserve coolness and recollection in the midst of personal danger, and that which makes him bear the loss of a beloved object. No man ever displayed more of the former than Colonel Sommers; and no man is more a coward at the thought of the latter. I observed him become pale at the hurried entrance of Juliet's maid into the room where he and I were sitting this morning. She only wanted something of no importance; but his agitated heart suggested an unfavourable turn in her mistress. He could hardly speak for some moments after the girl was gone.

I have strong hopes, that in my next I shall be able to announce the happy news that Juliet is quite out of danger. With affectionate compliments to the marchioness, who, I take it for granted, is now with you at the Grove, I am, my dear Lady Diana, yours,

H. CLIFFORD.

P. S. My brother was almost constantly at Ashwood before my arrival: he has never been here since; but he sends every day to inquire how Juliet is. His letters are never directed to me. I have certainly more reason to complain of him than he has of me; yet I am the person that feels uneasiness at our misunderstanding:—this is foolish on my part, and hard-hearted on his.

LETTER XCVIII.

The COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT *to* MRS. DEMURE.

MY DEAR MADAM, *London.*

I CALLED at your house this morning, to give you a curious piece of news. It is whispered that Miss Clifford has gone off with Mr. Mordaunt. Some say they left town in the same carriage; others that she went alone, and that he followed soon after. The variation is of little importance, as it is certain they are both gone: and there can be little doubt of their meeting at some of the post-houses. Mrs. Darnley gives out that the lady is gone on a visit to Mrs. Sommers in Northumberland: that is not probable; she came from thence very lately. Other wise-acres assert that they are gone to be married in Scotland. Why should he carry her to Scotland? She is not a prize to be run off with, surely. He has had experience sufficient to know that his passion can cool soon enough without his either marrying or carrying the object of it to so frigid a country. But I leave you to judge whether Mordaunt is a likely man to marry in any country. Both you and I, my dear friend, are acquainted with women of superior beauty to Miss Clifford, who have been betrayed by this man: though I don't know if it can be called *betraying*; for, it is said, he never mentioned marriage to any of those infatuated creatures.

I know, my dear madam, that your sympathising breast will feel severely on this occasion; for the whole will be public directly; and there is no possibility of your having any farther connection with the unhappy young woman.

How unfortunate! that she did not follow the example of some wary ladies of our acquaintance, who, being equally culpable, have avoided all *éclat*, and of course are received everywhere, notwithstanding an universal conviction that they deserve to be comprehended within the bill of exclusion.

This incident will certainly produce a struggle between

the purity of Lady Diana Franklin and her friendship for the fallen nymph, before she will be able to determine whether to break with her entirely or not. As for Mordaunt, I make no doubt of his abandoning Miss Clifford just as he did others, with whom his connection has not as yet been so completely ascertained. He has resigned the French woman that he brought over already. She pretends, I understand, to be a marchioness; but, more probably, is the wife or daughter of some Parisian tradesman. Several of the real nobility of France, I hear, have been under the necessity of exercising trade since they left their own country; but a far greater number of real trades-people from France have assumed the titles, and give themselves the airs of nobility.

I wonder how Mr. Clifford will behave, when he comes to the knowledge of his sister's conduct. He has the reputation of being of a very violent temper, and is a hero in gallantry as well as Mordaunt; with this difference, however, that he is less silent on the subject of his victories. He was expected in town; but, I understand from my son, with whom he keeps up a constant correspondence, that he is wonderfully captivated by a young lady in his own neighbourhood, who seems to have driven from his memory all recollection of those who languish for his return to the capital.

Being informed that you intended to stay three or four days with Lady ——, I thought it right to acquaint you, with these particulars, because I am certain that your friendship for Mrs. Darnley will prompt you to come directly to town, on purpose to do all in your power to support her spirits on this vexatious occasion. I remain, my dear madam, your sincere and obedient servant,

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER XCIX.

MISS HORATIA CLIFFORD *to* LADY DIANA FRANKLIN.

Ashwood.

HAPPY news! the doctor has pronounced Juliet out of danger. I am giddy with joy. After reciprocal congratulations, I told the colonel I was going to communicate the tidings to you. He said he was also going to write on the same subject to his friend Mr. Mordaunt.

This put me in mind of your last letter; some parts of which prove that you have conversed with people who are prejudiced against that gentleman.

I asked of the colonel how it happened that his friend Mr. Mordaunt, who is generally thought an agreeable man, had so many enemies.

His answer was—'Mordaunt is a man of wit.'

'A man of wit!' said I.

'Yes,' rejoined he; 'of all the gifts of nature to the human race, wit is the most envied, and the least forgiven.'

But, of all my acquaintance, you are the person, my dear Lady Diana, whom I should have thought the least likely to envy, and the most likely to forgive, a man for his wit. With respect to the gentleman in question, you will recollect that it was through your means that I became acquainted with him; for I first met him at the lodgings of the marchioness: from her I received the most favourable opinion of him. My uncle and aunt conceived the same: they invited him freely to their house. But it seems the man avows a determination never to marry: this is very afflicting news to be sure. Yet if any woman, who made no objection to being of his acquaintance before she received this information, were to avoid it immediately after, would it not subject her to a strange imputation?

What has a woman, who expects and wishes for nothing in a man's society but agreeable conversation, to do

with his determinations respecting marriage? Such a determination can, *at most*, be considered as a misfortune:—it cannot be imputed as a crime, my dear Lady Diana, to a man more than to a woman; and therefore ought not to deprive him of the society of any virtuous woman, except those who have no other view in cultivating his acquaintance but marrying him.

You also observe, that, notwithstanding his accomplishments, this Mr. Mordaunt's conversation is often more brilliant than sensible; that it is peculiarly agreeable to *young* women; and that, in spite of my guarded expressions, you perceive I view him with some partiality.

The letter, however, from which you form this judgment, was written in circumstances which, with all your favour for sense and contempt of folly, I am persuaded would have influenced you yourself to have preferred agreeable nonsense to what is called solid sense. A pretty numerous company dined at my uncle's; among others, a Mr. Proser, who deals in nothing but sense, and that of the most solid kind; but he drew forth his commodity in such profusion, that he oppressed the whole company.

Had any one been disposed to have controverted what he said, it would have been difficult, for two reasons; one, that all he asserted was self-evident; the other, that he proved it by innumerable arguments.

At last, Mr. Mordaunt struck in with some observations of a lighter nature, which led to general conversation: this he supported in so entertaining a manner, as to restore good-humour and gaiety to the whole company, except Mr. Proser, whose countenance, though far from being expressive, sufficiently marked his contempt for the playful wit of Mr. Mordaunt, and all who admired it. I whispered to Mr. Darnley, who seemed indignant at the airs of superior sagacity which Mr. Proser gave himself—'This man is most completely convinced of the depth of his own understanding.'—'That is not wonderful,' answered he; 'for, though no man of sense thinks himself a fool, many fools think themselves men of sense.'

I wrote my letter to you the same evening, under the

impression made by the contrast between a tiresome man and an entertaining one; and, in spite of all my pains to use *guarded expressions*, I fear I have given you an idea of my having a greater partiality for the latter gentleman than I really have.

The world, you say, will place Mr. Mordaunt's visits to my account, rather than to that of my uncle or aunt, while I was in their house; but if he continues to visit them now, when I am three hundred miles from it, I shall expect that you will acknowledge to me, in the name of the world, that it was mistaken,

I remain, my dear Lady Diana, with affectionate compliments to the marchioness, your grateful and obedient servant,

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER C.

Lady Diana Franklin *to* Miss Horatia Clifford.

MY DEAR HORATIA, *Grove.*

I never received a more welcome letter than your last; the very first sentence of which dissipated the gloomy apprehensions my mind had been brooding over from the time I read your former.

I enter warmly into the transport of Colonel Sommers on this happy event. He could have better supported the loss of Juliet, while he was courting her, than since she became his wife. That admirable good sense, that elegant simplicity, which marks her,

> ——' one by Nature taught
> To breathe her genuine thought,'

and all those endearing qualities she has had occasion to show, since their marriage, have made a more delightful impression on his calm and steady mind than all her beauty had done before. Notwithstanding the intrepidity and firmness of his character, I am persuaded that her loss would have broken his heart.—What a noble heart would have been broken!

With what admirable judgment has your friend disposed of her hand and fortune! What are titles; what external grace; what all the sparklings of wit, so fascinating to the fancy of many women; what are all those qualities together in a husband, in comparison with the constancy, the complacent temper, and other virtues of Colonel Sommers?

You must have observed, my dear Horatia, how highly I have been charmed with that natural cheerfulness of mind which you possess. It was one of the greatest delights of your mother's life: it soothed the affliction of your father after her death; and it has afforded me many pleasing hours, since I was deprived of my two friends. Yet, I must own, that the fear of any occurrence that would throw a gloom over a character so formed for giving and receiving happiness has given me some disturbance, on particular occasions; and my constant prayer, my dear Horatia, is, that you may be able always to preserve that enviable gaiety of temper, that precludes sorrow from your own breast, and communicates cheerfulness to that of others.

I should have been entertained with the sportive tenor of some parts of your last letter, even though I had not been predisposed to the admission of cheerful ideas by the beginning of it.

By the last paragraph, however, it appears that you think the world more ready to acknowledge a mistake than I have ever found it.

Mr. Mordaunt's attention to you, from the time he returned from his brother's, was remarked; his lingering in London, instead of going immediately to see his friend Sommers, as he had given out, was laid entirely to your account. Calumny itself, one would have thought, could not directly censure your going to Ashwood, on hearing of Juliet's illness. It was soon whispered, however, that Mr. Mordaunt would set out after you; and, though nothing could be more natural than his going to visit his friend Colonel Sommers, yet it was asserted that he would not have left London if you had remained in it. I

suppose he arrived at Ashwood soon after you sent your last letter to the post-house.

While I admire that glow of friendship which, in disregard of all engagements, however agreeable, prompted you to hurry to your friend's bedside, at three hundred miles distance, without sleep or refreshment, but what you took in the chaise, I cannot help reminding you, that another has a claim, which she cannot relinquish, on that friendship: I also am languishing for your presence. It is very long since I had the happiness of seeing you; and, since Juliet is entirely out of danger, and you have so completely fulfilled whatever affection could require towards your *young* friend, I hope you will now take leave of her, and return by easy stages to your *old* one.

Independent of the pleasure you will thereby give me and the marchioness, who is here at present, but in daily expectation of a summons to join her husband, your leaving Ashwood will at once put an end to the idle rumours and conjectures that have arisen in consequence of Mr. Mordaunt's following you.

Notwithstanding the playful arguments of your last epistle, your own serious reflection and good sense, my dear, must suggest, that it becomes a virtuous young woman, to avoid giving the shadow of foundation to so injurious a suspicion as that she encourages the pursuits of a man of Mr. Mordaunt's principles: I, therefore, say no more, but shall expect the pleasure of seeing you at the Grove before the end of next week. I remain, with the warmest affection, your friend,

D. FRANKLIN.

I understand that a new source of vexation has arisen to Lady Deanport, in a quarter from whence she little expected it. A Miss Almond, who was much with her ladyship when she went to Yorkshire, was lately invited to her house in town. To console himself for your cruelty, Lord Deanport took a fancy for this girl: the effect of which has been, that Miss Almond, from the humblest

of all companions, and most obsequious of all tod-eaters, began to behave with insolence to her ladyship. This, it seems, was not resented by my lord in the manner she expected. Miss Almond still remains in the family: and my lady and her son are not on the best terms.

LETTER CI.

DANIEL PROCTOR, *Esq. to* MISS ALMOND.

DEAR MISS ALMOND, *Newcastle.*

I DID not intend to address you until I should arrive at my own house, where I might have leisure to compose a letter with all the deliberation which the delicacy of the subject requires; for, I must confess, my dear young lady, that, instead of praising, which would have been more agreeable to me, I am under the necessity of censuring your conduct. But, having been detained by necessary business, (for nothing but necessary business could have detained me so long in this town), I began to fear, that if I delayed any longer, the admonition which I propose to give you might arrive too late; and, in that case, what I intend as admonition might appear in the light of reproach. People in general cannot bear to have their conduct censured, even although the censure should be designed for their good; but, as there is no general rule without exceptions, I hope you will prove yourself to be one.

Having thus endeavoured to render what might be thought bitter in this letter a little palatable, just as physicians add syrups to the medicines they prescribe to children, I shall proceed to the main object I have in view in writing to you.—I must begin by informing you, in the first place, that I was sorry that my good friend, your aunt, consented to your going to London to live with a lady of quality; because it is an old observation, and a true one, that young women are prone to imitate the manners of those they live with; and the manners of women of quality and high birth are not suitable to me,

dest young women of respectable parentage. This only applied to the risk you ran from the contagion of Lady Deanport's example and that of her acquaintance: I confess I did not think of her son, because I understood that he was at that time courting Miss Moyston, the rich heiress, and therefore imagined he would be too much occupied with her to think of you. But I have since learnt, from a correspondent of strict veracity, who does not give credit to reports lightly, that Miss Moyston refused Lord Deanport, and married another, which has driven Lord Deanport to desperation. Since which he frequents your company to such a degree, that his mother is offended, and has written to your aunt to desire you to return to York, which you have refused. My correspondent adds, that you sometimes drive about in my lord's carriage; that he himself saw you in his company at the play-house, richly dressed, and with a miniature picture, set in diamonds, hanging from your neck; that your whole manner, and even the style of your language, is quite changed; that, instead of being obsequious and obliging, as you were formerly, you now assume a proud look and disdainful air. Those, and other circumstances that I omit, create suspicion that he wishes to rob you of the precious jewel of your virgin innocence; after which, all the jewels he can decorate you with will be badges of dishonour. O, my dear Miss Almond! let this never be said with truth of you. Give him back all his jewels, and whatever present beside he may have made to you; and I hereby engage to advance to you a sum of money equal to their full value, whatever it may be. If I had time, and did not wish that this should remain unknown to every one but ourselves, I would send you my bond to that purpose; but I hope you will think my word, which, I thank God, I never forfeited hitherto, and I am now sixty years of age, is every bit as good.

I beg, therefore, that you will do as I have requested; and, also, that you will return immediately to your aunt, at York; which, I hope, will put an end to the unfavourable rumours that are in circulation concerning you. Or,

in case it should not entirely have that effect, (for it must be acknowledged that a good name once lost is not easily regained), still it would shew that, although you have been imprudent, that you are resolved to be so no more.

You may, perhaps, imagine that I give you this advice with a view to repeat my proposal for a matrimonial union between you and me; but I think it fair to assure you that I have no such intention. On mature and serious deliberation, I am now convinced that marriage at my age, particularly with a woman at yours, would not be productive of all the happiness to either party that is to be wished. I therefore very sincerely pray, that you may obtain a younger, and, every thing considered, I may add—a better husband than I should prove.

I have been lately informed, that Mr. Walker, the haberdasher, is now in far better circumstances than when he courted you, he having succeeded to his uncle the ironmonger's fortune, which enables him to retire entirely from trade, and live like a gentleman in the country; for which purpose he has purchased four acres of land, advantageously situated on the great London-road, where he intends to build a commodious house, as soon as the ground is completely drained.

The person who gave me this information is the intimate friend of Mr. Walker; and he told me, over and above, that that gentleman, viz. Mr. Walker, who is undoubtedly a gentleman now, is as fond of you as ever, though considerably altered in some other respects, particularly since he was an officer of light infantry in a volunteer company; which, however, he was obliged to quit, because the largeness of the hinder and lower part of his person, though pretty well concealed by long clothes, appeared so vast in his short military jacket, that it excited the laughter of indiscreet spectators, and disgusted him with the service. However, instead of a white periwig, with two regular rows of large curls, he now wears a little smart dark scratch; and blue pantaloons instead of breeches, and half-boots instead of shoes, when he is in full dress. My friend also assures me, that,

though this may in part proceed from some remains of his military spirit, yet, he is persuaded, it is chiefly with a view to gratify you, as he is informed it is the present London mode of dress, which he knows was always approved of by you: for, notwithstanding the harsh manner in which you rejected him formerly, he is determined to renew his suit as soon as you return to York, in the hopes that this great addition to his fortune will render you more favourably disposed than formerly. I judged it proper to acquaint you with this, that you might be prepared to act as your understanding may dictate; and, as Mr. Walker is on the whole a well-disposed man, not above five or six and forty years of age, and will now be able to live in a genteel manner, according to your taste, I hope that you will find his proposals agreeable;—which hope, I do assure you, my dear young lady, is more owing to the interest I take in your happiness than his. At all events, I earnestly entreat that you will send Lord Deanport back every present he has ever made you, and set out directly after to your afflicted aunt. As soon as you shall have arrived there, let me know, and I will endeavour to wait on you at York; or, if I am prevented, send you a draught for the money. I am, dear Miss Almond, your constant well-wisher and humble servant,

DANIEL PROCTOR.

LETTER CII.

From Miss Almond *to* Daniel Proctor, *Esq.*

SIR, *London.*

Although I have received a great many epistolary letters from gentlemen during the short time I have hitherto been in this world, yet I cannot but observe, that I have the honour to acknowledge, that that which my footman has just delivered to me from you is the most extraordinary, or, I may presume to add, the most unprecedented, I ever saw in the whole course of my existence.

You really seem to be what Mr. Townly calls rusticated; which, perhaps, may be imputed to your living continually in the country: but that is no reason for your not writing with common politeness, which, as I heard Lady Varnish observe, is one of those things which render the intercourse between the sexes in society so agreeable; and the want of which may make all your great loyalty to his majesty very much to be doubted; for, in a book upon polite conversation, by Mr. Simon Wagstaff, Esq. which I was reading when the French *friseur* was dressing my hair, I find these lines,

> 'Who in his talk can't speak a polite thing,
> Will never loyal be to George our king.'

I recommend the perusal of that book to you, Mr. Proctor, on purpose to purify a little your style of language, particularly when you write to the fair sex; that you may never again mention a certain article of men's dress by a name which obliges a woman of true politeness and fashion to blush; especially as you cannot but know that the very article I mean goes by the name of *small-clothes* as well as breeches. But, whether you take my counsel in this or not, allow me to tell you, sir, that you have no right to employ a spy on my conduct, in a sphere of life of which neither you, nor your vulgar narrow-minded correspondents, are proper judges of. It is very true, sir, that I have a friendship for my Lord Deanport, because of his noble birth, as well as his other accomplishments; and if he has the same delicate sincere friendship for me, which he swears he has, and that it will be eternal, what right have you, or any one else, to find the least fault with it?

You seem to have no notion of pure refined friendship between man and woman, Mr. Proctor, which makes you write as you do, of his robbing me of my precious jewel and virgin innocence, and such like vulgar stuff as never once entered my head: and it is quite monstrous that it should enter yours, at an age when, by your own confession, in your indecent letter so me, you are unfit for marriage.

You might have spared yourself the trouble of informing me that you did not intend to renew your odious proposals, as you might well imagine I should now reject them with more disdain than ever; but I must confess that I admire your assurance in mentioning to me the name of Walker the haberdasher; as if I could be tempted by his pitiful fortune and new house, to leave the first-rate society of men of high rank, which sometimes dines with my lord, and of ladies, which visits me, and which dresses as genteel as any in the capital, to pass my life in the marshes of Yorkshire, with such vermin as Walker, and his friends the dissenters.

As for Lady Deanport's being offended, that gives me little concern; perhaps she may have reason to repent the airs she has given herself, and that she has made an enemy of one who was disposed to be her friend and benefactor. She ought to remember that she was no better than a plain miss, as well as myself, when the late Lord Deanport married her; but of that I choose to be silent at present: only, before I conclude, I must inform you, that I desire no more of your admonitions, which, in spite of all the sugar you have put into them, I found so nauseous, that I threw them into the only place fit for them. If I had shown your letter to my Lord Deanport, he would, perhaps, have given you a lesson that would have made you write with proper respect of your superiors, and taught you, old as you are, better manners in future. —No more at present, being, sir, yours, &c.

MARGARET ALMOND.

LETTER CIII.

Miss Horatia Clifford *to* Lady Diana Franklin.

Ashwood.

Juliet gains strength every minute; she sits up several hours daily. Her recovery has filled this whole family with happiness, and diffused joy over a populous neighbourhood. The arrival of Mr. Mordaunt communicated

additional satisfaction to Colonel Sommers. I was present at their first meeting. I never beheld more genuine marks of delight than both manifested. It was not thought proper that he should be presented to Juliet till the next day. She afterwards told me, 'that, prepared as she was to see a man eminently agreeable, the engaging ease and elegance of Mr. Mordaunt's manners and appearance had exceeded her expectation. Of the praises which she was accustomed to hear her husband bestow on him, she had imputed a greater share to the partiality of friendship than she now thought justly belonged to it.'

It is not difficult to perceive, my dear Lady Diana, that this gentleman gives you some uneasiness on my account. Notwithstanding your desire of seeing the marchioness, and entertaining her at the Grove, before she leaves England, I greatly suspect that you would not have left Mrs. Denham until she was fully recovered, had it not been for that reason.

Though I do not think your apprehensions well founded, I have the warmest sense of obligation to you for the maternal attachment from which they originate.

Your earnestness for my immediate return to town I believe to be, in a great measure, derived from the same source; though, to spare my self-love, you impute your anxiety to the malevolent constructions of the world, rather than to your fear of any weakness on my part. Yet I remember having heard you observe, that those who expect to escape free from the idle and malicious rumours that busy and envious people are continually circulating, will, in all probability, be disappointed. But still you say it is proper, particularly for young women, to avoid whatever may be considered as a plausible foundation for malice to build upon. Without making myself an absolute slave, by unceasing circumspection where I apprehend no danger, I have observed your maxim, and been at pains to avoid what malice could plausibly build a scandalous story upon. What has the pains I took for this purpose availed?—Nothing. Malice requires no plausible or solid pretext to build on; she rears her fabrics on

shadows light as air. Mr. Mordaunt pays a visit to his most intimate friend a little after I went to comfort mine in her illness. Is there any plausible foundation for malice here? What says malice? Why, that under the pretext of visiting a female friend, I have given a rendezvous to a man.—Could I foresee a construction of this nature? Even if I had foreseen it, it would not have prevented my visit to Juliet.

You say my leaving Ashwood immediately, and returning to London, would put an end to all the rumours and conjectures to which Mordaunt's following me has given rise: but, if an end were put to them, would not new rumours be instantly circulated, of perhaps a more malignant import, with the same assiduity. It may be prudent, for aught I know, *not* to put an end to the circulation of those rumours, on the same principle (as we are informed by Plutarch) that Alcibiades cut off his dog's tail:—better they should assert, that Mr. Mordaunt followed me, than that I followed him.

Can you really advise me, my beloved friend, to disturb all the repose of my life by a vain struggle to stem the overflowings of malice, which has flowed, and will flow, through the revolutions of ages. A woman, conscious of her own virtue, has a right to despise the forced and malignant constructions of the world;—as they cannot sully the purity of her intentions, she ought not to allow them to annoy the tranquillity of her mind.

However obstinate I have sometimes been in adhering to my own opinions, and endeavouring to support them in the best manner I could by serious, or, if these were wanting, by playful arguments, yet I have always entertained a much higher respect for yours; and I am sensible, that when I have acted on my own, in preference to yours, I have often had reason to repent it.—Yet I cannot help thinking, that the ill opinion you have received of Mr. Mordaunt proceeds, in a great measure, from misrepresentation. When I informed you that this gentleman's appearance had confirmed the favourable notion, that Juliet, whose account came from her husband, had previous-

ly given me of him, I could not help wishing you were with us at Ashwood; because I thought the same behaviour which confirmed my impression would remove yours: besides, I know that you entertain the highest opinion of Colonel Sommers. Can you believe, my dear Lady Diana, that a person of his discernment and honourable principles would choose a man of a directly opposite character for his most intimate and confidential friend? To me this seems impossible.

I suspect that you have seen little of Mr. Mordaunt, except in pretty numerous companies: there, indeed, his sole object seemed to be to inspire gaiety, and rouse the spirit of mirth.

I remarked this as often as I saw him in large and mixed companies, at my uncle's, and other houses in London; and, had you yourself been present on those occasions, my dear Lady Diana, you would have seen that there was no room for serious discourse; and that those who attempted to introduce any thing of that nature were considered in the same light with Mr. Proser, of whom I formerly gave you some account.

But here it has been otherwise; for, though Juliet's recovery removed those painful forebodings that harassed our minds before, still a darkish cloud hung over our hearts, which, without producing what could be called sorrow, refused admission to mirth: there was no other company besides Mr. Proctor, a very respectable clergyman, of whom the colonel has a high esteem, Mr. Mordaunt, and myself. All of us took a warm interest in Juliet. It is impossible for human creatures, however unconnected before, to harbour the same fears and wishes for any length of time, and have opportunities of communicating them, without acquiring sentiments of good-will and friendship towards each other. Such communications augment joy, and alleviate grief; of course, they create friendship.

The conversation since I have been at Ashwood, therefore, has been of a graver cast than any in which I ever before heard Mr. Mordaunt engaged; and sometimes it

led to discussions which you would think little to his taste, and to subjects with which he might be supposed unacquainted:—on these, however, he delivered his sentiments in a style and manner which delighted his friend the colonel, drew the admiration of the clergyman, who, I am convinced, is a man of taste as well as learning, and would, as I am firmly persuaded, have gained your approbation, my dear Lady Diana, had you been present.

But I begin to dread that my dwelling so long on this subject will increase your notion of my partiality: though surely a desire of doing bare justice to any person is no proof of partiality. I never saw you yourself, my dear madam, more warm than when you have stood up for those whose characters were calumniated or misrepresented in your presence. In other respects, the person in question, on the present occasion, is nothing to me,—farther, indeed, than as the most intimate and most esteemed friend of my dear Juliet's husband, and a gentleman whose conversation I think agreeable.

When I hinted my design to leave Ashwood at the end of this week, which you seem to expect, the colonel expressed much surprise; said he was certain it would afflict Juliet to a degree that might retard her recovery; and pressed me so earnestly to postpone my intention, that I have consented to stay beyond the time you mentioned. You will let the marchioness know as much; and you may rely on it, that I will leave this place as soon as I can with propriety. I remain, my dear Lady Diana, with the most affectionate esteem, yours,

H. CLIFFORD.

P. S. Before I sealed this, your second from the Grove arrived. You persist in requiring me to leave this place. I believe what I have said above will not alter your opinion. Without waiting for another letter, therefore, I shall set out so as to be with you at the time you exact. I have already informed Colonel Sommers of my determination. He could not but be surprised; but, perceiv-

ing that I was resolved, he refrained from urging my stay in direct terms. He begged, however, to know what the pressing business was which called me so suddenly from my friend. In *that* you know, my dear madam, it was not in my power to satisfy him: I only answered that the business was *indispensable.*

To accommodate my conduct to your ideas, though I myself may see no urgent necessity for what is insisted on, I consider as my duty.—A few months before my father's death, he pointed out a variety of situations wherein *reason* might prompt one line of conduct, and *inclination* another. I said, 'I was determined to follow the dictates of my reason, such as it was, in all doubtful cases.'—'You had better,' said he, 'follow the advice of your mother's beloved friend, Lady Diana.'—'What!' replied I, 'though contrary to my reason.'—'Yes, my dear,' rejoined he; 'because, at your age, it is not uncommon to mistake inclination for reason, and to be misled by the former, when we think we are under the guidance of the latter. Lady Diana falls into this mistake seldomer than any woman I know.'

While I recollect these words, my dear madam, I never will put my own notions of propriety in opposition to yours. Though, I confess, if you had not expressed a different opinion, I should not have discovered any impropriety in my remaining at Ashwood until my friend had entirely recovered.

LETTER CIV.

MRS. DEMURE *to the* COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT.

MY DEAR COUNTESS, *London.*

I HAVE a becoming sense of your kind attention, in sending me the news in town when I was last in the country; particularly in giving me the earliest intelligence of Miss Clifford's elopement,—which, though it proved to be false, afforded as much amusement to her ladyship, and the company with whom I then was, as if it had been true.

Your old housekeeper has been with me this morning, to inform me, that, a few hours after your ladyship left town, Lord Deanport carried Miss Almond out in his carriage—her sudden illness having been affected, to prevent her accompanying you to Oxfordshire. She said she suspected this at the time, as Miss Almond and my lord's valet had been making preparations for a journey; but she had concealed it from you, because your ladyship had ordered her never to inform you of any thing that would give you uneasiness. She was afraid you would hear of this journey, in spite of all her precaution, because Lady Mango, as she returned to town, met my lord and Miss Almond on the road to Portsmouth; and by her ladyship's indefatigable activity, in driving about since her arrival, it is now spread all over the town that they are to embark directly for Hamburg.

I thought it my duty to inform you of this, lest it should come misrepresented to your ladyship's ears:—I am not of the prevailing opinion, that Miss Almond will be able to wheedle his lordship into a marriage; for though he seems distractedly fond of her, and she certainly has infinitely too much influence with him, yet it is to be hoped that prudence, good sense, and reflection, though uncommon at his years, will prevent him from a step so disgraceful; especially as there is no reason to think that any *friend or companion of his lordship acts in concert with the damsel, and has an interest in persuading him to such a measure.* From your ladyship's having chosen Miss Almond as a companion, I never doubted her being a young woman of talents; but I should be extremely sorry, on my lord's account, to think that she was mistress of all the cunning and address that I have heard imputed to her. At all events, I thought the sooner you knew what has happened the better, that you may not be too late in adopting whatever measures your wisdom may suggest.

I remain, with the most sincere and respectful friendship, your ladyship's most obedient servant,

ANGELINA CELESTINA DEMURE.

LETTER CV.

The COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT *to* MRS. DEMURE.

MY DEAR MADAM, *Tunbridge.*

I RETURN you thanks for the friendly letter you addressto me when I was in Oxfordshire. The affair you communicated gave me more uneasiness on the girl Almond's account than on my son's. With regard to him, it will be considered merely as a piece of levity natural to youth; but to her the consequence will be more serious, because she has not the address of those women who keep their intrigues concealed from public observation, nor the audacity of those who, in defiance of the public impression, and of their own consciousness, give themselves the airs of prudery and innocence.

I am of your opinion, that there is no danger of Lord Deanport being wheedled into marriage by Miss Almond, because I know, and this assurance will afford you, my dear Angelina Celestina Grizzel, peculiar satisfaction—I know that he has had the prudence to elude the snares of women more mature, and more exercised in the arts of seduction, than that poor girl can be.

On my return to town, among other papers which my son, from his usual carelessness, left in his apartment, I found a letter from Mr. Clifford. I fear it has been perused by some of the servants; but, to prevent the same from happening again, I now inclose it. I intended to have had the pleasure of waiting on you before I went to Tunbridge; but the party with which I go hurry me without mercy; and so, my dear friend, I must bid you adieu.

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER CVI.

WILLIAM CLIFFORD, *Esq. to the* EARL *of* DEANPORT.

MY DEAR LORD, *Clifford-House.*

As you repeat in your last letter, the wish you formerly expressed to see me in town, I am sorry I cannot immediately comply with a request which does me honour.

I will however frankly acknowledge, that your lordship conjectures right, in thinking that I am detained here by the charms of a woman whom I cannot prevail on to accompany me to London; though, in my present humour, I think I should be happy to accompany her any where, except, perhaps, to Gretna-green. What you will think more extraordinary is, that she is not a new acquaintance, but one that I have long known, and for whom I always had a partiality, though she never appeared so bewitchingly agreeable, in all respects, as since I last came to Northumberland. Mordaunt is with his friend, Colonel Sommers, at Ashwood. Though I am not particularly fond of that gentleman's company, I should not like to leave the country while such a marauder remains in it:—yet, I think, he will hardly venture to plunder any of my property.

I have another reason, which, independent of those I have mentioned, would of itself be sufficient to prevent me from going to London at present—Mrs. Demure is there. I once had a fancy for that woman: she was otherwise engaged at that time; and she thought proper, though I understand it has not always been her practice, to throw cold water on my flame.

On my last return from the continent, I found her in a much more favourable disposition: but my fancy had changed as well as hers. As she had warmed, I had cooled; not so completely, however, as to render me quite indifferent to her advances; but, as the enthusiasm of the business was gone, I became fatigued with the attentions the lady required; and, after promising to return soon, I fled to Northumberland, where I have met with

a young lady of a very different description, blooming, modest, unaffected, and unsophisticated in all respects. How the business between her and me will end I know not: but I confess that, independent of her attractions, I should be unwilling to return at present to London, and be exposed to the same kind of persecution your lordship observed when I was last there.

You will be the more disposed to sympathise with me, as I have heard that the widow, at one period, manifested a *velléité* for your lordship. I remain your lordship's very obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM CLIFFORD.

LETTER CVII.

Miss Clifford *to* Lady Diana Franklin.

MY DEAR LADY DIANA, *Ashwood.*

After receiving my last, you could have no doubt of my intention to leave this place. I am going to relate what has prevented me.

You know my affection for Mary Proctor: she was my earliest playfellow; is one of the sweetest-tempered and most disinterested girls alive. Her chief pleasure always was to oblige. She preferred my company to that of her nearest relations: her confidence in me was unbounded. Her father is one of the most upright men in the world: he has peculiarities that expose him sometimes to ridicule; but his benevolence secures him the esteem of every person of worth.

On the evening of the day on which I last wrote to you, Miss Proctor, saying she intended to write to her father, retired, after tea, to her room. Colonel Sommers and Mr. Mordaunt were engaged at chess. Instead of my usual walk in the venerable front-avenue, I sauntered alone all the way to the water-fall, and was returning by the Yew Grove, when I saw a man issue from it, and deliver a letter to a woman who advanced from the back-door of the garden. She evidently came in expectation

of the letter. Though it began to be duskish, I recognised the man to be my brother's French servant. The woman, having received the letter, was returning by the way she came; when, perceiving one of the under-gardeners standing at the gate, she turned suddenly to the left, and met me, whom she had not before remarked. You will judge of my surprise when I name Miss Proctor.—At sight of me she started, and betrayed great confusion. We returned to the house together without uttering a word. She stopped a little at the door of her apartment, as if she meant that I should pass to my own; but I entered hers.

That I might let her know the full extent of what I had observed, and save her the mortification of attempting fruitless misrepresentation, I said,—'Was not that my brother's servant, my dear?'

'Who?'

'The person who gave you the letter.'

'If it was—there is no harm, I presume, in receiving a letter from your brother.'

'I hope not—yet the man seemed to have some notion of that kind; for he quickly made his escape, as if he had been conscious of having done wrong.'

To this she said nothing.—I resumed—

'You never told me, my dear Mary, that you were carrying on a correspondence with my brother.'

'You have had a misunderstanding with your brother,' replied she.

'That does not render me the less your friend: but perhaps your father is acquainted with it.'

She blushed; but made no answer.

'My dear Mary,' resumed I, 'you cannot think it right, surely, to receive letters from any man, without acquainting your father.'

'You know, very well, that he is prejudiced against your brother.'

'Is it right in a daughter to carry on a secret correspondence with a man against whom her father is prejudiced?'

'Your brother is generally thought a man of honour.'

'Perhaps so, my dear: yet a correspondence with him may injure the character of a woman of honour, particularly when carried on without the knowledge of her father —and so good, so affectionate a father as you are blessed with.'

She burst into tears. On which, taking her by the hand, I put her in mind of our long friendship, said every thing which I imagined could sooth her, and regain her confidence, assuring her that I was not prompted by idle or officious curiosity, but the purest good-will, in wishing to know the nature of her correspondence with my brother.

She threw her arms around my neck, and said, that 'she knew her father had been offended with my brother; and, though they had been on better terms of late, yet she had been afraid to give him the least hint of her having this correspondence: but she blamed herself more in concealing it from me:—now she would inform me of every thing.' She proceeded, in broken accents,—'You must have observed, my dear Horatia, the great regard I have long had for your brother; you may remember the early partiality he showed for me, when we were both children. He went abroad, and, as I dreaded, forgot me. My regard for him had taken deeper root; all my endeavours to efface it were vain: my fancy followed him wherever he went. I felt an interest, unknown before, in the countries where he resided. What knowledge I have acquired respecting France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, proceeds from the inquiries I made, and the books I read, relative to those countries, while your brother was in them. My father was flattered with my assiduity, and with the progress I made in a species of knowledge for which he had often lamented I had so little taste. He little suspected that both were excited by the interest I took in a person of whom he was daily expressing an ill opinion. Indeed, my father's prejudice had an effect directly contrary to what he intended. I did not believe what was often repeated in my hearing, to your

brother's disadvantage. Finding that some things were exaggerated, I concluded that all were false: and whatever was said in his praise,—and you know that much may be said in his praise,—I believed to be true. When he last returned to England, and came to visit this family, I dare say he discovered the state of my heart. His visits were frequent,—he sought occasions of seeing me alone,—he spoke the language of love,—he declared that he had always loved me. When Mrs. Sommers was taken ill he was more assiduous than before; but my concern for her, and the fear of losing her for ever, made me listen with less attention to his declarations, and often to decline the meetings he requested. He expressed uneasiness when he heard of your arrival; said he had reasons, which he would communicate hereafter, for not wishing to see you; and earnestly begged that, as he should be seldom at Ashwood, we might correspond by letters:—which request I at last complied with.'

I asked if he had ever spoken to her of marriage? She answered, 'that he had; but had told her, at the same time, that he was entangled by an affair which his relations had pressed upon him—a woman of rank and fortune; that it was entirely a scheme of theirs, in which he himself had taken little or no part; but it would require some management and time to break it completely off with decency; that one reason for his declining to meet me at Colonel Sommers's was, that he might escape my teasing him on that subject.' 'And this,' continued the candid girl, 'was the reason that I met you with less cordiality when you came to Ashwood than I ever did before in my whole life.'

You may easily conceive, my dear Lady Diana, how very much I was shocked at this perfidious conduct of my brother.

She then showed me the letter she had just received. It was full of the common jargon of flames, and darts, and racks, and tortures; and ended with an insinuation that he would not long survive her cruelty: and begging that she would meet him at a certain cottage, about a mile

from Ashwood, as he had something of a very agreeable nature, which he could not transmit by letter, to communicate, was the modest proposal which formed the postscript.

While I stood silent, from indignation,—'I wonder,' said she, 'what he has to inform me of which he could not communicate in writing.'

I plainly perceived that she thought he meant a proposal of marrying her secretly.

'He has nothing to inform you of, my dear, that you ought to listen to,' said I.

'I cannot allow myself to believe that your brother is not a man of honour. Every body says he is a man of honour.'

'On what occasion, my dear, had you an opportunity of hearing any one speak of my brother's honour?'

'I remember,' she replied, 'being present in a company where you was much praised, and something rather slighting fell from one gentleman respecting your brother; on which Major Punto swore, that Mr. Clifford was as much a man of honour as his sister, or any other female, could be a *woman* of honour. All the company acknowledged the truth of what the major asserted.'

'You know, my dear Mary,' resumed I, 'that male and female honour are different.'

'I thought,' said she, 'that honour was of an invariable nature, and the same in every rational creature.'

'It is not so estimated by the world,' I added. 'A man who submits to an insult, without exacting satisfaction, is considered as dishonoured, though in other respects he may be a just and benevolent man. A woman who, in a single instance, has yielded to the seductions of illicit love, is considered as having forfeited her honour, though, otherwise, of an estimable character and amiable disposition. It is of no use to say that the world forms an erroneous judgment;—still it is the world's judgment.

'When my brother, therefore, talks to you of your cruelty, and entreats you to abate of it for his gratification, the proper answer for you to make would be, to tell

him, with a very serious face, that you were seized with a violent desire to see him kicked, or pulled a little by the nose, in a public company: and if he refuses to indulge you, on the paltry pretence that, by submitting to such treatment, he would be dishonoured, tell him you are fully aware of that, but still you hoped he would submit to dishonour for your sake; and as for a few kicks, and a twist by the nose, what did they signify, when compared to the flames, darts, racks, and tortures which you would endure, if he continued obstinate, and refused to gratify you.'

The artless girl alternately smiled and blushed at the ridiculous light in which I put the case: but, next morning, she wrote a letter of my dictating to my brother, in which she reproaches him for the proposal he had made, and declares that she will never write or receive another letter from him, without the knowledge and approbation of her father. And this epistle she sent openly, by her own footman.

I do not, however, think it right to leave this amiable, but easy-tempered girl, until I have accompanied her to her father's house.

It is plain to me, that, although I have opened her eyes respecting the base views of my brother, she still retains a too tender regard for him.

I am convinced, my dear Lady Diana, that the reasons I have given for delaying my return to the Grove will meet with your approbation. You will hear again soon from your ever affectionate

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER CVIII.

LORD MORDAUNT *to the Hon.* JOHN MORDAUNT.

MY DEAR JACK, *London.*

THE court you so assiduously paid to Miss Horatia Clifford, when you was last in town, is given as the cause of her refusing the hand of Lord Deanport. Whether

this is to be considered as a misfortune to the young lady or not, I am too little acquainted with the noble lord to know; but the report now in circulation, that, with her approbation, you have followed her to Northumberland, is certainly unfortunate: for though this report is believed by few, it is circulated by many, and, sometimes, with the most malignant commentaries. If I had never seen Miss Clifford, nor ever heard her spoken of as beautiful and accomplished, I should have conceived her to be both, from the extraordinary degree of envy and malignity she has excited in the breasts of some of her own sex. Her journey to the north was mentioned at an assembly where I was lately.

'Who could have believed it?' said one lady.

'Mr. Mordaunt and she set out together?' said a second.

'The same carriage I do assure you,' answered a third.

'Forgive me, madam,' said a fourth—'Miss Clifford had the prudence to set out from London alone; and when Mr. Mordaunt overtook her at an inn, they seemed greatly surprised at the unexpected rencontre; and they did not travel in the same carriage till then.'

'It is a great pity,' resumed the third, 'that Mr. Mordaunt has so great an aversion to matrimony; because, after what has happened, Miss Clifford will not hold her head so high as she did, and may become a very obedient wife.'

'But as it is probable he will retain his old aversion,' rejoined the fourth, 'particularly after what has happened, it is most likely that Miss Clifford never will be wife at all.'

'Well,' said Lady Aspic, who had listened to the discourse with much satisfaction, 'if she never should be a wife, she will still make as good an old maid as many others.'

This set the whole good-natured group a laughing, and filled me with so much indignation, that I rose, went into another room, and joined Lady Amelia Melton, whom I saw in conversation with your friend Lord P——. In

a short time I heard Lady Aspic's silly remark circulating as an admirable *bon-mot*. When it was repeated to Lady Amelia, instead of laughing like many others, I observed that she blushed. I believe she has often cause to blush for her aunt.

Though the obvious rancour of some of those women will probably defeat its purpose, yet, it must be admitted, my dear Jack, that the celebrity of certain adventures of yours renders it hazardous for a young woman to be much of your acquaintance.

This is not so surprising, as that the circumstance which ought to make them avoid it seems to have an opposite effect.

I have heard Miss Clifford so very advantageously spoken of, that I am unwilling to believe that this is the case with her; and it would give me great uneasiness if the reputation of this young lady should be at all injured, in the opinion of any person of candour, by your means. Independent of her personal good qualities, she is of a most respectable family: I remember to have heard my father speak of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford in the warmest terms of regard.

After what I have said, you must be sensible that your continued attentions would be injurious to her: I have, therefore, thought it expedient to send this letter by express, which will furnish you with a sufficient pretext for coming to London directly,—by which, I do assure you, my dear brother, you will oblige me exceedingly. Do not dread my pressing you on the subject of Lady Amelia Melton. The duchess-dowager of ——, immediately after your departure from Hampshire, assured me that she plainly perceived you were not interested in that lady to the degree I flattered myself you would be. I have a very high opinion of her grace's penetration; and I now give up a scheme, the success of which would have given me great pleasure, and which, I also knew, would have been been very agreeable to her. I am somewhat afraid that the solicitude I have shown for your marrying has been teasing and disagreeable to you; I have, therefore, come

to the resolution never more to give you the least trouble on that subject.

If you should ever meet with a woman so much to your taste as to overcome the unlucky prejudice you have hitherto entertained against marriage, that woman will also be agreeable to me. None but a woman of sense and virtue, I am certain, *will* be to your taste. My sole motive for wishing you to adopt that state is, my conviction that in it you have the best chance for happiness; and you yourself must be sensible, that if you continue to live out of it, your children, in case of your having any, will be subjected to many severe mortifications. This, to a feeling heart like yours, must be vexatious. In case, however, you never should meet with the happy rencontre I wish you, I shall support your ill fortune in that particular, if not without regret, at least without complaining.

Just as I was going to conclude this letter, I received a piece of news which will give you no uneasiness. Your friend Lord P——, who it seems arrived at the duchess's, to whom he is related, a little after you left Hampshire—and soon after his return to London, made a proposal of marriage to Lady Amelia Melton. I thought he was in love with her when I saw them at the assembly. I now understand that the duchess favours his suit, which is also promoted by the aunt. Lady Amelia herself seems nothing loath: where, indeed, could she find a more eligible husband? Nothing retards their union, except a proposal of Lady Aspic's to put the young lady on a particular regimen for two months at least before the ceremony of marriage; but, as neither the duchess, nor the other parties concerned, seem to think this necessary, Lady Aspic's prescription will probably be dispensed with.

I end with repeating, that I never was more earnest in any thing than in your complying with my request to return immediately to London. The step is not more essential to Miss Clifford's reputation than to your lasting peace of mind,—and, I may add, to mine; for I do not think I should ever enjoy mental tranquillity if the person I love and esteem above any other in this world should

persevere in a pursuit which, in spite of the light manner in which it is viewed by some part of the world, he himself must be conscious is inconsistent with genuine honour. I remain, my dear Jack, your affectionate brother,

MORDAUNT.

LETTER CIX.

The Honourable JOHN MORDAUNT *to* LORD MORDAUNT.

MY DEAR BROTHER, *Ashwood.*

IN consequence of your request, I should be with you myself at the time you receive this letter, if there were the least foundation for the apprehensions you express in your last.

I give you my word of honour, that Miss Clifford went to Northumberland without my having any idea that she had any such intention, and directly on being informed of the illness of her friend Mrs. Sommers, with which I was unacquainted.

You will remember I informed you, before we parted in Hampshire, that I was to proceed to Ashwood, after a very short stay in London. That I made so long a stay, indeed, was entirely owing to my meeting with Miss Clifford. Yet that was not the first time of my having met with that young lady: I had before seen her at Lausanne, where she was with her father; but she was then too young to make any lasting impression on my memory; so that, when I met her again, after an interval of a few years, I had no recollection of having seen her before. But I must now inform you, that the Miss Horatia Clifford, in whom I am happy to find your lordship so much interested, is the very *incognita* whom Travers and I met in our way to your house; of whose beauty I raved so much, and should have continued to rave still more, if I had not perceived that the theme was disagreeable to you, who, at that time, I believe, would rather have wished my admiration directed to Lady Amelia Melton.

After the transient view at the cottage, all the researches I set in movement to discover my *incognita* were to no purpose; and I began to despair of ever again either seeing her, or any thing like her, when, most unexpectedly, I had the happiness of meeting her at the lodgings of my friend the marchioness.

In giving my opinion of Miss Clifford, I shall at present omit all I could say of her face and person, because I sufficiently dwelt on those two articles when in them consisted all I knew of the lady. Besides, you have yourself seen her, and

> To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
> To throw a perfume on the violet,
> To smooth the ice, or add another hue
> Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
> To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
> Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.*

I therefore proceed to what will interest you more. Though our acquaintance has not been long, yet I ought to know something of the essential parts of her character, because, since I first threw my eyes upon her, I have scarcely thought on any thing else.

Miss Clifford seems to possess as just and as comprehensive an understanding as any woman I was ever acquainted with. I mentioned this first, not only because good sense is the most essential article in the character of both men and women, but also, because it is of still more importance to the latter than to the former; for a weak man is not exposed to such irretrievable ruin as a weak woman. Miss Clifford's disposition is remarkably cheerful, and she possesses that inclination to oblige which usually accompanies a cheerful disposition. She has the less merit from this inclination, indeed, because people in general are disposed to oblige handsome women, and because those who are pleased with themselves are most apt to be pleased with others. If she were plain in her face, and less elegant in her person, therefore, she would unquestionably *deserve* more praise on account

* Shakespeare.

her cheerful and obliging temper. Whether in that case she would obtain it is a different question.

When I hint that she is pleased with herself, I would have it understood that as small a portion of vanity enters into this self-satisfaction as can be supposed to belong to a very beautiful woman, who cannot help perceiving that she is an object of admiration to many men, and of envy to many women.

I suspect that Miss Clifford possesses more pride than vanity; but it is that species of pride which becomes both men and women; and is most necessary in the latter, because the want of it, like a deficiency of good sense, exposes women to more danger than men; for virtue is a struggle against what degrades, as well as against malevolent passions.

It is evident, however, from the whole of this young lady's deportment, that the real sources of her obliging disposition and virtuous conduct are benevolence and modesty.

I have seen it somewhere observed, that women are inferior to men in general, but superior in particular. Miss Clifford is one of the particular exceptions, if the general rule is just.

With all the gentle and amiable graces of her own sex, she possesses, in an uncommon degree, that steadiness of mind which ours affect to monopolize.

I was present with her in the playhouse, when, on a false alarm of fire, many ladies screamed, and some fainted. Miss Clifford did neither: she remained in her box till the confusion was over, without stirring, except to reach her salt-bottle to a woman who seemed ready to swoon in the pit.—As I was passing through a lane the next day, I saw her footman standing at the door of a tradesman's house, who, she understood, had been dangerously bruised in endeavouring to escape from the gallery.

The servant told me that his mistress was then with the man's wife and children. Judging, from what I had

previously remarked in her character, that she would be displeased with my intrusion, I did not enter the house; but I afterwards learnt, from the poor man himself, that she had afforded him very seasonable and liberal relief.

Naturally cheerful and gay, Miss Clifford never loses that dignity of manner which prevents men of sense from all improper freedoms, and covers with confusion the fools who risk them.

I am glad that she never attempts painting. How despicable are the productions of occasional pretenders to that charming art, when compared with the works of the artists by profession. The frames of the former are, in general, all that is worth looking at.

To excel in instrumental music is also the work of many years. I rejoice in the conviction, therefore, that Miss Clifford has spent her time to better purpose. She attempts nothing more than simple airs on the harp or piano-forte, which she accompanies with her own delightful voice.

To enumerate her other accomplishments is unnecessary; for I may say with truth, that she cannot look, or move, or speak, without conveying an impression to her advantage.

By this time, I am persuaded, you think me a little enthusiastic: you will be still more of that opinion when I acknowledge that I have attempted poetry in this lady's praise; but I find, that, though every poet is an enthusiast, every enthusiast is not a poet. Instead of any of my own effusions, therefore, I shall, with a small variation, transcribe two stanzas from 'The Baviad,' in which my idea of Miss Clifford is expressed in the genuine language of poetry.

For her has liberal Nature join'd
  Her riches to the stores of art,
And added to the firmest mind
  A soft and sympathizing heart;

A gentle and persuasive look;
  A voice that might with music vie;
An air, that every gazer took;
  A matchless eloquence of eye.

With regard to what you seem most anxious about, there is nothing to apprehend. To hope for success in a scheme to seduce a woman of this stamp, a man must be the most presumptuous of all coxcombs; and, were it possible for him to foresee that, by infinite art, and all the means of seduction, he would succeed, still to convey endless remorse into the breast of another, on purpose to obtain a transient gratification, would mark him for the greatest of all villains.

What there is reason more to fear is, that my suit, on the most honourable terms, will be unsuccessful. I acknowledge, my dear brother, that it is already begun; not, indeed, by any direct proposal, but by the whole of my conduct. I am convinced that Miss Clifford already knows that all my old prejudices against marriage are annihilated, and that the supreme wish of my soul is to be legally united to her for life. Should that wish be accomplished, I shall think I have obtained more certain happiness than wealth, honours, or even fame, can bestow; and nothing would afford me more satisfaction than the assurance of your approbation of my present pursuit. I remain your affectionate brother,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER CX.

Lady Diana Franklin *to* Miss Horatia Clifford.

MY DEAR HORATIA, *London*]

I cannot express the satisfaction I had in perusing your last letter: all my apprehensions are vanished. I ask your pardon for ever having harboured any. I am happy at your not having left Ashwood. I should have had great uneasiness in the reflection of having brought you away, unnecessarily, at a time when you were rendering such an essential service to Miss Proctor. How infinitely is she obliged to you! I cannot suspect that any light behaviour on her part encouraged your brother to such

an attempt. In rendering it fruitless, you have performed as important a service to him as to her; for what service can be more important than preventing a man from committing an ill action? I hope the time is at no great distance when he will be sensible of this. How fortunate for Miss Proctor that she had a discerning and virtuous friend near her! I expect soon to hear that she is with her father. You may enjoy the additional satisfaction of knowing that you have prevented the remainder of that worthy man's life from being overwhelmed with anguish.

I can no more throw out the pleasure of the marchioness's society as a lure for your speedy return—her husband has obtained an honourable and advantageous establishment at Petersburg. A near relation of his arrived the other day, for the express purpose of conducting her to that capital; and, a ship being ready to sail thither, she would not allow the opportunity to slip. I have just parted with her—not without tears on both sides. She is, indeed, a charming woman. She expressed the utmost regret at leaving England without seeing you. 'It required,' said she, 'all the love I feel for my husband, and all the obedience I owe him, to make me agree to it.'

She had so many things to arrange, that she could not write to you:—she will do it from Plymouth.

Your good friend, Lady Deanport, is outrageous. My lord has carried Miss Almond abroad;—perhaps I should have said the reverse; for many people think that it is she who has carried him. She is thought to have obtained a great ascendancy over him, and to have influenced him to this step, to avoid the continual reproaches of his mother. Her ladyship's chief occupation at present is, driving about among those who call themselves her friends, to complain of her son, and abuse his companion. What marks of sympathy they show, while she is with them, I know not; but I understand they make a jest of her affliction when she is not.

I was always shocked with Rochefoucault's horrid maxim,—'that, in the adversity of our friends, there is something that does not displease us.'

Lady Deanport has reason to think it true. Thank heaven, my dear Horatia, that you and I know it to be false! Adieu! my lovely friend.

D. FRANKLIN.

After you have conducted Miss Proctor to her father's, I dare say you will think it right to return to London. Indeed I am impatient, my dear, to see you. In the humour your brother will probably be, you had best be at a distance from him. Pray set out.

LETTER CXI.

The Hon. JOHN MORDAUNT *to* LORD MORDAUNT.

Ashwood.

I THANK you very cordially, my dear brother, for your last kind letter;* and will now inform you of what has happened since. I know it to be your opinion, that I am not apt to be overrun with timidity, when *tête-à-tête* with a woman; yet I have had several opportunities of being alone with Miss Clifford, all of which I have allowed to slip, without making the declaration I intended. As often as I attempted to express my sentiments, I found my mind agitated and confused, and my tongue benumbed.

The sight of beauty used so inspire me with the firmness of youth, not with the tremor of age; and Miss Clifford is such, that

> A wither'd hermit, five score winters worn,
> Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye.†

Distinguished beauty never overawed me from my purpose, though of a far more audacious nature.

It is clear that the impression this lady made on me sprung from a different source. Whence did this arise? —From my conviction of her being a woman of sense,

* The letter here alluded to is omitted.

† Shakespeare.

understanding, and virtue, instead of being deficient in the two former, or one of those whom we suspect to have no very great value for the last.

The day on which I received your letter, however, Sommers being engaged in business with his steward, and Miss Proctor with Mrs. Sommers, I saw, from the window of my chamber, Miss Clifford turn from the end of the avenue into a foot-path leading to a small mount, from which there is an extensive view. I guessed she was going there, because I knew that Mrs. Sommers had a partiality for the spot. I determined to follow her, in the resolution of fully declaring my sentiments before I returned.

I have generally found a sportive manner of requesting what I am anxious about the most successful. I arranged something in that style as I walked, but forgot the whole as soon as I came in sight of her.

She was seated on a kind of bench, in a rustic style, which had been placed there by Mrs. Sommers's direction, and she seemed to be contemplating the front of an ancient tower near it.

Instead of an air decidedly sportive or serious, in a manner somewhat between the two, I addressed her, as I approached, in the words of Duncan—

> 'This castle has a pleasing seat; the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses.' *

With equal grace and readiness she replied—

> ——————'This guest of summer,
> The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
> By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
> Smells wooingly here.' *

'Your favour for this seat, however,' said I, 'arises chiefly, I am convinced, from its being the work of your friend.'

'Perhaps a great deal depends on that,' she answered; 'yet, I think, the view from this place is striking in itself: and I confess that ancient buildings in general are interesting to me.'

* Shakespeare. † Ibid.

'What a contrast, however, between that before us, and the elegant commodious building which your friend at present inhabits!'

'Not greater,' rejoined she, 'than between my friend's character and that of the mistress of the castle to which the lines you quoted were first applied.'

'Not so great,' said I: 'for the one is all harmony, and the other all horror.'

'The latter recalls to our memory,' resumed she, 'those dismal times (heaven forbid they should ever return!) when family-feuds, and the spirit of vengeance, excited the inhabitants against each other, and deluged this island with blood.'

'And the former,' rejoined I, 'brings back to our imagination that golden age, when, according to Gresset—

'Tous dans d'innocentes délices,
Unis par des nœuds pleins d'attraits,
Passoient leur jeunesse sans vices,
Et leur vieillesse sans regrets.'

'It is unfortunate, however,' she replied, 'that we have the authority of history for the truth of the horrible times of massacre and rapine: they have occurred too often, and in every country; whereas, for the golden age, I fear we have only the authority of the poets; and, if I remember right, Gresset himself confesses this at the end of the Idyll from which you quote. I cannot recollect the words; but, if you can, I beg you will repeat the last stanza.'

Though it rather made against the point I wished to lead her to, on renewing the request, after a little recollection, I repeated,—

'Ce n'est donc qu'une belle fable:
N'envions rien a nos ayeux;
En tout tems l'homme fut coupable,
En tout tems il fut malheureux.'

'Yet,' added I, 'since the poet's authority was rejected in his description of the happiness of mankind, he may be suspected of exaggeration also in his assertion of their misery. I hope Mrs. Sommers will very soon be able to

accompany you to this her favourite seat.—Is not *she* happy?'

'The happiest person on earth,' she answered.

'Except her husband,' said I.

'It is difficult, indeed,' she resumed, 'to determine which is the happiest; but it is pleasing to behold two persons in a state of felicity who deserve it so well. I can hardly imagine a happier husband than Colonel Sommers.'

'I can.'

[My heart, when I pronounced this, was in more emotion than when I charged the French near Mantua.]

'Who?'

'The man who shall have the happiness of being husband to Miss Clifford.'

'Upon my word that is very gallantly turned,' said she, after a movement of surprise. 'And, though it was pretty obvious that a polite man might throw in such a compliment, I vow I did not foresee it.'

'I intend no compliment,—I speak the genuine sentiments of my heart. If Miss Clifford will condescend to accept of my hand, I shall at once be the happiest, and the most grateful husband on earth.'

[In spite of my own agitation while I spoke, I could perceive that she blushed, and was in some confusion. She soon recovered herself, and, assuming a playful manner,]

'Heaven defend me!' exclaimed she, 'has Mr. Mordaunt lost his senses?'

'On the contrary, he has recovered them.'

'What can this mean?—Do you know what your fine speeches amount to?'

[The gay air she assumed put me more at my ease, and gave me courage. Besides, the ice was broken,—I recovered all my recollection.]

'To what I wish, from the bottom of my heart, may be accepted,—a proposal of marriage.'

'How would you look now were I to take you at your word?'

'Like what I should *be*, the happiest man alive.'

'And how would you look a month hence?'

'Like a happier man than before.'

'Why, I have been assured that you have declared an aversion against marriage these seven or eight years.'

'I had not then the happiness of knowing Miss Clifford; but now'—

'Ay, now, no doubt, you have entirely changed your mind!'

'Most assuredly I have; and I thank heaven, from the bottom of my soul, that I did not change it sooner.'

'Can you seriously imagine that any woman in her sound senses could trust to a man so variable?'

'A man cannot be called extremely variable,' answered I, 'who changes his mind only once in eight years, and then for the best reason in the world.'

'Well,' said she, bowing very low, 'if I must not call him variable, allow me to say, that the man who compliments so readily is most exceedingly polite.'

I disavowed all intention to compliment, and made the warmest protestations of love; but as love-speeches are seldom amusing in the repetition, I shall spare you every thing of that kind.

She heard me for some time without any mark of displeasure; and at length said, in a tone half serious and half playful, 'By your own account, Mr. Mordaunt, it has required *eight* years to bring you to this way of thinking.—I shall only ask *one* to consider it; at the expiration of which, if you renew your proposal, I shall have my answer ready.'

I then assured her that your lordship was acquainted with my wishes, and had already expressed how happy you would be in the alliance; and I was protesting a little too loudly against what she had last said, when she desired me to observe, 'that we were now near the house; and that, if I did not wish to inform the colonel's servants of the nature of our discourse, I had best drop the subject.'

So saying, she skipped up stairs to her apartment,

leaving me delighted with her pleasantry and good humour; but in a state of uncertainty with regard to her real sentiments. When I know more on a subject so interesting to me, you shall: meanwhile I remain, my dear brother, most affectionately yours,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER CXII.

MISS HORATIA CLIFFORD *to* LADY DIANA FRANKLIN.

Ashwood.

I SEE, my dear friend, that you do not think me safe in this place; and I believe that it is not from the rash and violent temper of my brother that you have the greatest apprehension of danger. The presence of another person keeps your affectionate heart in a tremor for your weak friend. Alas! my dear madam, I am not without apprehension that you will think that person now more formidable than ever. The man has made me a formal proposal of marriage, and presses his suit with all the warmth of sincere passion.

Were I to tell you that I heard this proposal with pain, I should tell you a falsehood: if I said I heard it with indifference, I should say the thing that is not. I must confess, therefore, that he has some hold of my heart. I cannot be mistaken, for no man else ever had the least.

I fear, my dear Lady Diana, that this avowal will give you some uneasiness. I know that the instances of certain relations of your own, who have been rendered unhappy by husbands of that free cast of character to which you imagine Mr. Mordaunt belongs, will render you averse to his suit. It is unfortunate for him, that he can be thought to resemble those to whom I allude, in any thing; but, without putting much stress on other obvious advantages he has over them all, every person who converses with him must acknowledge his great superiority of understanding. I know, my dear Lady Diana, that you

think *temper* one of the most essential articles in the character of the persons with whom we are to live; and I am likewise sensible, that when people wish to please, it is not so easy to judge from their conversation of their temper as of their understanding. But those who are distinguished for good sense, assuredly have the best chance of being also blessed with a good temper. Of this I am certain, that the weakest people of my acquaintance are also the most peevish and ill-tempered. It must be so: for, if any person of exceeding good sense is naturally of a fretful disposition, the strength of his understanding may sooner or later correct it. Weak people, who are at all peevish and ill-tempered, have no internal spring to counteract their ill-humour. An avaricious disposition is usually a peevish one; excessive love of money being a never-failing source of inquietude. From this the person in question is certainly free. The proposals he has made, and so earnestly urges to me, are complete proofs of this. If money was his object, you cannot doubt of his being able to obtain the hand of a woman with a far greater fortune than mine. Whatever you have heard to his prejudice, I must do him the justice to say, that, to me, the whole of his conduct has been, in the most delicate manner, respectful. I know that a certain friend of yours, whose admirable judgment and serenity of temper you have often made me remark, lives in much apparent, and I hope real, happiness, with a husband far her inferior in understanding, though in many respects a worthy man. Without presuming to compare myself to that lady, I am certain that the husband, who you think makes her happy, would make me miserable. I shall never marry any man of whose honourable principles I am not convinced; yet I would as soon be the wife of one I hated as one I despised. I may esteem the philosophic calmness, and the address of a woman of the character of Mrs. Barnet, in the romance of Edward; but I am quite sensible that it would be out of my power to imitate her, were I placed in similar circumstances. If I ever marry, it shall be a man whose superior talents and understanding give

him a title to govern me; not one whom I should wish to govern.

Do not imagine, my dear Lady Diana, that I am going to add, 'having found all the qualities I admire in Mr. Mordaunt, I am resolved to accept of him.' No; all I resolve is, to give him no definitive answer until I have seen and conversed with you. I only beg that you will allow yourself to consider whether you have not received prejudices against that gentleman; and that you will allow him, also, to see and converse with you on his return to London; after which, I hope to act with your approbation, whatever determination I may come to.

Miss Proctor has been detained here longer than was intended; but I am to accompany her to her father's the day after to-morrow. Mr. Mordaunt attends us. I could not object to this; it would have seemed particular. The colonel did not choose to quit Juliet for two or three days; but he intends to follow us to Heathfield, and accompany me back to Ashwood: soon after which I will set out for the Grove.

Before I had quite finished this letter, I was summoned by Colonel Sommers to take a walk. Miss Proctor and Mr. Mordaunt were of the party. We made a pretty long excursion. As we returned, the colonel led me home by a path different from what was taken by Miss Proctor and Mr. Mordaunt. The colonel took this opportunity of enlarging on his friend's good qualities. I did not know before that he was so very eloquent. I will not repeat all he said; but I cannot help wishing that you had heard it. You would, I dare say, have imputed one-half to the partiality of friendship; but, if you believed the other, it would remove all your prejudices. He has the reputation, however, of adhering very strictly to truth. As soon as we entered the house, I went to my own chamber, to finish and seal this letter. Miss Proctor entered soon after, in a flurry. She told me, that when Mr. Mordaunt and she were near the house, she stood a little, admiring a noble oak that stands alone, without the gate. Twilight had begun. On turning round, she saw a man

approaching, whom she soon recognised to be my brother. She immediately seized Mr. Mordaunt's arm, begged that he would accompany her, and hurried with him within the gate. She thinks Mr. Mordaunt, though he seemed a little surprised at her hurry, did not observe what had occasioned it. I immediately went below, with a view to meet my brother. Finding that he had not entered the house, I went to the gate, and afterwards to the oak tree, where I stood for some time; but he did not appear. When I returned to my apartment, I found Miss Proctor in great agitation. She dreaded some violent scene between my brother and me. It is clear that he lurks somewhere in this neighbourhood, watching an opportunity of speaking to her. I am sorry to perceive that he still has too strong a hold of the lovely girl's affection. I have prevailed on her, however, to agree to our setting out early to-morrow, instead of the day after, for Heathfield. I am impatient to see her safe in her father's house. My next will be from thence. I remain ever affectionately your

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER CXIII.

LORD MORDAUNT *to the Hon.* JOHN MORDAUNT.

London.

I CONGRATULATE you most cordially, my dear Jack, on the footing you are with your beloved. It is clear to me she intends to be yours. No woman of her sense and candour would have given such playful answers to the serious declarations you made. When a woman is determined to answer in the affirmative at last, she may be allowed to amuse herself, and tease her lover a little, with half-negatives; but if she means to refuse him finally, she has no right to indulge herself in that kind of pastime. And this young lady is not the Miss Clifford I take her for, and whom I shall glory in calling my sister, if she is not far above attempting it. That you are in possession of her

heart and soul, my dear Jack, I have no doubt; but I am not so absolutely sure that you will have the approbation of Lady Diana Franklin, on whose friendship Miss Clifford puts the highest value. She is in the right;—to be the select friend of Lady Diana would do honour to any woman, and is one source of the very high opinion I entertain of the merit of Miss Horatia Clifford. That a woman of so very excellent a character as her ladyship should be suspected of being against you, my good friend, is not very much to your credit. However, as I am persuaded that her opposition, if she really intends any, will not be insurmountable, I once more wish you joy.

As your friend Travers hardly ever writes, it may be necessary that I should inform you what has kept him so long from you. The very day before he intended to set out for the colonel's, Mr. Plaintive was seized with a pleurisy, which required copious and frequent bleedings, blisterings, &c. Travers attended him with the most affectionate tenderness, persuaded him to dismiss the ostentatious trifler whom he has been so long in the habit of consulting when nothing ailed him, and to put himself under the care of a practitioner equally distinguished for integrity and professional skill. In consequence of which, the most acute and dangerous stage of his complaint is now happily over; but, as he is wonderfully weakened, Travers told me that he could not think of leaving him till he should recover his strength in a considerable degree. In the meantime he spends great part of his time in his uncle's apartment. When I called the other day he desired to see me. Travers was with him. 'You remember, my lord,' said Mr. Plaintive, 'how great an enemy my nephew used to be to physicians; yet I am convinced that he has, by the means of a physician, saved my life.'

'I am no enemy to physicians, my dear sir,' replied Travers; 'but I have long been convinced that, though some people consult physicians because they have diseases, yet there are others who have diseases because they consult physicians. This last was certainly not your case in your late complaint; but now as that, I thank God, is

removed, I hope you will have nothing farther to say to them, until you have some real disease, which it is almost impossible you can have for half a dozen years at soonest.'

'What makes you fancy so?'

'Fancy!' replied Travers. 'I am sure of it: your last complaint was so violent, it searched and purified your constitution so thoroughly, that there are no seeds left from which any disease worth minding can possibly spring. All you have to do is, to eat wholesome food, take moderate exercise, and keep cheerful company.'

Mr. Plaintive looked at me. 'I am convinced that Dr. Travers is in the right,' said I; 'and I am resolved to follow his prescription myself.'

'And so am I,' rejoined Plaintive, 'for he has already done me more good than all the doctors I have hitherto put my trust in.'

I give you this detail, because it puts Travers in a new point of view, very much to his advantage; and because it will afford you pleasure to be assured that he is on the best footing possible with his uncle; for I have long observed that you are more solicitous about his fortune than he is himself. I remain, very affectionately, yours,

MORDAUNT.

LETTER CXIV.

LADY DIANA FRANKLIN *to* MISS HORATIA CLIFFORD.

MY DEAR HORATIA, *Grove.*

I WAS informed of Mr. Mordaunt's proposal even before I received your last letter. Lord Mordaunt has been with me. He came from London on purpose to give me the information; assuring me, at the same time, that nothing would make him, and many of the relations of his family, so happy as your acceptance of his brother's hand. He added, that he knew the influence I had with you; and, in the most polite and earnest manner, begged that I would use it in favour of his brother.

I need not tell you, my dear, for you have long per-

ceived it, that, notwithstanding the high opinion I entertain of that gentleman's accomplishments and merit, I was impressed with the opinion that you had a probability of passing a more tranquil and happy life as the wife of a husband of a character in some respects different from Mr. Mordaunt's.

After thanking his lordship for the honour he had done me by his visit, I said, 'whatever influence my long friendship with your parents, and your own partiality, might incline you to allow me, I should be cautious of using it in an affair of this nature, especially as I was fully convinced, and I believed your nearest relations were of the same opinion, that you yourself were by far the most competent judge.'

His lordship began to hint something respecting fortune and terms, particularly what he himself was inclined to do. I interrupted him, saying, 'that it was not necessary for his lordship to enter at all into that subject; because I knew enough of your disposition to be convinced that what he aimed at would neither be promoted nor retarded by considerations of that nature.' I own, my dear, that, when I began this epistle, my intention was to have stated certain considerations which I thought of more importance to your happiness than those which I prevented his lordship from entering into, and which I wished you very seriously to reflect upon before you gave a decided answer to Mr. Mordaunt; but I have just received your letter, which proves that you have reflected on that sufficiently already; and I have no longer any hesitation in advising you to accept of that gentleman's proposal. It must be acknowledged, that, in the whole of his conduct towards you, he has behaved with delicacy, honour, and integrity. He has never risked a word or action that could offend a woman of sense and virtue. This is a stronger proof of genuine love, in a man of his free character, than it would be in one of stricter manners. In short, my dear, I am convinced that he loves and esteems you as he ought; and you own that he has *some* hold of your heart. Yes, my dear, he certainly has

some hold of it: and I am clear that he will always keep his hold. What is next to be done, therefore? Why, you must determine to give him your hand, and engage to love, honour, and obey him, the rest of your life.—It must be so, my dear; there is no alternative for you. When you return from Heathfield to Ashwood, you will acquaint Mrs. Sommers that this is my advice. As soon as I know of your having done so, I should like to have the pleasure of communicating it to Lord Mordaunt; who, I believe, left me with the impression, that I did not much approve of the alliance. I have a high esteem for his lordship, and am impatient to be re-established in his good graces, which I am persuaded this intelligence will accomplish.

You will forgive me, my dear Horatia, for not being of those sentiments sooner. Old maids are apt to be prudish; but you will see that I shall love Mr. Mordaunt as much as I always admired him, when I witness, as I am persuaded I shall, that he makes the best of wives the happiest. Heaven bless you!

D. FRANKLIN.

LETTER CXV.

Colonel Sommers *to* Lord Mordaunt.

Heathfield.

In the hurried letter* I wrote immediately after my arrival at this place, I had time only to assure your lordship, that no fatal effect had happened in consequence of the unlucky incident; and that, at all events, your brother would be found entirely blameless. I was happy to be able to give you those assurances directly, to prevent your being too much alarmed by the exaggerated and false rumours that are generally spread on such occasions. I now write better informed, and at more leisure. Miss Proctor had been staying for a considerable time at my

* The letter here alluded to is omitted.

house, during the absence of her father from his. At his return home, the young lady set out to join him; and was accompanied by Miss Clifford and Mr. Mordaunt. I proposed to go to Mr. Proctor's a few days after, and return with my friend Mordaunt.

Your brother had informed Mrs. Sommers and me of his passion for Miss Clifford. Indeed we had both observed it, before he gave us that information. We were equally persuaded that the young lady entertained a partiality for him, and greatly rejoiced when he told us that your lordship approved of the sentiments he cherished for her. Mrs. Sommers was peculiarly delighted with the idea of seeing the companion of her youth, the friend she esteemed above all other women, united to the most intimate, and most honoured friend of her husband.

Fraught with those pleasing hopes, Mrs. Sommers and I were discoursing together, when I received a letter by express from Mr. Proctor, requiring my immediate attendance at Heathfield, on a business of importance.

The detail I shall now give your lordship is in consequence of a very careful investigation of all the circumstances.

I believe your lordship knows that Mr. Clifford, though possessed of several estimable qualities and accomplishments, is of a fiery and impetuous temper, which, at different periods of his life, has involved him in dangers and difficulties, and sometimes has nearly proved fatal to himself or others. The affair he had with your brother, in Germany, was of this nature. Mr. Mordaunt is as entirely free from blame on this occasion as he was on that, which threatened very dreadful consequences. The recollection of how much he was to blame in that affair might have rendered Mr. Clifford more circumspect on the present occasion; but, by a strange fatality, it had a different effect. Previous to his leaving London, he had a disagreement with his sister, on a subject with which I fancy your lordship is in some degree acquainted. He came to the country with unfavourable impressions of your brother. An incident that occurred at my house in-

creased these to a rancorous degree; though, had he taken the trouble to examine the case, and weigh the circumstances with coolness, he would have seen, that those which his disturbed imagination imputed to design, were accidental.

Mr. Clifford was distractedly fond of Miss Proctor. There is reason to believe she did not discourage his passion. When his sister arrived at my house, she discovered that there was a correspondence between them, which she thought might prove dangerous to her young friend; and, therefore, prevailed on her to break it off. This exasperated Clifford more than ever against his sister, who, he imagined, had interfered at the instigation of Mr. Mordaunt, whom he suspected to be fond of Miss Proctor. And he also imputed her sudden coldness to himself to a rising passion for your brother. All these loose and incoherent conjectures his irritated and jealous imagination linked together into a chain of probability, which acquired additional strength when he heard that Miss Clifford had conducted Miss Proctor to her father's, accompanied by your brother.

When he was ruminating on these incidents, a letter was delivered to him, which seemed to agitate him in a violent degree. He wrote to your brother, desiring an interview with him at a place which he mentioned. He sent this letter by his servant, who is now here, and from whom I learnt this and other circumstances. Who the letter was from, the servant has no knowledge nor suspicion; but it is clear, from the effect it produced on Mr. Clifford, that the import of it was to irritate him against your brother; and very probably it is the production of an inveterate enemy of both.

This letter was delivered to Mr. Mordaunt at a time when his mind was so much occupied with the charms of Miss Clifford, that he was not struck with the style; which, at another time, he would probably have been; and he found himself so agreeably engaged, that he could not think of leaving his company. He therefore answer-

ed, 'that he wished the meeting to be postponed to some future day, unless Mr. Clifford could conveniently come to Heathfield.'

The jaundiced eye of Mr. Clifford viewed this as a new insult; he loaded his pistols, mounted his horse, and rode to Mr. Proctor's. He asked for Mr. Mordaunt; and, being told that he was with Miss Proctor, he desired to be shown into his apartment, and that Mr. Mordaunt might be informed 'that a gentleman wished to speak with him.'

As soon as your brother entered the room, Mr. Clifford bolted the door, pulled two pistols out of his pocket, laid them on the table, and said,—'They are both loaded, sir; take your choice, and let me have immediate satisfaction.'

'Satisfaction for what?'

'You well know for what, sir. Come, sir, which do you choose?'

'I choose neither.'

'By God, sir, you shall take one.'—So saying, Mr. Clifford took up one of the pistols, and went to the wall, desiring your brother to do the same, that as soon as he should pronounce he was ready, they might fire together.'

'Mr. Clifford,' said your brother, 'you are one of the last men on earth against whom I would fire a pistol.'

'That won't do, sir.—By heaven! one or other of us shall not go alive out of this room.'

'You ought to recollect that you were under some such mistake as this once before.'

'I do recollect all I owe you, sir, and am come to settle the account.'

'You have been deceived by some villain, Mr. Clifford.'

'I know I have.—D—n you, sir, take the pistol.—We shall be interrupted,' added he, hearing some noise at the door; then, advancing to the table, and taking up the pistol which still lay upon it, he held it with the but-end to Mr. Mordaunt, saying,—'Take the pistol, sir, and retire to the wall, as I shall; for, by heavens! I am not to be talked from my purpose.'

'Nor am I to be bullied from mine,' replied your brother.

'Sir, I am determined to have satisfaction,' cried Mr. Clifford with fury, and striking the table with the pistol; —at that instant it went off, and shot him through the body.

The company in the parlour had been informed, after Mr. Mordaunt left them, that it was Mr. Clifford who had sent for him. This disturbed the two ladies. Mr. Proctor asked wherefore they seemed agitated; but, before they could give any explanation, the report of the pistol was heard. The women screamed, and Mr. Proctor rushed to the room where the gentlemen were. Some servants had already burst into it. Mr. Clifford lay on the floor—a considerable vessel was torn—he bled profusely.

Miss Clifford's maid having looked in, and seen him in that state, exclaimed, as she returned,—'Alas! he is dead.'

'Who?' said Miss Clifford, who advanced pale and trembling through the passage.

The maid, perceiving the situation in which her mistress was, and dreading that it would overpower her entirely to be told at once that it was her brother, softly answered,—*Mr. Mordaunt.*

Miss Clifford's limbs failed her: she was supported from falling by her maid, and carried, in a state of insensibility, to her chamber.

Mr. Clifford also fainted, from loss of blood, as he was carried to his bed. A surgeon had been found immediately;—his report was unfavourable.

When Miss Clifford recovered her senses, she desired to speak with Mr. Proctor. She laid hold of his hand, and said,—'I hope you have allowed the unhappy man to escape.'

'He refuses to escape,' replied Mr. Proctor; 'and earnestly entreats that he may be permitted to see you.'

'Oh! no, no;—never, never. Let him escape;—let him fly.'

'He declares himself to be most unfortunate, but asserts his innocence.'

'Innocence! My God!' exclaimed she. 'Did he not come hither?—Did he not send a message?—Has he not murd——? Oh, dreadful!—Has he not killed the most generous, the most accomplished, the most spirited, of the British youth. Every voice, every heart, will be against his assass—. Oh! I know not what I say.—Dear, good Mr. Proctor, persuade the rash, the wretched man, to fly directly.'

Your brother, with the surgeon, had come to the door of the room with Mr. Proctor, but stood without when that gentleman entered. They had heard what had passed: but Mr. Mordaunt, having mistaken the import of Miss Clifford's words, could restrain himself no longer. He entered; and, addressing himself to her, who sat on the bed, said,—'I am, indeed, wretched, madam; but wretched by an accident of which I am guiltless. I sent no message. The last man I could have thought of injuring is the brother of Miss Clifford; the person on earth most solicitous for his recovery is myself. But, whatever happens, whatever appearances may be against me, I will not fly; that, perhaps, is the only thing you could exact, that I would not comply with. Flight or concealment are measures I never will adopt; they give the impression of guilt,—I am conscious of innocence. Whether that can be made clear to the eye of law, I know not; but I will abide the trial, and leave the issue to Providence.'

Miss Clifford was transfixed with amazement while your brother spoke. From staring at him, she turned her eyes, with a look of wildness, to Mr. Proctor, and others present, saying,—'What does this mean?—Has not there been murder?—Who is dead?'

'Be composed, my dear young lady,' said Mr. Proctor; 'nobody is dead. Your brother has been wounded, but is not dead; perhaps he may recover: there still are hopes.'

'My brother!' exclaimed she.

'Yes,' rejoined Mr. Proctor; 'I thought you had known that it was your brother who was wounded; your great grief convinced me that you knew it was him; but perhaps you have been under a mistake.'

The surgeon from whom I had this account said,—'That Miss Clifford's face, which was before remarkably pale, became of a crimson hue; while her eyes, that had been fixed on Mr. Proctor, were thrown down. But he, without attending to her confusion, added,—'Perhaps you thought that he had killed or wounded Mr. Mordaunt.'

At this observation Miss Clifford threw her face on the pillow. Your brother stepped out of the room. The surgeon said,—'As the young lady seems indisposed, she had best be left alone;' and immediately withdrew with Mr. Proctor.

For some hours after this, nobody was admitted into Miss Clifford's chamber, though she sent her maid with frequent inquiries concerning the state of her brother; and afterwards desired to see the surgeon himself, who has the reputation of being a man of great professional skill, and is certainly a man of excellent sense. As he spoke dubiously respecting his patient's recovery, she hinted, not without embarrassment, that she was surprised that he did not persuade Mr. Mordaunt to withdraw. The surgeon said,—'That he believed the circumstances of the case were not fully understood; but he plainly saw that Mr. Mordaunt would not conceal himself.' The young lady remained silent, and seemed in deep reflection a considerable time; after which she suddenly roused herself, as if from a dream, and asked after her friend Miss Proctor. She was told, 'that this young lady was in the utmost affliction, and unable to leave her bed-chamber.'

The account I have given of the circumstances that passed between your brother and Mr. Clifford, before any other person entered the room, I had from Mr. Mordaunt himself. To every person, thoroughly acquainted with his character, the account he gives will convey as much

certainty as if they had witnessed the whole scene. As I wished him to withdraw, however, and remain concealed till Mr. Clifford's fate should be known, I put him in mind that his own account of the transaction would have little weight in a court of justice,—'I know it,' replied he; 'but it will have weight with my friends; and, at all events, I never will withdraw or conceal myself for a single moment.'

Your lordship will make Lady Diana Franklin and Mr. Darnley acquainted with the whole, or as much of this detail as you judge proper. Miss Clifford was disposed to have written to them, but found herself incapable.

I need hardly tell your lordship how very sincerely I sympathize with you on an event which obscures and renders dubious so fair and promising a prospect of happiness. I, as well as your lordship, had long regretted my friend's prejudice against marriage. We both rejoiced in the hope of seeing it removed, by his union with one of the most accomplished, and, in every respect, one of the most agreeable women in England.

As the surgeon was again expected, I kept this letter unsealed until his arrival, in the hope that his prognostic would be more favourable than formerly.—I have just seen him; and should, with great pleasure, have sent the news to your lordship, had my wishes been gratified. I am, my lord, your most obedient, humble servant,

RICHARD SOMMERS.

LETTER CXVI.

Miss Horatia Clifford *to* Lady Diana Franklin.

Heathfield.

Oh! my dear Lady Diana, what a dreadful incident!—Colonel Sommers assures me that you know all the particulars.—How impatient was I for my brother's return to England!—Rash, headstrong man! he would not listen to the voice of truth and reason.—Nobody was to

blame but himself.—It was all owing to his rashness.—Be sure, my dear Lady Diana, to convince my aunt, and, above all, Mr. Darnley, of this.

My last letter betrayed my whole heart. What levity, you must think, to be so captivated with any person on so short an acquaintance! Yet much had I heard of him. It was said, that, like Harry Percy,

> 'He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
> That fashioned others.' *

Even my dear father had contributed to give me a high idea of Mr. Mordaunt. On his name being mentioned, I once heard him say,—'There is something striking in that young fellow: though he leads the fashion, he is no coxcomb. Though men love those who admire them, more than those they admire, yet he is generally liked; and, though often at court, he can neither smile without being pleased, nor caress without affection. At his time of life it is not surprising that he should sacrifice a little to vanity, and seem pleased with the distinctions of dress and equipage; but his mind was formed for more vigorous and more generous emotions.'

I formed a very pleasing idea of the person of whom I had heard so much. None of the young men who had professed a partiality for me came up to the idea I had formed. From the day I first met him at the marchioness's, I thought Mr. Mordaunt did.—Indeed, my dear Lady Diana, I never intended to conceal any thing from you; but could I inform you of a chimera, which I was ashamed of having indulged? My letter discovered more than I myself knew. Now it is known to the surgeon, to Mr. Proctor, to—every one. There was a false report—it was thought that Mr. Mordaunt was killed. It was natural that I should be much affected. He was most averse to injure my brother. He had borne insult calmly: but I did not know that circumstance then.—No, no, it cannot be concealed. They must all have observed that I was more violently affected when I thought that

* Shakespeare.

my brother had killed him, than when I was told the truth.—Alas! my dear Lady Diana, the wound is mortal. I see plainly the surgeon thinks so. Mr. Mordaunt will be considered by the world as his murderer: this raises an unsurmountable barrier. I know the world is mistaken—I know I have more reason to esteem that gentleman than ever; because he never gave such a proof of his regard for me, as by the forbearance and command of temper he manifested in the affair with my brother.

But there is no proof of this forbearance but his own declaration.

Alas! the declaration of a man of strict honour, one who would not stoop to the meanness of falsehood, even to save his life, will not be truly estimated by those who make false or evasive declarations to serve every purpose of conveniency.

The majority of the world will never be convinced, therefore, that he did not fire the pistol; far less, that he never took it into his hand: of course he will be considered as the killer, if not the murderer, of Mr. Clifford.—Can his sister, the person who succeeds to his estate, ever become the wife of the man who—Oh, horrible!—who is looked on as his assassin?

To avoid the censure or reproaches of the world, I could not be induced to commit a crime; but a sacrifice of this nature I cannot help considering as a duty.—Pray, my dearest Lady Diana, write—I entreat you write—advise me: I will do whatever you advise. You cannot imagine how very miserable I am.—I was called to William just now: he looks as pale as if he were actually dead; and still I think he cannot recover. Poor William!—No: never, never, shall I be the wife of Mr. Mordaunt.

They thought William wished to speak to me. When I came to his bed-side, he began to slumber. Adieu, my dear Lady Diana!

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER CXVII.

Colonel Sommers *to* Lord Mordaunt.

Heathfield.

You judged right, my lord: the favourable accounts in my three last short letters* were really written under an apprehension that I should be obliged to retract them. This discouraged me from entering into any detail. I have no such apprehension now: the surgeon speaks with confidence of Mr. Clifford's recovery; all hope of which, the direction that, he supposed, the ball had taken, and the symptoms that immediately followed, almost entirely excluded. The most alarming symptoms gradually abated: he became free from fever; but still seemed so languid, that I delayed writing very circumstantially, until I could write with certainty. Mr. Clifford gave no account of the transaction: he seemed disposed to maintain a gloomy kind of silence. Few questions were put to him. The surgeon had declared, that speaking, and whatever increased the motion of the lungs, was improper. But he had some idea of what was going on in the family from the whispers that he overheard in his bedchamber. Those which interested him most regarded Miss Proctor. He learnt that she had been greatly shocked at the first account of his being wounded, and that she was still in violent distress on his account. At one time, a little after midnight, when he was thought to be asleep, he heard the door of his room gently opened, and very particular and anxious inquiries concerning his health made from the nurse who sat up with him: he recognised the voice of Miss Proctor, as he afterwards told the nurse, who thought the discovery gave him very great pleasure. And, as the favourable turn in his case began about that time, she is convinced that it was wholly owing to it.

* All the letters written in the interval between Colonel Sommers's last and this one are omitted. They turned entirely on the state of Mr. Clifford's wound and health.

'The surgeon, as I informed your lordship, is a man of sense and discretion He has known Mr. Clifford since he was a boy, possesses his confidence, and has considerable influence with him. When he found his patient in so promising a way, he asked how he came to be so strongly convinced that Mr. Mordaunt had acted injuriously to him.

Mr. Clifford, by way of answer, took from his pocket-book, which lay on his pillow, the letter which had produced so much mischief, and desired the surgeon to read it. I have since seen it: there is no name subscribed.

The writer affects to be warmly interested in the honour of Mr. Clifford; expresses surprise that he seems to be unacquainted with the artifices of a certain person who had lately come to Ashwood, who had before seduced his mistress from him, afterwards transferred her to a Bohemian, and ever since laughed at his credulity. The writer next insinuates, that the same person who had duped him so egregiously in Germany had, since his return to England, acquired despotic sway over the mind of Miss Clifford; that it was through his influence she had refused an honourable, and most advantageous, marriage; that he had followed her to the North, with an ostentation injurious to her character; and, since his arrival there, had, from sheer vanity, interposed between Mr. Clifford and a woman he loved, flattering himself with a fresh triumph, and that he had influence enough with Miss Clifford, in the infatuated state of her mind, to render her subservient to his views.

The surgeon, who was in a very different state of mind from what Mr. Clifford had been in when he received the letter, had no sooner perused it than he exclaimed, 'Good Heaven! is it possible, that, deceived by such a miserable imposture as this, you should have risked putting to death one of the noblest gentlemen in England; rendering your sister miserable: driving a lovely and virtuous girl to despair; and, at the same time, accomplishing the wishes of some vindictive wretch, who

holds you and Mr. Mordaunt in equal detestation, and whose object evidently is the destruction of both?'

This made the stronger impression on Mr. Clifford, because not only his own reflections, since he had had time to cool, but what he had overheard and observed during his confinement, already suggested to him that there was a probability of his having acted rashly.

Before he could make any reply to the surgeon's observations, Mr. Proctor entered, and, with all the fervour and simplicity of that benevolence and truth which belong to his character, congratulated Mr. Clifford on the favourable account he had received from the nurse; 'which,' added he, addressing the surgeon, 'I hope you, sir, will now confirm, by declaring your patient out of danger.'

To this the surgeon no sooner assented, than the good man exclaimed, 'God Almighty be praised!' Then turning to Mr. Clifford, he said, 'You cannot imagine, sir, how very deeply both my daughter and I have been affected by your illness. As for me, this was naturally to be expected, on account of the great respect and veneration I have for the memory of your parents: my daughter's concern is as easily accounted for by those who know her affection for Miss Horatia Clifford, whom she loves as a sister, and far better than some sisters of my acquaintance love each other. I will, therefore, be myself the bearer of the joyful tidings of your being out of danger; which, I am sure, will make my dear Mary a happy woman.'

He had no sooner left the room, than Mr. Clifford, who had been much affected, turned towards the window, to conceal the tears with which his eyes were suddenly filled. The surgeon observed this, and withdrew.

Miss Clifford meeting him in the passage, said, 'she hoped all her brother's good symptoms continued.'—'Not only so,' replied the surgeon, 'but I have just observed a new one, and a most excellent symptom it is. Pray, my good lady, do you go and make the most of it; you are more likely to turn it to account than I am.' So saying, he left her abruptly. Though Miss Clifford did not

understand what he meant, she proceeded directly to her brother's apartment.

She could not have chosen a more favourable moment for the accomplishment of her own wishes; for she found him meditating on the charms of Miss Proctor, filled with remorse for his own intended perfidy, and for the rashness of his late conduct.

Meanwhile the surgeon found me with Mr. Mordaunt. He had the anonymous letter in his hand, which he showed us directly.—'Some pains have been taken,' said your brother, 'to disguise this hand: but I know it notwithstanding.'—'It is the fabrication of calumny and malice, in conjunction with cowardice, I dare swear,' said I.

'It is the work of a woman,' said Mr. Mordaunt.

——'Mulier saevissima tunc est,
Cum stimulos odio pudor admovet.*

'What surprises me is, that a composition such as this, in which malignity and meanness are so apparent, should have imposed on any man of sense.'

'Some men of tolerable good sense have intolerably bad tempers, which hurry them into acts of fury and madness,' rejoined the surgeon.

Your brother then told him, 'that he wished to speak to his patient, as soon as it could be done consistent with his safety; that what he had to say would probably afford him satisfaction.' 'In that case,' said the surgeon, 'the sooner the better.' However, finding that Miss Clifford was still with her brother, he afterwards told Mr. Mordaunt, 'that, on reflection, he thought his seeing Mr. Clifford had best be postponed till the day following.'

It was evident that something highly agreeable had passed between Miss Clifford and her brother. Joy sparkled in every feature of her fine countenance, as she tripped from her brother's room to that of Miss Proctor,—the only time I saw her that evening, which she passed entirely with that young lady. The surgeon spent the evening in Mr. Clifford's chamber. I passed great part of it

* Juvenal.

with your brother and Mr. Proctor. The latter seemed more thoughtful than usual until the Gazette was brought, when he expressed much satisfaction, saying, 'He was certain the news would be good, because it was an extraordinary one;' and, with an air of impatience, begged me to read it aloud. Your brother and I thought he was listening with great attention; but, when I had got about half through the Gazette, Mr. Proctor interrupted me with the following observations.—'I could have sworn that it was impossible for any body to have given my daughter a piece of news that would afford her more satisfaction or pleasure,—for I take pleasure and satisfaction to be much the same,—than that which I told her; namely, that her friend, Miss Clifford's brother, whose illness affected her so much, was now entirely out of danger: and I acknowledge that she did rejoice at the tidings; but, after all, I could discern a degree of anxiety in her countenance. And this continued, in spite of all I could say, until Miss Clifford, who had been a long time shut up with her brother, came, and had some private conversation with her. Since which she seems quite happy, and has not the least appearance of anxiety; though I am certain that Miss Clifford had nothing to tell her but what I had told her a little before. But there is no such thing as understanding women; do you think there is, gentlemen?'

To this question neither your brother nor I making an immediate answer, Mr. Proctor proceeded.—'I first made the discovery in my late wife's time. It has been since confirmed by the conduct of a young woman who shall be nameless, in whom I took an interest; and now it is confirmed again by my own daughter, that women are quite unintelligible. I dare say Colonel Sommers, who is a married man, has found the same. As for you, Mr. Mordaunt, you have resolved never to marry; so the remark does not interest you so much; yet, if you should chance to change your mind, (for men sometimes alter their minds as well as women), I would advise you to follow my plan; which is to make your wife and daughter as happy as you are able, without attempting to understand them:

that you would find labour in vain; for, though women undoubtedly are the most delightful of all creatures, it must be acknowledged, at the same time, that they are the most incomprehensible.'

When Mr. Proctor had given your brother this piece of advice, and finished his remark, he rose, begged that we would excuse him, as he had letters to write, and then withdrew, without hearing any more of the Gazette Extraordinary.

Next morning the surgeon, having informed your brother that Mr. Clifford had passed a good night, and seemed in the most hopeful way of being soon perfectly re-established, they went to his apartment, and I attended them.

With that engaging ease which always accompanies your brother, as if there had been no misunderstanding between them,—'What can you and I, Mr. Clifford, have done to Mrs. Demure,' said he, 'that could prompt her to write such an infernal letter.'

'I am convinced of the falsehood and diabolical tenor of the letter,' said Mr. Clifford, 'and I am extremely sorry that I ever could be imposed on by it as I was; but I had no suspicion of its being written by Mrs. Demure.'

'I have no doubts on the subject,' replied Mr. Mordaunt. 'The awkward endeavour to disguise the hand, which to me is quite visible, would remove them, if any existed.'

'Here is an epistle of hers,' said Mr. Clifford, 'written to me, soon after my last arrival from abroad;—let us compare this with the other.'

The comparison being made, it evidently appeared that the letters of the anonymous epistle were generally disguised: but sometimes they were formed in their natural shape; and, as often as this seemed to be the case, the unconstrained letters of the anonymous epistle appeared to be the twin brothers of those in that which Mr. Clifford produced.

The similitude struck as all; but Mrs. Demure was supposed to be in London—the Liverpool post-mark was

on the cover. While we were still continuing the comparison, a letter was delivered to your brother, that came by express from Mr. Travers.—I inclose a copy.

'DEAR MORDAUNT,

'I was stepping into a post-chaise, to set out for Ashwood, when I was informed that my uncle had been much indisposed the preceding night.

'However impatient I was to accept of Sommers's invitation, I found Mr. Plaintive too seriously ill to think of leaving him; especially under the care of Dr. Owlet, whose constant affectation of wisdom forms such a presumption of folly, and whom I have seen prescribe such quantities of drugs, for imaginary distempers, that I cannot believe he knows how to cure real ones.

'On this occasion my poor uncle suffered under a severe one indeed. I persuaded him to call our friend ——, by whose skill, I thank God, he is now pretty well reinstated.

'He became impatient to return to his own house in ——shire; but until he should have strength for so long a journey, he was advised to take short jaunts near town. I usually accompanied him. As we returned, one day, the chariot was stopped by two highwaymen. Had the scoundrels been satisfied with our money, they might have carried it off in safety; but one of them insisted on having Mr. Plaintive's pocket-book; threatening him, in a brutal manner, because it was not delivered with all the expedition he expected. This provoked me to fire a pistol, which I had concealed under my coat, and which I should not have used if the fellow had behaved more civilly. He fell from his horse. His companion, seeing a post-chaise coming, rode away.

The bone of the wounded man's arm was shattered by the ball. He was carried to a cottage near the road. I advanced a little money, that he might be taken care of, and promised to send a surgeon from town. At his return, the surgeon informed me that the man suffered greatly;

that he knew me, and desired very earnestly to speak with me. I was prevented from going the next day, but I went the day after. The substance of what he said to me was, 'that he had heard of two men being taken up for abusing, wounding, and attempting to rob Lady Blunt; being conscious that he and another had committed that crime, and thinking himself dying, he wished to appease his conscience, and prevent the condemnation of innocent people, by making this confession; that he had been drawn into the crime by a man who lived as butler with Mrs. Demure; that the same man had lately engaged him to go, in the stage-coach, all the way to Liverpool, where he was to make inquiry for a certain foreigner, and deliver a letter to him; on his arrival, he received no intelligence of the foreigner; but another letter had been given to him by the same butler, that he was very earnestly and repeatedly desired to put into the post-office as soon as he should arrive at Liverpool, which he had done accordingly. This last letter was addressed to William Clifford, Esq. Northumberland; that as he had heard from a servant of Colonel Sommers's that Mr. Clifford had fought a duel with Mr. Mordaunt immediately after receiving a letter, he conceived that the letter he put into the post-office might be that which gave rise to the quarrel; and he thought himself in duty bound to give me this information, because he knew I was a friend of Mr. Mordaunt, and would make the proper use of it, if any use could be made.'

'I have long had an ill opinion of Madam Demure. I know she harboured malice against you. If the letter in question had any tendency to produce a quarrel between you and Clifford, I strongly suspect it to be from her; the author of malicious anonymous letters is capable of any baseness. The contriver of the attack on Lady Blunt may, with great probability, be considered as the instigator of your affair with Clifford. At all events, I thought it right to send you this intelligence.

As for the poor devil who is wounded, I told him he might make his conscience easy with regard to the two

men who had been taken up, because they were already liberated. The man expressed so much satisfaction at hearing this, that I assured him that neither Mr. Plaintive nor I intended to prosecute him for the robbery. He has suffered pretty smartly already. Curse the pocket-book! I now wish I had let it go—it has been found necessary to amputate the poor fellow's arm. My uncle, who never could bear to throw away money on any thing but doctors, remarked, 'that to hang this man now would make what he intends to give to the surgeon so much lost money, and render an operation, that has been successfully performed, good for nothing.'

'I had every thing prepared for accompanying you abroad, if you had thought that measure necessary; and still am ready, at a minute's warning. Yours,

(Signed) 'T. TRAVERS.'

'P. S. I have broken up the seal to inform you, that I have this instant heard that the man's confession regarding Mrs. Demure (for he had made it to others as well as to me) had reached her ears. The butler has disappeared. She has offered a reward for his discovery, which has had no effect, except to convince the world that she thinks him in some very safe lurking place.'

You perceive, my lord, that this letter could not fail to remove all obscurity and doubt. Mr. Clifford was peculiarly shocked: he remained silent, with his eyes fixed on the ground, some seconds after the letter was read, and then exclaimed,—'What a dupe, what a despicable tool, have I been to this horrid woman!'

'We have all been dupes in our turn, I fear,' said your brother. 'Don't you remember, Sommers, what a dupe I was made, and how very near I was brought to ruin, by a woman less artful than Mrs. Demure?'

'You are a generous man, Mr. Mordaunt,' said Clifford with fervour: 'I am filled with remorse at the recollection of my behaviour. I am sensible, that to your forbearance, to your magnanimity, I owe my not being at

present a corse, or the most miserable of living men.—My gratitude shall be endless.—May I ever expect any share in your friendship?—Can you forget?'——

Mr. Clifford spoke with such earnestness and rapidity, as for some time prevented your brother from uttering a word. But here, seizing Mr. Clifford's hand in an affectionate manner, he pronounced with energy,—'Be assured, my dear Clifford, that the earnest wish of my heart is to live with you, not only as a friend, but as a *brother*.'

They embraced.—At that instant the surgeon, who I believe knew that Miss Clifford and Miss Proctor were at the door, opened it, and they both entered.

It is not possible for me, my dear lord, to do justice to this scene. Never did I witness such genuine expressions of happiness as in the countenances of the two ladies when they saw your brother and Clifford in each other's arms. Never were features more admirably formed for the expression of happiness than theirs.

A stranger coming into the room would have been warmed with a glow of pleasure at the sight. You may imagine what it communicated to a heart so deeply interested as mine. The two ladies exchanged looks of affectionate sympathy and joy.—'Your friend, Colonel Sommers,' said Mr. Clifford, 'is the most generous of men.' Then addressing his sister, he added,—'What think you, Horatia?'

At this sudden question, a very deep blush overspread her charming countenance.

'What think you, my dear Horatia?' he repeated, drawing her gently towards him. Her head leaned on his shoulder, when she said, but so softly as to be heard only by him,—'He knows what I think.'

'He declares,' resumed Mr. Clifford, 'that it is his earnest wish to be united to me, not only as a friend, but as a *brother*.'

'It is the most earnest wish of my soul,' said your brother.

'You do not object, my dear Horatia?' said Miss Proctor, taking hold of her hand, and smiling in her face.

'Not,' replied Miss Clifford, 'provided you, my dear Mary, do not object to being united to me, not only as a friend, but as a *sister*.'

'And that,' exclaimed Mr. Clifford, 'is the supreme wish of *my* soul!'

'*Are* we to be sisters, my dear?' repeated Miss Clifford.

Miss Proctor, with a look of inexpressible affection, held forth her hand to her friend.

'Nay,' rejoined Miss Clifford, 'to prove that you agree to the condition, it is not to me, but to this gentleman, that you must give your hand'—conducting Miss Proctor's hand, at the same instant, to her brother, who saluted it with rapture; then, seizing his sister's hand, he added, —'And, to make me brother to the man I love and esteem above all mankind, it is to this gentleman, my dear Horatia, that you must give yours.'

'There is no need of force, brother,' said she, extricating her hand from his, and, with inimitable gracefulness, delivering it to Mr. Mordaunt.

At that moment Miss Proctor was told her father inquired for her.—Miss Clifford withdrew with her.

'In my life,' said the surgeon, 'I never was witness to so delightful a scene; which, I am convinced, is only the prologue to much permanent happiness; but, to render it more secure, I must inform Mr. Clifford—(as for Mr. Mordaunt, I have no title to interfere with his arrangements)—but I must remind *you*, Mr. Clifford, that you are my patient; and no person, under my care, ever presumed to marry without my approbation: this, I plainly perceive, you will have at no great distance of time; but, until that time arrives, I expect that you will remain a bachelor.'

Miss Proctor, being sensible that what had passed should be communicated without delay to her father, and having some reluctance to do it herself, devolved the task on Miss Clifford. He, *whose nature is so far from doing harm that he suspects none*,* had never the least idea of Clif-

* Shakespeare.

ford's design on his daughter, nor of her partiality for him, He was therefore a good deal surprised, but not at all displeased, when he understood that Mr. Clifford had actually proposed marriage, and that the proposal was agreeable to her.

Mr. Clifford, not knowing that his sister had anticipated him, and finding Mr. Proctor alone, began to broach the same subject to him. But the old gentleman, who dislikes all superfluous discourse from any mouth but his own, interrupted him, saying,—'To save you trouble, Mr. Clifford, I must tell you that I am already informed of your proposal of marriage to my daughter; which, by-the-bye, you ought to have communicated, in the first place, to me; but, passing over that, I will acknowledge that few things could be more honourable, and none more agreeable, to me, than having your father and mother's son, the brother of Miss Horatia Clifford, for my son-in-law; all three being characters of such distinguished worth, that their alliance would do credit to the first family in the land. And, were I inclined to make any objection, you may depend upon it that it would be founded on considerations, which, in civility to you, particularly in my own house, I decline mentioning; for, in spite of all that has happened, I cannot help trusting that the offspring of such worthy parents will ultimately turn out a man of worth: therefore, sir, I will tell you at once, that, since you are agreeable to Mary, you are not disagreeable to me:—and I will tell you farther, that, on the day of your marriage, you shall have one-half of my fortune, (for the other half is more than sufficient for me): the residue, you, and your children by her, shall have at my death. But the most precious treasure in my power to bestow is my daughter herself, whom I pray God to bless, by making you a husband deserving of her.

Mr. Clifford seemed no way dissatisfied with this harangue; and, from that moment, harmony and happiness reigned in the mansion of Heathfield.

Mr. Proctor and I, being rather neglected by your bro-

ther and Miss Clifford, as well as by Mr. Clifford and Miss Proctor, have frequent *tête-à-têtes* with each other, in which we are seldom interrupted by any of the persons above mentioned.

I am pleased to find myself a favourite with this good man, who, according to Shakespeare's expression, in all his actions and words, is as downright and *true as truth's simplicity*.

All the company being assembled this morning at breakfast, a thought seemed suddenly to strike Mr. Proctor, who, drawing me to the most remote corner of the room, said, in a kind of half whisper, 'you must remember, colonel, what I told you lately concerning the incomprehensibility of women,—nothing can prove this better than the conduct of my own daughter Mary,—you see how much attached she is to Mr. Clifford. So indeed he seems to be to her; but that is not to be wondered at, for every body is fond of Mary. But, though she was acquainted with him from her childhood, she never showed any partiality to him until he was shot through the body, and greatly weakened by the loss of blood. Now, what the girl could find in these two circumstances to engage her fancy, is, I must confess, what I cannot comprehend.'

This long and circumstantial epistle will, I hope, my lord, compensate for the brevity of those I wrote from the period at which we began to entertain hopes of Mr. Clifford's recovery;—that being now ascertained, I intend to leave this, for Ashwood, to-morrow—Miss Clifford and your brother accompany me. Mrs. Sommers, in a letter I have just received, desires me to inform you, that she flatters herself with the honour of a visit from your lordship, and that she has a tolerably commodious apartment prepared for you. You will find it difficult ever to make a journey on a happier occasion, to join a happier society, or one from which you will receive a more cordial welcome. I am your lordship's most obedient servant,

RICHARD SOMMERS.

The reader now foresees the marriage of Mr. Mordaunt to Miss Clifford, and that of Mr. Clifford to Miss Proctor, which took place about a month after: events which were the sources of happiness, not only to the parties themselves, but likewise to their friends, and to many of their acquaintance.

When Lady Diana Franklin became more intimately acquainted with Mr. Mordaunt, and saw his continued affection, and the just estimation in which he held the fine qualities of his wife; when her ladyship also perceived the happiness and exultation of her young friend, from the consciousness of having a husband who met her fondness with equal affection, and of whom she was as proud as she was fond; she could not refrain from exclaiming, one day, when they were alone,—'What short-sighted creatures we are! Did I not endeavour, my dearest Horatia, to prevent the woman I love best from becoming the happiest woman on earth'

Mr. Proctor is equally satisfied with his son-in-law, on whose character his own reflections on the adventure at Heathfield, and the mild complacent temper of his wife, made a very favourable alteration. As Mr. Proctor was a stranger to violent passions, had found his fortune continually increasing through his own industry; and, above all, as he was a man of benevolence and undiviating integrity, it is highly to be presumed that he had lived a very happy life; yet, when he saw the mutual affection, confidence, and cordiality, that existed between Mr. Clifford and his daughter, he declared that he never had been so happy before.

Those who feel themselves happy are generally satisfied with silent enjoyment, without troubling themselves with long communications to their friends. The unhappy or discontented are more apt to make frequent demands on the sympathy of their acquaintance, (even when they require no other species of relief), by circumstantial, and sometimes exaggerated narratives of their misfortunes. After the two events above mentioned, though the different families of this society passed much of their time together, their correspondence by letters was less frequent and less interesting. It is not thought proper to publish any other of their letters, except the following.

LETTER CXVIII.

The Honourable John Mordaunt *to* Lord Mordaunt.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I am glad you have prevailed on Lady Blunt to decline prosecuting the butler;—was it to be expected that a man

in his situation could resist the persuasions of such a woman as Mrs. Demure? Besides, there is no great satisfaction in the punishment of underling agents, when the leading criminal escapes.

But though she has escaped to the continent she has not escaped punishment; her real character is known to all the world: a whole life of painful hypocrisy is now rendered useless to her; infamy has attended her across the sea. She must have found herself as much shunned in Frankfort as she was in England before she could determine to form the connexion you mention with Grindill—though, if she knew that he was enraged against Lady Deanport, that would be an inducement; but, whatever it was, I am convinced they will become the instruments of each other's torture; any reciprocal confidence, between people of their character, seldom fails to have that effect.

The fate of those two persons, and other incidents with which I have been acquainted, since my last return to England, incline me to Mr. Darnley's opinion, that vice, and abjectness of conduct, though they should elude the grasp of law, generally meet with severe punishment even in this world.

I am not acquainted with a man of more thorough good sense, more calmness of temper, and what I take to be one of the rarest qualities to be met with among mankind, more entirely free from every species of affectation, than that gentleman. His wife was one of the last who gave credit to the rumours against Mrs. Demure; and, of all her numerous acquaintance, the person who felt the sincerest concern on their proving true. That wretched woman's name being mentioned the other day, when I was with Mr. and Mrs. Darnley,—'What a pity,' said the latter, 'that a woman of such a cultivated understanding, and so much good sense, should have proved so wicked.'

'Depend upon it, my dear,' replied her husband, 'she has not so much good sense as has been imputed to her; for it requires no great penetration to perceive that up-

rightness, integrity, and somewhat of an independent spirit, lead with more certainty even to *worldly* prosperity than hypocrisy, fraud, and fawning.

'Independent, therefore, of what will most assuredly take place in a future state, no person of a cultivated understanding, and thorough good sense, will choose the three latter for his guides.'

Though I am by no means convinced that the remark is just, I quoted, against his opinion, merely to draw an answer from him, the following passage in the Rambler which had struck me a good deal.—

'The most obsequious slaves of pride, the most rapturous of the gazers upon wealth, the most officious of the whisperers of greatness, are collected from seminaries appropriated to the study of wisdom and virtue.' *

'If the observation is well founded,' resumed Mr. Darnley, 'it must proceed from persons of that description not having had sufficient opportunities of seeing what passes in the world; if they had, they might have been induced, even from selfish motives, to adopt a different plan of conduct. I have lived much in the world, have been somewhat of an observer, and I am clearly of opinion, that, bad as the world is, and in spite of many exceptions, the obsequious slaves of pride, and officious whisperers of greatness, oftener meet with contempt than promotion; and those who do succeed by such means, though they may be what is called prosperous, cannot be happy; for who can be happy who is conscious of his own baseness. This consideration ought to deter every person of sound sense from searching for happiness in paths where there is no chance of finding it; but,' continued he, 'I cannot help remarking that no man of my acquaintance has more reason than you, Mr. Mordaunt, to believe that *spirit*, *generosity*, and *benevolence*, are the best guides to happiness even in this world; since, without these, you never would have gained the heart and the hand of one of the most accomplished and agreeable women in it.'

You need not doubt that I received this compliment as

* Rambler, No. 180.

I ought, and with the more satisfaction, because Horatia was included. This leads me to what I wished to inform you of.

Though you were at pains to remove all my objections against matrimony, particularly that founded on my unlucky propensity to tire of every enjoyment, yet I have furnished you with so many instances of it, that I should not be surprised if your solicitude for my happiness still gave you uneasiness on that account.

In the first place, however, I must acknowledge that no arguments would have been able to have overcome my prejudice, unassisted by the attractions of Horatia; I felt them, indeed, so powerful, that I am by no means certain that I should not, contrary to all argument and common sense, have offered her marriage, even although I had been sure of repenting in a month. You see, my dear lord, what a philosopher your brother is:—but, however enthusiastically fond I was of her then, I have the happiness of assuring you now, that the three months I have lived with her have only added fresh esteem to undiminished love.

Three months you will think no great trial. But what chance is there of change where the sources of constancy are always augmenting? I declare to you, that I did not know half the value of this charming woman when I first fell in love with her. I perceived, indeed, beauty, cheerfulness, and sensibility beaming from every feature of her countenance; I saw politeness without restraint, and gaiety devoid of boldness in the whole of her manner; and I heard observations replete with good sense, and characteristic of a just taste, flow from her lips; but I could not then know the extent of her benevolence, nor the steadiness and warmth of her friendship.—She flew with exultation to me lately with a letter just received. 'What joyful news!' cried she: 'the dear marchioness has had a happy meeting with her husband—they are comfortably situated.—Oh, thanks be to heaven!'

The sensibility of Horatia's character appears in genu-

ine sympathy with the good and bad fortune of her friends, and in the zeal and activity with which she endeavours to serve them; but she never displays sensibility, as too many women do, in startings, tremors, and faintings, at every sudden noise or alarm: it is a great misfortune when this proceeds from weakness; when from affectation, it is a greater;—one deserves compassion, the other contempt; but both are exceedingly troublesome to all around.

Her serenity on such occasions, she has told me, she owes to the provident good sense of her parents who familiarized her, from her childhood, with such noises and sights as are apt to terrify without being dangerous.

It is surprising how very little time Horatia passes at her toilet; and yet no woman is more becomingly dressed; —she ties a handkerchief around her head, pulls her hair over her brow, and she appears in a style of beauty which the friseur labours to give other women in vain. She is endowed with a graceful elasticity of body, as well as mind, which appears in all her exercises.—I do not know whether you have remarked it; but I think that those women who are sluggish and ungraceful in their actions are generally drawling in their manner of speaking, slovenly in their dress, and not unfrequently peevish in their temper.

Peevishness is a disease of the mind to which Horatia is an entire stranger;—cheerfulness is the natural colour of her temper, which may be shaded by grief, but never can be obscured by a quality, of which Dr. Johnson has well said, 'that it can be borne only when it is despised.' —She herself once said to me, 'If I had originally felt any tendency to peevishness, ill-nature, or envy, the conversation and example of Lady Diana Franklin would have removed it.'

Next to Lady Diana, her most esteemed and confidential friend is Mrs. Sommers;—the delicate and affectionate solicitude that Horatia manifested during her friend's illness, which she *returned with answering looks of sympathy and love*, was the most affecting scene I ever witnessed

That the woman who captivates my heart is the chosen companion of Sommers's Juliet gives me additional interest in both, and fills my mind with ideas of lasting felicity. *Your* approbation, so warmly expressed, has the same delightful effect.

The business which forced me to town is now almost over;—I shall expect you on Monday: and, if it suits you, we will set out the day after for Oxfordshire. Mr. and Mrs. Darnley express great pleasure in the hopes of seeing you arrive with me:—Lady Diana is already there; she writes to me, that Horatia is particularly pleased with the humour and character of Travers;—I rejoice to hear it—I wish her to love all my friends. Sommers she has long esteemed in a supreme degree.

> Friendship's great laws, and Love's superior powers,
> Must mark the colour of my future hours. *

For so much happiness I am conscious of owing heaven

> The debt immense of endless gratitude. †

I remain, my dear brother, most affectionately yours,

J. MORDAUNT.

* Prior. † Milton.

END OF VOL. VII.

EDINBURGH,
Printed by Alex. Lawrie & Co.